THE

FOREIGN

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *Mémoires, Correspondance, et Ouvrages inédits de* Diderot; publiés d'après les manuscrits confiés, en mourant, par l'auteur à Grimm. 4 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1831.

2. *Œuvres de* Denis Diderot; *precédées de Mémoires historiques et philosophiques sur sa Vie et ses Ouvrages, par* J. A. Naigeon. 22 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1821.

THE *Acts* of the *Christian Apostles*, on which, as we may say, the world has, now for eighteen centuries, had its foundation, are written in so small a compass, that they can be read in one little hour. The *Acts* of the *French Philosophes*, the importance of which is already fast exhausting itself, lie recorded in whole acres of typography, and would furnish reading for a lifetime. Nor is the stock, as we see, yet anywise complete, or within computable distance of completion. Here are Four quite new Octavos, recording the labours, voyages, victories, amours and indigestions of the Apostle Denis: it is but a year or two since a new contribution on Voltaire came before us; since Jean Jacques had a new *Life* written for him; and then of those *Feuilles de Grimm*, what incalculable masses may yet lie dormant in the Petersburg Library, waiting only to be awakened, and let slip!—Reading for a lifetime? Thomas Parr might begin reading in long-clothes, and stop in his last hundred and fiftieth year without having ended. And then, as to when the process of addition will cease, and the Acts and Epistles of the Parisian Church of Antichrist will have completed themselves; except in so far as the quantity of paper written on, or even manufactured, in those days, being finite and not infinite, the business one day or other must cease, and the Antichristian Canon close for the last time,—we yet know nothing.

Meanwhile, let us nowise be understood as lamenting this stupendous copiousness, but rather as viewing it historically with patience, and indeed with satisfaction. Memoirs, so long as they are true, how stupid soever, can hardly be accumulated in excess. The stupider they are, let them simply be the sooner cast into the oven: if true, they will always instruct more or less, were it only in the way of confirmation and repetition; and, what is of vast moment, they do not *mis*-instruct. Day after day, looking at the high destinies which yet await Literature, which Literature will

ere long address herself with more decisiveness than ever to fulfil, it grows clearer to us that the proper task of Literature lies in the domain of BELIEF; within which "Poetic Fiction," as it is charitably named, will have to take a quite new figure, if allowed a settlement there. Whereby were it not reasonable to prophesy that this exceeding great multitude of Novel-writers, and such like, must (in a new generation) gradually do one of two things: either retire into nurseries, and work for children, minors and semi-fatuous persons of both sexes; or else, what were far better, sweep their Novel-fabric into the dust-cart, and betake them, with such faculty as they have, to understand and record what is *true*,—of which, surely, there is, and will for ever be, a whole Infinitude unknown to us, of infinite importance to us! Poetry, it will more and more come to be understood, is nothing but higher Knowledge; and the only genuine Romance (for grown persons) Reality. The Thinker is the Poet, the Seer: let him who *sees* write down according to his gift of sight; if deep and with inspired vision, then creatively, poetically; if common, and with only uninspired, every-day vision, let him at least be faithful in this, and write *Memoirs*.

On us, still so near at hand, that Eighteenth Century in Paris, presenting itself nowise as portion of the magic web of Universal History, but only as the confused and ravelled mass of threads and thrums, ycleped *Memoirs*, in process of *being* woven into such,—imposes a rather complex relation. Of which, however, as of all such, the leading rules may happily be comprised in this very plain one, prescribed by Nature herself: to search in them, so far as they seem worthy, for whatsoever can help us forward on our own path, were it in the shape of intellectual instruction, of moral edification, nay of mere solacement and amusement. The Bourbons, indeed, took a shorter method (the like of which has been often recommended elsewhere): they shut up and hid the *graves* of the Philosophes, hoping that their lives and writings might likewise thereby go out of sight, and out of mind; and thus the whole business would be, so to speak, *suppressed*. Foolish Bourbons! These things were not done in a corner, but on high places, before the anxious eyes of all mankind: hidden they can in nowise be: to conquer them, to resist them, our first indispensable preliminary is to see and comprehend them. To us, indeed, as their immediate successors, the right comprehension of them is of prime necessity; for, sent of God or of the Devil, they have plainly enough gone before us, and left us such and such a world: it is on ground of their tillage, with the stubble of their harvest standing on it, that we now have to plough. Before all things then, let us understand what ground it is; what manner of men and husbandmen these were. For which reason, be all au-

thentic Philosophe-Memoirs welcome, each in its kind! For which reason, let us now, without the smallest reluctance, penetrate into this wondrous Gospel according to Denis Diderot, and expatiate there, to see whether it will yield us aught.

In any phenomenon, one of the most important moments is the *end*. Now this epoch of the Eighteenth or Philosophe-century was properly the End; the End of a Social System, which for above a thousand years had been building itself together, and, after that, had begun, for some centuries, (as human things all do,) to moulder down. The mouldering down of a Social System is no cheerful business either to form part of, or to look at: however, at length, in the course of it, there comes a time when the mouldering changes into a rushing; active hands drive in their wedges, set to their crowbars; there is a comfortable appearance of work going on. Instead of here and there a stone falling out, here and there a handful of dust, whole masses tumble down, whole clouds and whirlwinds of dust: torches too are applied, and the rotten easily takes fire: so what with flame-whirlwind, what with dust-whirlwind, and the crash of falling towers, the concern grows eminently interesting; and our assiduous craftsmen can encourage one another with *Vivats*, and cries of *Speed the work*. Add to this, that of all labourers, no one can see such rapid extensive fruit of his labour as the Destroyer can and does: it will not seem unreasonable that, measuring from effect to cause, he should esteem his labour as the best and greatest; and a Voltaire, for example, be by his guild-brethren and apprentices confidently accounted "not only the greatest man of this age, but of all past ages, and perhaps the greatest that Nature could produce." Worthy old Nature! She goes on producing whatsoever is needful in each season of her course; and produces, with perfect composure, that Encyclopedist opinion, that she can produce no more.

Such a torch-and-crowbar period, of quick rushing down and conflagration, was this of the *Siècle de Louis Quinze;* when the Social System having all fallen into rottenness, rain-holes and noisome decay, the shivering natives resolved to cheer their dull abode by the questionable step of setting it on fire. Questionable we call their manner of procedure; the thing itself, as all men may now see, was inevitable; one way or other, whether by prior burning or milder methods, the old house must needs be new-built. We behold the business of pulling down, or at least of assorting the rubbish, still go resolutely on, all over Europe: here and there some traces of new foundation, of new building up, may now also, to the eye of Hope, disclose themselves.

To get acquainted with Denis Diderot and his Life were to see the significant epitome of all this, as it works on the thinking and acting soul of a man, fashions for him a singular element of existence, gives himself therein a peculiar hue and figure. Unhappily, after all that has been written, the matter still is not luminous: to us strangers, much in that foreign economy, and method of working and living, remains obscure; much in the man himself, and his inward nature and structure. But, indeed, it is several years since the present Reviewer gave up the idea of what could be called *understanding* any Man whatever, even himself. Every Man, within that inconsiderable figure of his, contains a whole Spirit-kingdom and Reflex of the ALL; and, though to the eye but some six standard feet in size, reaches downwards and upwards, unsurveyable, fading into the regions of Immensity and of Eternity. Life everywhere, as woven on that stupendous ever-marvellous "Loom of Time," may be said to fashion itself of a woof of light indeed, yet on a warp of mystic darkness: only He that created it can understand it. As to this Diderot, had we once got so far that we could, in the faintest degree, personate him; take upon ourselves his character and his environment of circumstances, and act his Life over again, in that small Private-Theatre of ours (under our own Hat), with moderate illusiveness and histrionic effect,—*that* were what, in conformity with common speech, we should name *understanding* him, and could be abundantly content with.

In his manner of appearance before the world, Diderot has been, perhaps to an extreme degree, unfortunate. His literary productions were invariably dashed off in hottest haste, and left generally (on the waste of Accident) with an ostrich-like indifference. He had to live, in France, in the sour days of a *Journal de Trevoux;* of a suspicious, decaying Sorbonne. He was too poor to set foreign presses, at Kehl or elsewhere, in motion; too headlong and quick of temper to seek help from those that could: thus must he, if his pen was not to lie idle, write much of which there was no publishing. His Papers accordingly are found flying about, like Sibyl's leaves, in all corners of the world: for many years no tolerable Collection of his Writings was attempted; to this day there is none that in any sense can be called perfect. Two spurious, surreptitious Amsterdam Editions, "or rather formless, blundering Agglomerations," were all that the world saw during his life. Diderot did not hear of these for several years, and then only, it is said, "with peals of laughter," and no other practical step whatever. Of the four that have since been printed, (or *re*printed, for Naigeon's, of 1798, is the great original,) no one so much as pretends either to be complete, or selected on any system. Brière's, the latest, of which alone we have much per-

sonal knowledge, is a well-printed book, perhaps better worth buying than any of the others; yet without arrangement, without coherence, purport; often lamentably in need of commentary; on the whole, in reference to the wants and specialities of this time, as good as *un*edited. Brière seems, indeed, to have hired some person, or thing, to play the part of Editor; or rather more things than one, for they sign themselves Editors in the plural number; and from time to time, throughout the work, some asterisk attracts us to the bottom of the leaf, and to some printed matter subscribed "EDIT^{s}.": but unhappily the journey is for most part in vain; in the course of a volume or two, we learn too well that nothing is to be gained there; that the Note, whatever it professedly treat of, will, in strict logical speech, mean only as much as to say: "Reader! thou perceivest that we Editors, to the number of at least two, are alive, and if we had any information would impart it to thee.—EDIT^{s}." For the rest, these "EDIT^{s}." are polite people; and, with this uncertainty (as to their being persons or things) clearly before them, continue, to all appearance, in moderately good spirits.

One service they, or Brière for them (if, indeed, Brière is not himself they, as we sometimes surmise), have accomplished for us: sought out and printed the long-looked-for, long-lost *Life of Diderot* by Naigeon. The lovers of biography had for years sorrowed over this concealed Manuscript, with a wistfulness from which hope had nigh fled. A certain Naigeon, the beloved disciple of Diderot, had (if his own word, in his own editorial Preface, was to be credited) written a Life of him; and, alas! whither was it now vanished? Surely all that was dark in Denis the Fatalist had there been illuminated; nay, was there not, probably, a glorious "Light-street" carried through that whole Literary Eighteenth Century; and Diderot, long belauded as "the most encyclopedical head that perhaps ever existed," was now to show himself as such in, the new Practical Encyclopædia, philosophic, economic, speculative, digestive, of LIFE—in three score and ten Years, or Volumes? Diderot too was known as the vividest, noblest talker of his time: considering all that Boswell, with his slender opportunities, had made of Johnson, what was there we had not a right to expect!

By Brière's endeavour, as we said, the concealed Manuscript of Naigeon now lies, as published Volume, on this desk. Alas! a written *life*, too like many an acted life, where hope is one thing, fulfilment quite another! Perhaps, indeed, of all biographies ever put together by the hand of man, this of Naigeon's is the most uninteresting. Foolish Naigeon! We wanted to see and know how it stood with the bodily man, the clothed, boarded, bedded, working and warfaring Denis Diderot, in that Paris of his; how he

looked and lived, what he did, what he said: had the foolish Biographer so much as told us what colour his stockings were! Of all this, beyond a date or two, not a syllable, not a hint; nothing but a dull, sulky, snuffling, droning, interminable lecture on Atheistic Philosophy; how Diderot came upon Atheism, how he taught it, how true it is, how inexpressibly important. Singular enough, the zeal of *the devil's* house hath eaten Naigeon up. A man of coarse, mechanical, perhaps intrinsically rather feeble intellect; and then, with the vehemence of some pulpit-drumming "Gowkthrapple," or "precious Mr. Jabesh Rentowel,"—only that *his* kirk is of the *other* complexion! Yet must he too see himself in a wholly backsliding world, where much theism and other scandal still rules; and many times Gowkthrapple Naigeon be tempted to weep by the streams of Babel. Withal, however, he is *wooden;* thoroughly mechanical, as if Vaucanson himself had made him; and that singularly tempers his fury.—Let the reader, finally, admire the bounteous produce of this Earth, and how one element bears nothing but the other matches it: here have we not the truest *odium theologicum,* working quite *demono*logically, in a worshipper of the Everlasting Nothing! So much for Naigeon; what we looked for from him, and what we have got.

Must Diderot then be given up to oblivion, or remembered not as Man, but merely as Philosophic-Atheistic Logic-Mill? Did not Diderot live, as well as think? An amateur reporter in some of the Biographical Dictionaries, declares that he heard him talk one day, in nightgown and slippers, for the space of two hours, concerning earth, sea and air, with a fulgorous impetuosity almost beyond human, rising from height to height, and at length finish the climax by "dashing his nightcap against the wall." Most readers will admit this to be biography; we, alas, must say, it comprises nearly all about the Man Diderot that hitherto would abide with us.

Here, however, comes "Paulin, Publishing-Bookseller," with a quite new contribution: a long series of Letters, extending over fifteen years; unhappily only love-letters, and from a married sexagenarian; yet still letters from his own hand. Amid these insipid floods of *tendresse, sensibilité,* and so forth, vapid, like long-decanted small-beer, many a curious biographic trait comes to light; indeed, we can hereby see more of the individual Diderot, and his environment, and method of procedure there, than by all the other books that have yet been published of him. Forgetting or conquering the species of nausea that such a business, on the first announcement of it, may occasion, and in many of the details of it cannot but confirm, the biographic reader will find this well worth looking into. Nay, is it not something, of itself, to see that Spectacle of the Philosophe in Love, or, at least, zea-

lously endeavouring to fancy himself so? For scientific purposes a considerable tedium, of "noble sentiment" (and even worse things) can be undergone. How the most encyclopedical head that perhaps ever existed, now on the borders of his grand climacteric, and already provided with wife and child, comports himself in that trying circumstance of preternuptial (and, indeed, at such age, and with so many "indigestions," almost preternatural) devotion to the queens of this earth, may, by the curious in science, (who have nerves for it), be here seen. There is besides a lively *Memoir* of him by Mademoiselle Diderot, though too brief, and not very true-looking. Finally, in one large Volume, his *Dream of d'Alembert*, greatly regretted and commented upon by Naigeon; which we could have done without. For its bulk, that little *Memoir* is the best of the whole. Unfortunately, as hinted, Mademoiselle, resolute of all things to be *piquante*, writes, or rather *thinks*, in a smart, antithetic manner, nowise the fittest for clearness or credibility: without suspicion of voluntary falsehood, there is no appearance that this is a camera-lucida picture, or a portrait drawn by legitimate rules of art. Such resolution to be piquant is the besetting sin of innumerable persons of both sexes, and wofully mars any use there might otherwise be in their writing or their speaking. It is, or was, the fault specially imputed to the French: in a woman and Frenchwoman, who besides has much to tell us, it must even be borne with. And now, from these diverse scattered materials, let us try how coherent a figure of Denis Diderot, and his earthly Pilgrimage and Performance, we can piece together.

In the ancient Town of Langres, in the month of October, 1713, it begins. Fancy Langres, aloft on its hill-top, amid Roman ruins, nigh the sources of the Saone and of the Marne, with its coarse substantial houses, and fifteen thousand inhabitants, mostly engaged in knife-grinding; and one of the quickest, clearest, most volatile and susceptive little figures of that century, just landed in the World there. In this French Sheffield, Diderot's Father was a Cutler, master of his craft; a much-respected and respect-worthy man; one of those ancient craftsmen (now, alas! nearly departed from the earth, and sought, with little effect, by idyllists, among the "Scottish peasantry," and elsewhere) who, in the school of practice, have learned not only skill of hand, but the far harder skill of head and of heart; whose whole knowledge and virtue, being by necessity a knowledge and virtue to do somewhat, is true, and has stood trial: humble modern patriarchs, brave, wise, simple; of worth rude, but unperverted, like genuine unwrought silver, native from the mine! Diderot loved his father, as he well might, and regrets on several occasions that he was

painted in holiday clothes, and not in the workday costume of his trade, " with apron and grinder's-wheel, and spectacles pushed up,"—even as he lived and laboured, and honestly made good for himself the small section of the Universe he pretended to occupy. A man of strictest veracity and integrity was this ancient master; of great insight and patient discretion, so that he was often chosen as umpire and adviser; of great humanity, so that one day crowds of poor were to " follow him with tears to his long home." An outspoken Langres neighbour gratified the now fatherless Philosopher with this saying—" Ah, Monsieur Diderot, you are a famous man, but you will never be your father's equal." Truly, of all the wonderful illustrious persons that come to view in the biographic part of these six-and-twenty Volumes, it is a question whether this old Langres Cutler is not the worthiest; to us no other suggests himself whose worth can be admitted, without lamentable pollutions and defacements to be deducted from it. The Mother also was a loving-hearted, just woman: so Diderot might account himself well-born; and it is a credit to the man that he always (and sometimes in the circle of kings and empresses) gratefully did so.

The Jesuits were his schoolmasters: at the age of twelve the encyclopedical head was " tonsured." He was quick in seizing, strong in remembering and arranging; otherwise flighty enough; fond of sport, and from time to time getting into trouble. One grand event, significant of all this, he has himself commemorated: his Daughter records it in these terms.

" He had chanced to have a quarrel with his comrades: it had been serious enough to bring on him a sentence of exclusion from college on some day of public examination and distribution of prizes. The idea of passing this important time at home, and grieving his parents, was intolerable: he proceeded to the college-gate; the porter refused him admittance; he presses in while some crowd is entering, and sets off running at full speed; the porter gets at him with a sort of pike he carried, and wounds him in the side: the boy will not be driven back; arrives, takes the place that belonged to him: prizes of all sorts, for composition, for memory, for poetry, he obtains them all. No doubt he had deserved them; since even the resolution to punish him could not withstand the sense of justice in his superiors. Several volumes, a number of garlands had fallen to his lot; being too weak to carry them all, he put the garlands round his neck, and, with his arms full of books, returned home. His mother was at the door; and saw him coming through the public square in this equipment, and surrounded by his schoolfellows: one should be a mother to conceive what she must have felt. He was feasted, he was caressed: but next Sunday, in dressing him for church, a considerable wound was found on him, of which he had not so much as thought of complaining."

" One of the sweetest moments of my life," writes Diderot himself,

of this same business, with a slight variation, "was more than thirty years ago, and I remember it like yesterday, when my Father saw me coming home from the college, with my arms full of prizes that I had carried off, and my shoulders with the garlands they had given me, which, being too big for my brow, had let my head slip through them. Noticing me at a distance, he threw down his work, hastened to the door to meet me, and could not help weeping. It is a fine sight, a true man and rigorous falling to weep!"

Mademoiselle, in her quick-sparkling way, informs us, nevertheless, that the school-victor, getting tired of pedagogic admonitions and inflictions, whereof there were many, said 'one morning' to his father, 'that he meant to give up school!'—'Thou hadst rather be a cutler, then?'—'With all my heart.'—They handed him an apron, and he placed himself beside his father. He spoiled whatever he laid hands on, penknives, whittles, blades of all kinds. It went on for four or five days; at the end of which he rose, proceeded to his room, got his books there, and returned to college,"—and having, it would appear, in this simple manner sown his college wild-oats, never stirred from it again.

To the Reverend Fathers, it seemed that Denis would make an excellent Jesuit; wherefore they set about coaxing and courting, with intent to crimp him. Here, in some minds, a certain comfortable reflection on the diabolic cunning and assiduity of these Holy Fathers, now happily all dissolved and expelled, will suggest itself. Along with which may another melancholy reflection no less be in place: namely, that these Devil-serving Jesuits should have shown a skill and zeal in their teaching vocation, such as no Heaven-serving body, of what complexion soever, anywhere on our earth now exhibits. To decipher the talent of a young vague Capability, who must one day be a man and a Reality; to take him by the hand, and train him to a spiritual trade, and set him up in it, with tools, shop, and good-will, were doing him in most cases an unspeakable service,—on this one proviso, it is true, that the trade be a just and honest one; in which proviso surely there should lie no hindrance to such service, but rather a help. Nay, could many a poor Dermody, Hazlitt, Heron, Derrick, and such like, have been trained to be a good Jesuit, were it greatly worse than to have lived painfully as a bad Nothing-at-all? But indeed, as was said, the Jesuits are dissolved; and Corporations of all sorts have perished (from corpulence); and now, instead of the seven corporate selfish spirits, we have the one-and-thirty millions of discorporate selfish; and the rule, *Man, mind thyself*, makes a jumble and a scramble, and crushing press (with dead-pressed figures, and dismembered limbs enough); into

whose dark chaotic depths (for human Life is ever unfathomable) one shudders to look. Loneliest of all, weakest and worst-bested, in that world-scramble, is the extraordinary figure known in these times as Man of Letters! It appears to be indubitable that this state of matters will alter and improve itself,—in a century or two. But to return:

"The Jesuits," thus sparkles Mademoiselle, "employed the temptation, which is always so seductive, of travelling and of liberty; they persuaded the youth to quit his home, and set forth with a Jesuit, to whom he was attached. Denis had a friend, a cousin of his own age; he entrusted his secret to him, wishing that he should accompany them. But the cousin, a tamer and discreeter personage, discovered the whole project to the father; the day of departure, the hour, all was betrayed. My grandfather kept the strictest silence; but before going to sleep he carried off the keys of the street-door; and at midnight, hearing his son descend, he presented himself before him, with the question, 'Whither bound, at such an hour?' 'To Paris,' replied the young man, 'where I am to join the Jesuits.'—'That will not be to-night; but your desires shall be fulfilled: let us in the first place go to sleep.'

"Next morning his father engaged two places in the public conveyance, and carried him to Paris, to the College d'Harcourt. He settled the terms of his little establishment, and bade his son good-b'ye. But the worthy man loved his child too well to leave him without being quite satisfied about his situation: he had the constancy to stay a fortnight longer, killing the time, and dying of tedium, in an inn, without seeing the sole object he was delaying for. At the end, he proceeded to the College; and my father has often told me that this proof of tenderness would have made him go to the end of the world, if the old man had required it. 'Friend,' said he, 'I am come to know if your health keeps good; if you are content with your superiors, with your diet, with others and with yourself. If you are not well, if you are not happy, we will go back again to your mother. If you like better to remain here, I have but to speak a word with you, to embrace you and give you my blessing.' The youth assured him that he was perfectly content, that he liked his new abode very much. My grandfather then took leave of him, and went to the Principal, to know if he was satisfied with his pupil."

On which side also the answer proving favourable, the worthy father returned home. Denis saw little more of him; never again resided under his roof, though for many years, and to the last, a proper intercourse was kept up; not, as appears, without a visit or two on the son's part, and certainly with the most unwearied, prudent superintendence and assistance on the father's. Indeed, it was a worthy family, that of the Diderots; and a fair degree of natural affection must be numbered among the virtues of our Philosophe. Those scenes about rural Langres, and the old homely way of life there, as delineated fictitiously in the *En-*

tretien d'un Père avec ses Enfans, and now more fully, as matter of fact, in this just-published *Correspondance*, are of a most innocent, cheerful, peacefully-secluded character; more pleasing, we might almost say more poetical, than could elsewhere be gathered out of Diderot's whole Writings. Denis was the eldest of the family, and much looked up to, with all his short-comings: there was a Brother, who became a clergyman; and a truehearted, sharpwitted Sister, who remained unmarried, and at times tried to live in partnership with this latter,—rather unsuccessfully. The Clergyman being a conscientious, even straight-laced man, and Denis such as we know, they had, naturally enough, their own difficulties to keep on brotherly terms; and indeed, at length, abandoned the task as hopeless. The Abbé stood rigorous by his Breviary, from time to time addressing solemn monitions to the lost Philosophe, who also went on his way. He is somewhat snarled at by the Denisian side of the house for this; but surely without ground: it was his virtue rather; at lowest his destiny. The true Priest who could, or should, look peaceably on an *Encyclopédie* is yet perhaps waited for in the world; and of all false things, is not a false Priest the falsest?

Meanwhile Denis, at the College d'Harcourt, learns additional Greek and Mathematics, and quite loses taste for the Jesuit career. Mad pranks enough he played, we doubt not; followed by reprimands. He made several friends, however; got intimate with the Abbé Bernis, poet at that time; afterwards Cardinal. "They used to dine together, for six sous a-piece, at the neighbouring *Traiteur's;* and I have often heard him vaunt the gaiety of these repasts."

"His studies being finished," continues Mademoiselle, "his father wrote to M. Clement de Ris, a Procureur at Paris, and his countryman, to take him as boarder, that he might study Jurisprudence and the Laws. He continued here two years; but the business of *actes* and *inventaires* had few charms for him. All the time he could steal from the office-desk was employed in prosecuting Latin and Greek, in which he thought himself still imperfect; Mathematics, which he to the last continued passionately fond of; Italian, English, &c. In the end he gave himself up so completely to his taste for letters, that M. Clement thought it right to inform his father how ill the youth was employing his time. My grandfather then expressly commissioned M. Clement to urge and constrain him to make choice of some profession, and once for all to become Doctor, Procureur, or Advocate. My father begged time to think of it; time was given. At the end of several months these proposals were again laid before him: he answered that the profession of Doctor did not please him, for he could not think of killing any body; that the Procureur business was too difficult to execute with delicacy; that he would willingly choose the profession of Advocate, were it not that he

felt an invincible repugnance to occupy himself all his life with other people's business. 'But,' said M. Clement, 'what *will* you be then?' —'On my word, nothing, nothing whatever (*Ma foi, rien, mais rien du tout*). I love study; I am very happy, very content, and want nothing else.'"

Here clearly is a youth of spirit, determined to take the world on the broadside, and eat thereof, and be filled. His decided turn, like that of so many others, is for the trade of sovereign prince, in one shape or other; unhappily, however, the capital and outfit to set it up is wanting. Under which circumstances, nothing remains but to instruct M. Clement de Ris that no board-wages will henceforth be paid, and the young sovereign may, at his earliest convenience, be turned out of doors.

What Denis, perched aloft in his own-hired attic, may have thought of it now, does not appear. The good old Father, in stopping his allowance, had reasonably enough insisted on one of two things: either that he should betake him to some intelligible method of existence, wherein all help should be furnished him; or else return home within the week. Neither of which could Denis think of doing. A similar demand continued to be reiterated for the next ten years, but always with the like none-effect. King Denis, in his furnished attic, with or without money to pay for it, was now living and reigning, like other kings, "by the grace of God;" and could nowise resolve to abdicate. A sanguineous, vehement, volatile mortal; young, and in so wide an earth, it seemed to him next to impossible but he must find gold-mines there. He lived, while victual was to be got, taking no thought for the morrow. He had books, he had merry company, a whole piping and dancing Paris round him; he could teach Mathematics, he could turn himself so many ways; nay, might not he become a Mathematician one day; a glorified Savant, and strike the stars with his sublime head! Meanwhile he is like to be overtaken by one of the sharpest human calamities, "cleanness of teeth."

"One Shrove Tuesday morning, he rises, gropes in his pocket; he has not wherewith to dine; will not trouble his friends, who have not invited him. This day, which in childhood he had so often passed in the middle of relations who adored him, becomes sadder by remembrance: he cannot work; he hopes to dissipate his melancholy by a walk; goes to the Invalides, to the Courts, to the Bibliothèque du Roi, to the Jardin des Plantes. You may drive away tedium; but you cannot give hunger the slip. He returns to his quarters; on entering he feels unwell; the landlady gives him a little toast and wine; he goes to bed. 'That day,' he has often said to me, 'I swore that, if ever I came to have any thing, I would never in my life refuse a poor man help, never condemn my fellow creatures to a day as painful.'"

That Diderot, during all this period, escaped starvation, is plain enough by the result; but how he specially accomplished that, and the other business of living, remains mostly left to conjecture. Mademoiselle, confined at any rate within narrow limits, continues as usual too intent on sparkling; is *brillante* and *pétillante*, rather than lucent and illuminating. How inferior, for *seeing* with, is your brightest train of fireworks to the humblest farthing candle! Who Diderot's companions, friends, enemies, patrons were, what his way of life was, what the Paris he lived in and from his garret looked down on was, we learn only in hints, dislocated, enigmatic. It is in general to be impressed on us, that young Denis, as a sort of spiritual swashbuckler, who went about conquering Destiny, in light rapier-fence, by way of amusement; or at lowest, in reverses, gracefully insulting her with mock reverences,—lived and acted like no other man; all which being freely admitted, we ask, with small increase of knowledge, How he did act then?

He gave lessons in Mathematics, we find; but with the princeliest indifference as to payment: "was his scholar lively, and prompt of conception, he sat by him teaching all day; did he chance on a blockhead, he returned not back. They paid him in books, in moveables, in linen, in money, or not at all; it was quite the same." Farther, he made Sermons (to order); as the Devil is said to quote Scripture: a Missionary bespoke half-a-dozen of him (of Denis, that is) for the Portuguese Colonies, and paid them very handsomely at fifty crowns each. Once, a family Tutorship came in his way, with tolerable appointments, but likewise with incessant duties: at the end of three months, he waits upon the house-father with this abrupt communication: "I am come, Monsieur, to request you to seek a new tutor; I cannot remain with you any longer."—"But, Monsieur Diderot, what is your grievance? Have you too little salary? I will double it. Are you ill-lodged? Choose your apartment. Is your table ill-served? Order your own dinner. All will be cheap to parting with you."—"Monsieur, look at me: a citron is not so yellow as my face. I am making men of your children; but every day I am becoming a child with them. I feel a hundred times too rich and too well off in your house; yet I must leave it: the object of my wishes is not to live better, but to keep from dying."

Mademoiselle grants that, if sometimes "drunk with gaiety," he was often enough plunged in bitterness; but then a Newtonian problem, a fine thought, or any small godsend of that sort, would instantly cheer him again. The "gold mines" had not yet come to light. Meanwhile, between him and starvation, we can still

discern Langres covertly stretching out its hand. Of any Langres man, coming in his way, Denis frankly borrows; and the good old Father refuses not to pay. The Mother is still kinder, at least softer: she sends him direct help, as she can; not by the post, but by a serving-maid, who travelled these sixty leagues on foot; delivered him a small sum from his mother; and, without mentioning it, added all her own savings thereto. This Samaritan journey she performed three times. "I saw her some years ago," adds Mademoiselle, "she spoke of my father with tears; her whole desire was to see him again: sixty years' service had impaired neither her sense nor her sensibility."

It is granted also that his company was "sometimes good, sometimes indifferent, not to say bad." Indeed, putting all things together, we can easily fancy that the last sort was the preponderating. It seems probable that Denis, during these ten years of probation, walked chiefly in the subterranean shades of Rascaldom; now swilling from full Circe-goblets, now snuffing with haggard expectancy the hungry wind; always "sorely flamed on from the neighbouring hell." In some of his fictitious writings, a most intimate acquaintance with the nether-world of Polissons, Escrocs, Filles de Joye, Maroufles, Maquerelles, and their ways of doing, comes to light: among other things (as may be seen in *Jacques le Fataliste*, and elsewhere), a singular theoretic expertness in what is technically named "raising the wind;" which miracle, indeed Denis himself is expressly (in this *Mémoire*) found once performing, and in a style to require legal cognizance, had not the worthy Father "sneered at the dupe, and paid." The dupe here was a proselytising Abbé, whom the dog glozed with professions of life-weariness and turning monk; which all evaporated, once the money was in his hands. On other occasions, it might turn out otherwise, and the gudgeon-fisher hook some shark of prey.

Literature, except in the way of Sermons for the Portuguese Colonies, or other the like small private dealings, had not yet opened her hospitable bosom to him. Epistles, precatory and amatory, for such as had more cash than grammar, he may have written; Catalogues also, Indexes, Advertisements, and, in these latter cases, even seen himself in print. But now he ventures forward, with bolder step, towards the interior mysteries, and begins producing Translations from the English. Literature, it is true, was then, as now, the universal free-hospital and Refuge for the Destitute, where all mortals, of what colour and kind soever, had liberty to live, or at least to die: nevertheless, for an enterprising man, its resources at that time were comparatively limited. Newspapers were few; Reporting existed not, still less the inferior branches, with their fixed rate per line: Packwood and

Warren, much more Panckoucke, and Ladvocat, and Colburn, as yet slumbered (the last century of their slumber) in the womb of Chaos; Fragmentary Panegyric-literature had not yet come into being, therefore could not be paid for. Talent wanted a free staple and workshop, where wages might be certain; and too often, like virtue, was praised and left starving. Lest the reader overrate the munificence of the literary cornucopia in France at this epoch, let us lead him into a small historical scene, that he may see with his own eyes. Diderot is the historian; the date too is many years later, when times, if anything, were mended:

"I had given a poor devil a manuscript to copy. The time he had promised it at having expired, and my man not appearing, I grow uneasy; set off to hunt him out. I find him in a hole the size of my hand, almost without daylight, not the wretchedest tatter of serge to cover his walls; two straw-bottom chairs, a flock-bed, the coverlet chiselled with worms, without curtains; a trunk in a corner of the chimney, rags of all sorts hooked above it; a little white-iron lamp, with a bottle for pediment to it; on a deal shelf, a dozen of excellent books. I chatted with him three-quarters of an hour. My gentleman was naked as a worm" (*nu comme un ver:* it was August); "lean, dingy, dry, yet serene, complaining of nothing, eating his junk of bread with appetite, and from time to time caressing his beloved, who reclined on that miserable truckle, taking up two-thirds of the room. If I had not known that happiness resides in the soul, my Epictetus of the Rue Hyancinthe might have taught it me."

Notwithstanding all which, Denis, now in his twenty-ninth year, sees himself necessitated to fall desperately, and over head and ears, in love. It was a virtuous, pure attachment; his first of that sort, probably also his last. Readers who would see the business poetically delineated, and what talent Diderot had for such delineations, may read this Scene in the once-noted Drama of the *Père de Famille*. It is known that he drew from the life; and with few embellishments, which too, except in the French Theatre, do not beautify.

"ACT I.—SCENE VII.

Saint-Albin. Father, you shall know all. Alas! how else can I move you?—The first time I ever saw her was at church. She was on her knees at the foot of the altar, beside an aged woman, whom I took for her mother. Ah father! what modesty, what charms!.... Her image followed me by day, haunted me by night, left me rest nowhere. I lost my cheerfulness, my health, my peace. I could not live without seeking to find her.... She has changed me; I am no longer what I was. From the first moment, all shameful desires fade away from my soul; respect and admiration succeed them. Without rebuke or restraint on her part, perhaps before she had raised her eyes on me, I became timid;

more so from day to day; and soon I felt as little free to attempt her virtue as her life.

The Father. And who are these women? How do they live?

Saint-Albin. Ah! if you knew it, unhappy as they are! Imagine that their toil begins before day, and often they have to continue it through the night. The mother spins on the wheel: hard, coarse cloth is between the soft small fingers of Sophie, and wounds them.* Her eyes, the brightest eyes in this world, are worn at the light of a lamp. She lives in a garret, within four bare walls; a wooden table, a couple of chairs, a truckle-bed, that is their furniture. O Heavens, when ye fashioned such a creature, was this the lot ye destined her!

The Father. And how got you access? Speak me truth.

Saint-Albin. It is incredible what obstacles I had, what I surmounted. Though now lodged there, under the same roof, I at first did not seek to see them: if we met on the stairs, coming up, going down, I saluted them respectfully. At night, when I came home (for all day I was supposed to be at my work), I would go knock gently at their door; ask them for the little services usual among neighbours—as water, fire, light. By degrees they grew accustomed to me; rather took to me. I offered to serve them in little things; for instance, they disliked going out at night; I fetched and carried for them."

The real truth here is, "I ordered a set of shirts from them; said I was a Church-licenciate just bound for the Seminary of St. Nicolas,—and, above all, had the tongue of the old serpent." But to skip much, and finish:

"Yesterday I came as usual: Sophie was alone; she was sitting with her elbows on the table, her head leant on her hand; her work had fallen at her feet. I entered without her hearing me: she sighed. Tears escaped from between her fingers, and ran along her arms. For some time, of late, I had seen her sad. Why was she weeping? What was it that grieved her? Want it could no longer be; her labour and my attentions provided against that. Threatened by the only misfortune terrible to me, I did not hesitate: I threw myself at her knees. What was her surprise; Sophie, said I, you weep; what ails you? Do not hide your trouble from me: speak to me; oh, speak to me! She spoke not. Her tears continued flowing. Her eyes, where calmness no longer dwelt, but tears and anxiety, bent towards me, then turned away, then turned to me again. She said only, Poor Sergi! unhappy Sophie!—I had laid my face on her knees; I was wetting her apron with my tears."

In a word, there is nothing for it but marriage. Old Diderot, joyous as he was to see his Son once more, started back in indignation and derision from such a proposal; and young Diderot had to return to Paris, and be forbid the beloved house, and fall

* The real trade appears to have been a "sempstress one in laces and linens;" the poverty is somewhat exaggerated: otherwise the shadow may be faithful enough.

sick, and come to the point of death, before the fair one's scruples could be subdued. However, she sent to get news of him; "learnt that his room was a perfect dog-kennel, that he lay without nourishment, without attendance, wasted, sad: thereupon she took her resolution; mounted to him, promised to be his wife; and mother and daughter now became his nurses. So soon as he recovered, they went to Saint-Pierre, and were married at midnight (1744)." It only remains to add, that if the Sophie whom he had wedded fell much short of this Sophie whom he delineates, the fault was less in her qualities than in his own unstable fancy; as in youth she was "tall, beautiful, pious, and wise," so through a long life she seems to have approved herself a woman of courage, discretion, faithful affection; far too good a wife for such a husband.

"My father was of too jealous a character to let my mother continue a traffic, which obliged her to receive strangers and treat with them: he begged her therefore to give up that business; she was very loth to consent; poverty did not alarm her on her own account, but her mother was old, unlikely to remain with her long, and the fear of not being able to provide for all her wants was afflicting: nevertheless, persuading herself that this sacrifice was for her husband's happiness, she made it. A charwoman looked in daily, to sweep their little lodging, and fetch provisions for the day; my mother managed all the rest. Often when my father dined or supped out, she would dine or sup on bread; and took a great pleasure in the thought that, next day, she could double her little ordinary for him. Coffee was too considerable a luxury for a household of this sort: but she could not think of his wanting it, and every day gave him six sous to go and have his cup, at the Café de la Regence, and see the chess-playing there.

"It was now that he translated the *History of Greece* in three volumes" (by the English Stanyan); "he sold it for a hundred crowns. This sum brought a sort of supply into the house. * * *

"My mother had been brought to bed of a daughter: she was now big a second time. In spite of her precautions, solitary life, and the pains she had taken to pass off her husband as her brother, his family, in the seclusion of their province, learnt that he was living with two women. Directly the birth, the morals, the character of my mother became objects of the blackest calumny. He foresaw that discussions by letter would be endless: he found it simpler to put his wife into the stage-coach, and send her to his parents. She had just been delivered of a son; he announced this event to his father, and the departure of my mother. 'She set out yesterday,' said he; 'she will be with you in three days. You will say to her what shall please you, and send her back when you are tired of her.' Singular as this sort of explanation was, they determined, in any case, on sending my father's sister to receive her. Their first welcome was more than cold: the evening grew less painful to her; but next morning

betimes she went in to her father-in-law; treated him as if he had been her own father; her respect and her caresses charmed the good, sensible old man. Coming down stairs, she began working; refused nothing that could please a family whom she was not afraid of, and wished to be loved by. Her conduct was the only excuse she gave for her husband's choice: her appearance had prepossessed them in her favour; her simplicity, her piety, her talents for household economy secured her their tenderness; they promised her that my father's disinheritment should be revoked. They kept her three months; and sent her back loaded with whatever they could think would be useful or agreeable to her."

All this is beautiful, told with a graceful simplicity; the beautiful, real-ideal prose-idyl of a Literary Life: but, alas, in the music of your prose-idyl there lurks ever an accursed dissonance (or the players make one); where men are, there will be mischief. "This journey," writes Mademoiselle, "cost my mother many tears." What will the reader say when he finds that Monsieur Diderot has, in the interim, taken up with a certain Madame de Puisieux; and welcomes his brave Wife (worthy to have been a true man's) with a heart and bosom henceforth estranged from her! Madame Diderot "made two journeys to Langres, and both were fatal to her peace." This affair of the Puisieux, for whom he despicably enough not only burned, but toiled and made money, kept him busy for some ten years; till at length, finding that she played false, he gave her up; and minor miscellaneous flirtations seem to have succeeded. But, returning from her *second* journey, the much-enduring House-mother finds him in meridian glory with one Voland, the *un*-maiden Daughter of a "Financier's Widow;" to whom we owe this present preternuptial *Correspondence;* to whom indeed he mainly devoted himself for the rest of his life, "parting his time between his study and her;" to his own Wife and household giving little save the trouble of cooking for him, and of painfully, with repressed or irrepressible discontent, keeping up some appearance of terms with him. Alas! alas! and his Puisieux seems to have been a hollow Mercenary (to whose scandalous soul he reckons obscenest of Books fit nutriment); and the Voland an elderly Spinster, with *cœur sensible, cœur honnête, ame tendre et bonne!* And then those old dinings on bread; the six sous spared for his cup of coffee! Foolish Diderot, scarcely pardonable Diderot! A hard saying it is, yet a true one: scoundrelism signifies injustice, and should be left to scoundrels alone. For thy wronged Wife, whom thou hadst sworn far other things to, ever in her afflictions (here so hostilely scanned and written of), a true sympathy will awaken; and sorrow that the patient, or even impatient, endurances of such

a woman should be matter of speculation and self-gratulation to such another.

But looking out of doors now, from an indifferently-guided Household, which must have fallen shamefully in pieces, had not a wife been wiser and stronger than her husband,—we find the Philosophe making distinct way with the Bibliopolic world; and likely, in the end, to pick up a kind of living there. The Stanyan's *History of Greece;* the other English-translated, nameless *Medical Dictionary*, are dropped by all editors as worthless: a like fate might, with little damage, have overtaken the *Essai sur le Merite et la Vertu*, rendered or redacted out of Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*. In which redaction, with its Notes, of anxious Orthodoxy (and bottomless Falsehood looking through it), we individually have found nothing, save a confirmation of the old twice-repeated experience, That in Shaftesbury's famed Book there lay, if any meaning, a meaning of such long-windedness, circumvolution and lubricity, that, like an eel, it must for ever slip through our fingers, and leave us alone among the gravel. One reason may partly be, that Shaftesbury was not only a Sceptic but an Amateur Sceptic; which sort a darker, more earnest, have long since swallowed and abolished. The meaning of a delicate, perfumed, gentlemanly individual standing there, in that war of Titans (hill meeting hill with all its woods), and putting out hand to it—with a pair of tweezers?

However, our Denis has now emerged from the intermediate Hades of Translatorship into the Heaven of perfected Authorship; empties his common-place book of *Pensées Philosophiques* (it is said in the space of four days); writes his metaphysico-Baconian phantasmagories on the *Interprétation de la Nature* (an endless business to "interpret"); and casts the money-produce of both into the lap of his Scarlet-woman Puisieux. Then forthwith, for the same object, in a shameful fortnight, puts together the beastliest of all past, present, or future dull Novels; a difficult feat, unhappily not an impossible one. If any mortal creature, even a Reviewer, be again compelled to glance into that Book, let him bathe himself in running water, put on change of raiment, and be unclean until the even. As yet the metaphysico-Atheistic *Lettre sur les Sourds et Muets*, and *Lettre sur les Aveugles*, which brings glory and a three months' lodging in the Castle of Vincennes, are at years distance in the back-ground. But already by his gilded tongue, growing repute, and sanguineous, projecting temper, he has persuaded Booksellers to pay off the Abbé Gua, with his lean Version of *Chambers's Dictionary of Arts*, and convert it into an *Encyclopédie*, with himself and D'Alembert for Editors; and is henceforth (from the year of grace 1751) a duly dis-indentured *Man of Let-*

ters, an indisputable and more and more conspicuous member of that surprising guild.

Literature, ever since its appearance in our European world, especially since it emerged out of Cloisters into the open Market-place, and endeavoured to make itself room, and gain a subsistence there, has offered the strangest phases, and consciously or unconsciously done the strangest work. Wonderful Ark of the Deluge, where so much that is precious, nay priceless to mankind, floats carelessly onwards through the Chaos of distracted Times,—if so be it may one day find an Ararat to rest on, and see the waters abate! The History of Literature, especially for the last two centuries, is our proper Church History; the other Church, during that time, having more and more decayed from its old functions and influence, and ceased to have a history. And now, to look only at the outside of the matter, think of the Tassos and older or later Racines, struggling to raise their office from its pristine abasement of court-jester; and teach and elevate the World, in conjunction with that other quite heteroclite task of solacing and glorifying some *Pullus Jovis*, in plush cloak and other gilt or golden king-tackle, that they in the interim might live thereby! Consider the Shakspeares and Molières, plying a like trade, but on a double material; glad of any royal or noble patronage, but eliciting, as their surer stay, some fractional contribution from the thick-skinned, many-pocketed million. Saumaises, now bully-fighting "for a hundred gold Jacobuses," now closeted with Queen Christinas, who blow the fire with their own queenly mouth, to make a pedant's breakfast; anon cast forth (being scouted and confuted), and dying of heartbreak, coupled with henpeck. Then the Laws of Copyright, the Quarrels of Authors, the Calamities of Authors; the Heynes dining on boiled peasecods, the Jean Pauls on water; the Johnsons bedded and boarded on fourpence-halfpenny a-day. Lastly, the unutterable confusion worse confounded of our present Periodical existence; when, among other phenomena, a young Fourth Estate (whom all the three elder may try if they can hold) is seen sprawling and staggering tumultuously through the world; as yet but a huge, raw-boned lean *calf;* fast growing, however, to be a Pharaoh's lean-cow,—of whom let the fat-kine beware! All this of the mere exterior, or dwelling-place of Literature, not yet glancing at the internal, at the Doctrines emitted or striven after, will the future Eusebius and Mosheim have to record; and (in some small degree) explain to us what it means. Unfathomable is its meaning: Life, mankind's Life, ever from its unfathomable fountains, rolls wondrous on, another though the same; in Literature too, the seeing eye will distinguish Apostles of the Gentiles, Proto and Deutero-martyrs; still less will the Simon Magus, or Appo-

lonius with the golden thigh be wanting. But all now is on an infinitely *wider scale;* the elements of it all swim far-scattered, and still only striving towards union;—whereby, indeed, it happens that to the most, under this new figure, they are unrecognisable.

French Literature, in Diderot's time, presents itself in a certain state of culmination, where causes long prepared are rapidly becoming effects; and was doubtless in one of its more notable epochs. Under the Economic aspect, in France, as in England, this was the Age of Booksellers; when, as a Dodsley and Miller could risk capital in an *English Dictionary*, a Lebreton and Briasson could become purveyors and commissariat officers for a French *Encyclopédie*. The world for ever loves Knowledge, and would part its last sixpence in payment thereof: this your Dodsleys and Lebretons well saw; moreover they could act on it, for as yet PUFFERY was not. Alas, offences must come; Puffery from the first was inevitable: woe to them, nevertheless, by whom it did come! Meanwhile, as we said, it slept in Chaos; the Word of man and tradesman was still partially credible to man. Booksellers were therefore a possible, were even a necessary class of mortals, though a strangely anomalous one; had they kept from lying, or lied with any sort of moderation, the anomaly might have lasted still longer. For the present, they managed in Paris as elsewhere: the Timber-headed could perceive that for Thought the world would give money; farther, by mere shopkeeper cunning, that true Thought, as in the end sure to be recognised, and by nature infinitely more durable, was better to deal in than false; farther, by credible tradition of public consent, that such and such had the talent of furnishing true Thought (say rather *truer*, as the more correct word): on this hint the Timber-headed spake and bargained. Nay, let us say he bargained, and worked, for most part, with industrious assiduity, with patience, suitable prudence; nay, sometimes with touches of generosity and magnanimity, beautifully irradiating the circumambient mass of greed and dulness. For the rest, the two high contracting parties roughed it out as they could; so that if Booksellers, in their back parlour Valhalla, drank wine out of the sculls of Authors (as they were fabled to do), Authors, in the front-apartments, from time to time, gave them a Rowland for their Oliver: a Johnson can knock his Osborne on the head, like any other Bull of Bashan; a Diderot commands his corpulent Panckouke to "leave the room and go to the devil:" *allez au diable, sortez de chez moi!*

Under the internal or Doctrinal aspect, again, French Literature, we can see, knew far better what it was about than English. That fable, indeed, first set afloat by some Trevoux Journalist of

that period, and which has floated foolishly enough into every European ear since then, of there being an Association specially organized for the destruction of government, religion, society, civility (not to speak of tithes, rents, life and property), all over the world; which hell-serving Association met at the Baron d'Holbach's, there had its blue-light sederunts, and published Transactions legible to all,—was and remains nothing but a fable. Minute-books, president's hammer, ballot-box, punch-bowl of such Pandemonium have not been produced to the world. The sect of Philosophes existed at Paris, but as other sects do; held together by loosest, informal, unrecognised ties; within which every one, no doubt, followed his own natural objects, of proselytism, of glory, of getting a livelihood. Meanwhile, whether in constituted association or not, French Philosophy resided in the persons of the French Philosophes; and, as a mighty deep-struggling Force, was at work there. Deep-struggling, irrepressible; the subterranean fire which long heaved unquietly, and shook all things with an ominous motion, was here, we can say, forming itself a decided spiracle;—which, by and by, as French Revolution, became that volcano-crater, world-famous, world-appalling, world-maddening, as yet very far from closed! Fontenelle said, he wished he could live sixty years longer, and see what that universal infidelity, depravity, and dissolution of all ties would turn to. In three-score years, Fontenelle might have seen strange things; but not the end of the phenomenon, perhaps, in three hundred.

Why France became such a volcano-crater, what specialties there were in the French national character, and political, moral, intellectual condition, by virtue whereof French Philosophy there and not elsewhere, then and not sooner or later, evolved itself,—is an inquiry that has been often put, and cheerfully answered; the true answer of which might lead us far. Still deeper than this *Whence* were the question of *Whither*;—with which, also, we intermeddle not here. Enough for us to understand that there verily a Scene of Universal History is being enacted (a little living TIME-picture in the bosom of ETERNITY); and, with the feeling due in that case, to ask not so much Why it is, as What it is. Leaving priorities and posteriorities aside, and cause-and-effect to adjust itself elsewhere, conceive so many vivid spirits thrown together into the Europe, into the Paris of that day, and see how they demean themselves, what they work out and attain there.

As the *mystical* enjoyment of an object goes infinitely farther than the *intellectual*, and we can *look* at a picture with delight and profit after all that we can be *taught* about it is grown poor and wearisome; so here, and by far stronger reason, these light Letters of Diderot to the Voland, again unveiling and *showing*

Parisian Life, are worth more to us than many a heavy tome laboriously struggling to explain it. True, we have seen the picture (that same Parisian life-picture) ten times already; but can look at it an eleventh time; nay this, as we said, is not a canvas-picture, but a life-picture, of whose significance there is no end for us. Grudge not the elderly Spinster her existence, then; say not she has lived in vain. For what of History there is, in this preternuptial Correspondence, should we not endeavour to forgive and forget all else, the *sensibilité* itself? The curtain which had fallen for almost a century is again drawn up; the scene is alive and busy. Figures grown historical are here seen face to face, and again live before us.

A strange theatre that of French Philosophism; a strange dramatic corps! Such another corps for brilliancy and levity, for gifts and vices, and all manner of sparkling inconsistencies, as the world is not like to see again. There is Patriarch Voltaire, of all Frenchmen the most French; he whom the French had, as it were, long waited for, "to produce at once, in a single life, all that French genius most prized and most excelled in;" of him and his wondrous ways, as of one known, we need say little. Instant enough to "crush the Abomination" (*écraser l'Infame*), he has prosecuted his Jesuit-hunt over many lands and many centuries, in many ways, with an alacrity that has made him dangerous, and endangered him: he now sits at Ferney, withdrawn from the active toils of the chace; cheers on his hunting-dogs mostly from afar: Diderot, a beagle of the first vehemence, he has rather to restrain. That all extant and possible Theology be abolished, will not content the fell Denis, as surely it might have done; the Patriarch must address him a friendly admonition on his Atheism, and make him eat it again.

D'Alembert, too, we may consider as one known; of all the Philosophe fraternity, he who in speech and conduct agrees best with our English notions; an independent, patient, prudent man; of great faculty, especially of great clearness and method; famous in Mathematics; no less so, to the wonder of some, in the intellectual provinces of Literature. A foolish wonder; as if the Thinker could think only on one thing, and not on *any* thing he had a call towards. D'Alembert's *Mélanges*, as the impress of a genuine spirit, in peculiar position and probation, have still instruction for us, both of head and heart. The man lives retired here, in questionable seclusion with his Espinasse; incurs the suspicion of apostacy, because in the *Encyclopédie* he saw no Evangile and celestial Revelation, but only a huge Folio Dictionary; and would not venture life and limb on it, without a "consideration." Sad was it to Diderot to see his fellow-voyager make for port, and disregard signals, when the

sea-krakens rose round him! They did not quarrel; were always friendly when they met, but latterly met only at the rate of "once in the two years." D'Alembert died when Diderot was on his death-bed: "My friend," said the latter to the news-bringer, "a great light is gone out."

Hovering in the distance, with woe-struck, minatory air, stern-beckoning, comes Rousseau. Poor Jean Jacques! Alternately deified, and cast to the dogs; a deep-minded, high-minded, even noble, yet wofully misarranged mortal, with all misformations of Nature intensated to the verge of madness by unfavourable Fortune. A lonely man; his life a long soliloquy! The wandering Tiresias of the time;—in whom, however, did lie prophetic meaning, such as none of the others offer. Whereby indeed it might partly be that the world went to such extremes about him; that, long after his departure, we have seen one whole nation worship him, and a Burke, in the name of another, class him with the offscourings of the earth. His true character, with its lofty aspirings and poor performings; and how the spirit of the man worked so wildly, like celestial fire in a thick dark element of chaos, and shot forth ethereal radiance, all-piercing lightning, yet could not illuminate, was quenched and did not conquer: this, with what lies in it, may now be pretty accurately appreciated. Let his history teach all whom it concerns, to "*harden* themselves against the ills which Mother Nature will try them with;" to seek within their own soul what the world must for ever deny them; and say composedly to the Prince of the Power of this lower Earth and Air: Go thou thy way; I go mine!

Rousseau and Diderot were early friends: who has forgotten how Jean Jacques walked to the Castle of Vincennes, where Denis (for heretical Metaphysics, and irreverence to the Strumpetocracy) languishes in durance; and devised his first Literary Paradox on the road thither? Their Quarrel, which, as a fashionable hero of the time complains, occupied all Paris, is likewise famous enough. The reader recollects that heroical epistle of Diderot to Grimm on that occasion, and the sentence: "Oh, my friend, let us continue virtuous, for the state of those who have ceased to be so makes me shudder." But is the reader aware what the fault of him "who had ceased to be so" was? A series of ravelments and squabbling grudges, "which," says Mademoiselle with much simplicity, "the Devil himself could not understand." Alas, the Devil well understood it, and Tyrant Grimm too did, who had the ear of Diderot, and poured into it his own unjust, almost abominable spleen. Clean paper need not be soiled with a foul story, where the main actor is only "Tyran le Blanc;" enough to know that the "continually virtuous" Tyrant found Diderot "ex-

tremely impressionable;" so poor Jean Jacques must go his ways (with both the scath and the scorn), and among his many woes bear this also. Diderot is not blameable; pitiable rather; for who would be a pipe, which not Fortune only, but any Sycophant may play tunes on?

Of this same Tyrant Grimm, desiring to speak peaceably, we shall say little. The man himself is less remarkable than his fortune. Changed times indeed, since the thread-bare German Bursch quitted Ratisbon, with the sound of cat-calls in his ears, the condemned "Tragedy, Banise," in his pocket; and fled southward, on a thin travelling-tutorship;—since Rousseau met you, Herr Grimm, "a young man described as seeking a situation, and whose appearance indicated the pressing necessity he was in of soon finding one!" Of a truth, you have flourished since then, Herr Grimm: his introductions of you to Diderot, to Holbach, to the black-locked D'Epinay, where not only you are wormed in, but he is wormed out, have turned to somewhat; the Thread-bare has become well-napped, and got ruffles and jewel-rings, and walks abroad in sword and bag-wig, and lackers his brass countenance with rouge, and so (as *Tyran le Blanc*) recommends himself to the fair; and writes Parisian Philosophe-gossip to the Hyperborean Kings, and his "Grimm's Leaves," copied "to the number of twenty," are bread of life to many; and cringes here, and domineers there; and lives at his ease in the Creation, in an effective *tendresse* with the D'Epinay, husband or custom of the country not objecting!—Poor Börne, the new German flying Sansculotte, feels his mouth water, at Paris, over these flesh-pots of Grimm; reflecting with what heart he too could write "Leaves," and be fed thereby. Börne, my friend, those days are done! While Northern Courts were a "Lunar Versailles," it was well to have an Uriel stationed in their Sun there; but of all spots in this Universe (hardly excepting Tophet) Paris now is the one we at court could best *dispense* with news from: never more, in these centuries, will a Grimm be missioned thither; never a "Leaf of Börne" be blown court-wards by any wind. As for the Grimm, we can see that he was a man made to rise in the world: a fair, even handsome outfit of talent, wholly marketable; skill in music, and the like, encyclopedical readiness in all ephemera; saloon-wit, a trenchant, unhesitating head; above all, a heart ever in the right place,—in the market-place, namely, and marked "for sale to the highest bidder." Really a methodical, adroit, managing man. By "hero-worship," and the cunning appliance of alternate sweet and sullen, he has brought Diderot to be his patient milch-cow, whom he can milk an Essay from, a Volume from, when he lists. Victorious Grimm! He even

escaped those same "horrors of the French Revolution" (with loss of his ruffles); and was seen at the Court of Gotha, sleek and well to live, within the memory of man.

The world has heard of M. le Chevalier de Saint-Lambert; considerable in Literature, in Love and War. He is here again, singing the frostiest Pastorals; happily, however, only in the distance, and the jingle of his wires soon dies away. Of another Chevalier, worthy Jaucourt, be the name mentioned, and little more: he digs unweariedly, mole-wise, in the Encyclopedic field, catching what he can, and shuns the light. Then there is Helvetius, the well-fed Farmer-general, enlivening his sybaritic life with metaphysic paradoxes. His revelations, *De l'Homme* and *De l'Esprit* breathe the freest Philosophe-spirit, with Philanthropy and Sensibility enough: the greater is our astonishment to find him here so ardent a Preserver of the Game:

"This Madame de Nocé," writes Diderot, treating of the Bourbonne Hot-springs, "is a neighbour of Helvetius. She told us, the Philosopher was the unhappiest man in the world on his estates. He is surrounded there by neighbours and peasants who detest him. They break the windows of his mansion, plunder his grounds by night, cut his trees, throw down his walls, tear up his spiked paling. He dare not go to shoot a hare, without a train of people to guard him. You will ask me, how it has come to pass? By a boundless zeal for his game. M. Fagon, his predecessor, used to guard the grounds with two keepers and two guns. Helvetius has twenty-four, and cannot do it. These men have a small premium for every poacher they can catch; and there is no sort of mischief they will not cause to get more and more of these. Besides, they are themselves so many hired poachers. Again, the border of his woods was inhabited by a set of poor people, who had got huts there; he has caused all the huts to be swept away. It is these, and such acts of repeated tyranny, that have raised him enemies of all kinds; and the more insolent, says Madame de Nocé, as they have discovered that the worthy Philosopher is a coward. I would not have his fine estate of Voré as a present, had I to live there in these perpetual alarms. What profits he draws from that mode of management I know not: but he is alone there; he is hated,—he is in fear. Ah! how much wiser was our lady Geoffrin, when speaking of a lawsuit that tormented her, she said to me, 'Get done with my lawsuit; they want money? I have it. Give them money. What better use can I make of my money than to buy peace with it?' In Helvetius's place, I would have said, 'They kill me a few hares and rabbits, let them be doing. These poor creatures have no shelter but my forest, let them stay there.' I should have reasoned like M. Fagon, and been adored like him."

Alas! are not Helvetius's preserves, at this hour, all broken up, and lying desecrated? Neither can the others, in what latitude and longitude soever, remain eternally impregnable. But if a Rome was once saved by geese, need we wonder that an England

is lost by partridges? We are sons of Eve, who bartered Paradise for an apple.

But to return to Paris and its Philosophe Church-militant. Here is a Marmontel, an active subaltern thereof, who fights in a small way, through the *Mercure;* and, in rose-pink romance-pictures, strives to celebrate the "moral sublime." An Abbé Morellet, busy with the Corn Laws, walks in at intervals, stooping, shrunk together, "as if to get nearer himself" (*pour être plus près de lui-même*). The rogue Galiani alternates between Naples and Paris; Galiani, by good luck, has "for ever *settled* the question of the Corn Laws;' an idle fellow otherwise; a spiritual Lazzarone; full of frolics, wanton quips, anti-jesuit *gesta,* and wild Italian humour; the sight of his swart, sharp face is the signal for Laughter,—in which, indeed, the Man himself has unhappily evaporated, leaving no result behind him.

Of the Baron d'Holbach thus much may be said, that both at Paris and at Grandval he gives good dinners. His two or three score volumes of Atheistic Philosophism, which he published (at his own expense), may now be forgotten, and even forgiven. A purse open and deep, a heart kindly-disposed, quiet, sociable, or even friendly; these, with excellent wines, gain him him a literary elevation, which no thinking faculty he had could have pretended to. An easy, laconic gentleman; of grave politeness; apt to lose temper at play; yet, on the whole, good-humoured, eupeptic and eupractic: there may he live and let live.

Nor is heaven's last gift to man wanting here; the natural sovereignty of women. Your Châtelets, Epinays, Espinasses, Geoffrins, Deffands, will play their part too; there shall, in all senses, be not only Philosophers, but Philosophesses. Strange enough is the figure these women make: good souls, it was a strange world for them. What with metaphysics and flirtation, system of nature, fashion of dress-caps, vanity, curiosity, jealousy, atheism, rheumatism, *traités, bouts-rimés,* noble-sentiments and rouge-pots,—the vehement female intellect sees itself sailing on a chaos, where a wiser might have wavered, if not foundered. For the rest, (as an accurate observer has remarked,) they become a sort of Lady-Presidents in that society; attain great influence; and, imparting as well as receiving, communicate to all that is done or said somewhat of their own peculiar tone.

In a world so wide and multifarious, this little band of Philosophes, acting and speaking as they did, had a most various reception to expect; votes divided to the uttermost. The mass of mankind, busy enough with their own work, of course heeded them only when forced to do it; these, meanwhile, form the great

neutral element, in which the battle has to fight itself; the two hosts, according to their several success, to recruit themselves. Of the Higher Classes, it appears, the small proportion not wholly occupied in eating and dressing, and therefore open to such a question, are in their favour,—strange as to us it may seem; the spectacle of a Church pulled down is, in stagnant times, amusing; nor do the generality, on either side, yet see whither ulteriorly it is tending. The Reading World, which was then more than now the intelligent, inquiring world, reads eagerly (as it will ever do) whatsoever skilful, sprightly, reasonable-looking word is written for it; enjoying, appropriating the same; perhaps without fixed judgment, or deep care of any kind. Careful enough, fixed enough, on the other hand, is the Jesuit Brotherhood; in these days sick unto death; but only the bitterer and angrier for that. Dangerous are the death-convulsions of an expiring Sorbonne, ever and anon filling Paris with agitation: it behoves your Philosophe to walk warily, and, in many a critical circumstance, to weep with the one cheek, and smile with the other. Nor is Literature itself wholly Philosophe: apart from the Jesuit regulars, in their Trevoux Journals, Sermons, Episcopal Charges, and other camps or casemates, a considerable Guerrilla, or Reviewer force (consisting, as usual, of smugglers, unemployed destitute persons, deserters who have been refused promotion, and other the like broken characters) has organized itself, and maintains a harassing bush-warfare: of these the chieftain is Frèron, once in tolerable repute with the world, had he not, carrying too high a head, struck his foot on stones, and stumbled. By the continual depreciating of talent grown at length undeniable, he has sunk low enough: Voltaire, in the *Ecossaise*, can bring him on the stage, and have him killed by laughter, under the name, sufficiently recognisable, of *Wasp*, (in French, *Frèlon*). Another Empecenador, still more hateful, is Palissot, who has written and got acted a Comedy of *Les Philosophes*, at which the Parisians, spite of its dulness, have also laughed. To laugh at *us*, the so meritorious us! Heard mankind ever the like? For poor Palissot, had he fallen into Philosophe hands, serious bodily tar-and-feathering might have been apprehended: as it was, they do what the pen, with its gall and copperas, can; invoke Heaven and Earth to witness the treatment of divine Philosophy;—with which view, in particular, friend Diderot seems to have composed his *Rameau's Nephew*, wherein Palissot and others of his kidney are (figuratively speaking) mauled and mangled, and left not in dog's likeness. So divided was the world, Literary, Courtly, Miscellaneous, on this matter: it was a confused anomalous time.

Among its more notable anomalies may be reckoned the rela-

tions of French Philosophism to foreign Crowned Heads. In Prussia there is a Philosophe King; in Russia a Philosophe Empress: the whole North swarms with kinglets and queenlets of the like temper. Nay, as we have seen, they entertain their special ambassador in Philosophedom, their lion's-provider to furnish spiritual Philosophe-provender; and pay him well. The great Frederick, the great Catherine are as nursing-father and nursing-mother to this new Church of Antichrist; in all straits, ready with money, honourable royal asylum, help of every sort, —which, however, except in the money-shape, the wiser of our Philosophes are shy of receiving. Voltaire had tried it in the asylum-shape, and found it unsuitable; D'Alembert and Diderot decline repeating the experiment. What miracles are wrought by the arch-magician Time! Could these Fredericks, Catherines, Josephs, have looked forward some three-score years; and beheld the Holy Alliance in conference at Laybach! But so goes the world: kings are not seraphic doctors, with gift of prescience, but only men, with common eyesight, participating in the influences of their generation; kings too, like all mortals, have a certain love of knowledge; still more infallibly, a certain desire of applause; a certain delight in mortifying one another. Thus what is persecuted here finds refuge there; and ever, one way or other, the New works itself out full-formed from under the Old; nay the Old, as in this instance, sits sedulously hatching a cockatrice that will one day devour it.

No less anomalous, confused and contradictory is the relation of the Philosophes to their own Government. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, their relation to Society being still so undecided; and the Government, which might have endeavoured to adjust and preside over this, being itself in a state of anomaly, death-lethargy, and doting decrepitude? The true conduct and position for a French Sovereign towards French Literature, in that century, might have been, though perhaps of all things the most important, one of the most difficult to discover and accomplish. What chance was there that a thick-blooded Louis Quinze, from his *Parc aux Cerfs*, should discover it, should have the faintest inkling of it? His "peaceable soul" was quite otherwise employed: Minister after Minister must consult his own several insight, his own whim, above all his own ease; and so the whole business, now when we look on it, comes out one of the most botched, piebald, inconsistent, lamentable and even ludicrous objects in the history of State-craft. Alas, necessity has no *law:* the statesman, without light, perhaps even without eyes, whom Destiny nevertheless constrains to govern (what is still called governing) his nation, in a time of World-Downfal, what shall he do, but if so may be,

collect the taxes, prevent (in some degree) murder and arson; and for the rest, wriggle hither and thither, return upon his steps, clout up old rents and open new,—and, on the whole, eat his victuals, and let the devil take it? Of the pass to which Statesmanship had come in respect of Philosophism, let this one fact be evidence instead of a thousand. M. de Malesherbes writes to warn Diderot that next day he will give orders to have all his papers seized.—Impossible! answers Diderot: *juste ciel!* how shall I sort them, where shall I hide them, within four-and-twenty hours?—*Send them to me*, answers M. de Malesherbes! Thither accordingly they go, under lock and seal; and the hungry catchpoles find nothing but empty drawers.

The *Encyclopédie* was set forth first "with approbation" and *Privilége du Roi;* next, it was stopped by Authority; next, the public murmuring, suffered to proceed; then again, positively for the last time, stopped,—and, no whit the less, printed, and written, and circulated, under thin disguises, some hundred and fifty printers working at it with open doors, all Paris knowing of it, only Authority winking hard. Choiseul, in his resolute way, had now shut the eyes of Authority, and kept them shut. Finally, to crown the whole matter, a copy of the prohibited Book lies in the King's private library; and owes favour, and a withdrawal of the prohibition, to the foolishest accident:

"One of Louis Fifteenth's domestics told me," says Voltaire, "that once, the king his master supping, in private circle (*en petite compagnie*), at Trianon, the conversation turned first on the chace, and from this on gunpowder. Some one said that the best powder was made of sulphur, saltpetre and charcoal, in equal parts. The Duc de la Vallière, with better knowledge, maintained that for good powder there must be but one part of sulphur, one of charcoal, with five of saltpetre, well filtered, well evaporated, well crystallized.

"'It is pleasant,' said the Duc de Nivernois, 'that we who daily amuse ourselves with killing partridges in the Park of Versailles, and sometimes with killing men, or getting ourselves killed, on the frontiers, should not know what that same work of killing is done with.'

"'Alas! we are in the like case with all things in this world,' answered Madame de Pompadour; 'I know not what the rouge I put upon my cheeks is made of; you would bring me to a nonplus if you asked how the silk hose I wear are manufactured.' 'Tis a pity,' said the Duc de la Vallière, 'that his majesty confiscated our *Dictionnaires Encyclopédiques*, which cost us our hundred pistoles; we should soon find the decision of all our questions there.' The King justified the act of confiscation; he had been informed that these twenty-one folio volumes, to be found lying on all ladies' toilettes, were the most pernicious things in the world for the kingdom of France; he had resolved to look for himself if this were true, before suffering the book to circulate. To-

wards the end of the repast, he sends three of his valets to bring him a copy; they enter, struggling under seven volumes each. The article *powder* is turned up; the Duc de la Vallière is found to be right: and soon Madame de Pompadour learns the difference between the old *rouge d'Espagne* with which the ladies of Madrid coloured their cheeks, and the *rouge des dames* of Paris. She finds that the Greek and Roman ladies painted with a purple extracted from the *murex*, and that consequently our scarlet is the purple of the ancients; that there is more purple in the *rouge d'Espagne*, and more cochineal in that of France. She learns how stockings are woven; the stocking-frame described there fills her with amazement. 'Ah, what a glorious book!' cried she. 'Sire, did you confiscate this magazine of all useful things, that you might have it wholly to yourself, then, and be the one learned man in your kingdom?' Each threw himself on the volumes, like the daughters of Lycomedes on the jewels of Ulysses; each found forthwith whatever he was seeking. Some who had lawsuits were surprised to see the decision of them there. The King reads there all the rights of his crown. 'Well, in truth' (*mais vraiment*), said he, 'I know not why they said so much ill of the book.' 'Ah, Sire,' said the Duc de Nivernois, 'does not your majesty see,' &c. &c."

In such a confused world, under such unheard of circumstances, must friend Diderot ply his editorial labours. No sinecure is it! Penetrating into all subjects and sciences; waiting and rummaging in all libraries, laboratories; nay, for many years, fearlessly diving into all manner of workshops, unscrewing stocking looms, and even working thereon (that the department of *Arts and Trades* might be perfect); then seeking out contributors, and flattering them, quickening their laziness, getting payment for them; quarrelling with Bookseller and Printer; bearing all miscalculations, misfortunes, misdoings of so many fallible men (for there all at last lands) on his single back: surely this was enough, without having farther to do battle with the beagles of Office, perilously withstand them, expensively sop them, toilsomely elude them! Nevertheless, he perseveres, and will not but persevere;—less, perhaps, with the deliberate courage of a Man, who has compared result and outlay, than with the passionate obstinacy of a Woman who, having made up her mind, will shrink at no ladder of ropes, but ride with her lover, though all the four Elements gainsay it. At every new concussion from the Powers, he roars; say rather, shrieks, for there is a female shrillness in it; proclaiming, Murder! Robbery! Rape! invoking men and angels; meanwhile proceeds unweariedly with the printing. It is a hostile building up (not of the Holy Temple at Jerusalem, but of the Unholy one, at Paris): thus must Diderot, like Ezra, come to strange extremities; and every workman works

with his trowel in one hand, in the other his weapon of war; that so, in spite of all Tiglaths, the work go on, and the topstone of it be brought out with shouting.

Shouting! Ah! what faint broken quaver is that in the shout; as of a man that shouted with the throat only, and inwardly was bowed down with dispiritment! It is Diderot's faint broken quaver; he is sick and heavy of soul. Scandalous enough: the Goth, Lebreton, loving, as he says, his head better even than his profit, has for years gone privily at dead of night, to the finished Encyclopedic proof-sheets, and there, with nefarious pen, scratched out whatever to *him* seemed dangerous; filling up the gap as *he* could, or merely letting it fill itself up! Heaven and Earth! Not only are the finer Philosophe sallies mostly cut out, —but hereby has the work become a sunken, hitching, ungainly mass, little better than a monstrosity. Goth! Hun! sacrilegious Attila of the book-trade! Oh, surely for this treason the hottest of Dante's Purgatory were too temperate. Infamous art thou, Lebreton, to all ages,—that read the *Encyclopédie;* and Philosophes not yet in swaddling-clothes shall gnash their teeth over thee, and spit upon thy memory.—Lebreton pockets both the abuse and the cash, and sleeps sound in a whole skin. The able Editor could never be said to get the better of it.

Now, however, it is time that, quitting generalities, we go in this fine autumn weather, to Holbach's at Grandval, where the hardworked, but unwearied Encyclopedist, with plenty of ink and writing paper, is sure to be. Ever in the Holbach household, his arrival is a holiday; if a quarrel spring up, it is only because he will not come, or too soon goes away. A man of social talent, with such a tongue as Diderot's, in a mansion where the only want to be guarded against was that of wit, could not be other than welcome. He composes Articles there, and walks, and dines, and plays cards, and talks; languishingly waits letters from his Voland, copiously writes to her. It is in these copious love-despatches that the whole matter is so graphically painted: we have an Asmodeus' view of the interior life there, and live it over again with him. The Baroness in red silk, tempered with snow-white gauze, is beauty and grace itself; her old Mother is a perfect romp of fifteen, or younger; the house is lively with company: the Baron, as we said, speaks little, but to the purpose; is seen sometimes with his pipe, in dressing gown and red slippers; otherwise the best of landlords. Remarkable figures drop in: generals disabled at Quebec; fashionable gentlemen rusticating in the neighbourhood; Abbés, such as Galiani, Raynal, Morellet; perhaps Grimm and his Epinay; other Philosophes and Philosophesses. Guests too of less dignity, acting rather as butts

than as bowmen; for it is the part of every one either to have wit, or to be the cause of having it.

Among these latter, omitting many, there is one whom, for country's sake, we must particularize; an ancient personage, named Hoop (Hope), whom they call *Père* Hoop; by birth a Scotchman. Hoop seems to be a sort of fixture at Grandval, not bowman, therefore butt; and is shot at for his lodging. A most shrivelled, wind-dried, dyspeptic, chill-shivering individual; Professor of Life-weariness; sits dozing there,—dozes there, however, with one eye open. He submits to be called *Mummy*, without a shrug; cowers over the fire, at the warmest corner. Yet is there a certain sardonic subacidity in Père Hoop; when he slowly unlocks his leathern jaw, we hear him with a sort of pleasure. Hoop has been in various countries and situations; in that croaking metallic voice of his, can tell a distinct story. Diderot apprehended he would one day hang himself: if so, what Museum now holds his remains? The Parent Hoops, it would seem, still dwelt in the city of Edinburgh; he, the second son, as Bourdeaux Merchant, having helped them thither, out of some proud Manor-house no longer weather-tight. Can any ancient person of that city give us trace of such a man? It must be inquired into. One only of Father Hoop's reminiscences we shall report, as the highest instance on record of a national virtue: At the battle of Prestonpans, a kinsman of Hoop, a gentleman with gold rings on his fingers, stands fighting and fencing for life with a rough Highlander; the Highlander, by some clever stroke, whisks the jewelled hand clear off, and then—picks it up from the ground, sticks it in his sporran for future leisure, and fights on! The force of *Vertue** could no further go.

It cannot be uninteresting to the general reader to learn, that in the last days of October, in the year of grace 1770, Denis Diderot over-ate himself (as he was in the habit of doing), at Grandval; and had an obstinate "indigestion of bread." He writes to Grimm that it is the worst of all indigestions: to his fair Voland that it lay more than fifteen hours on his stomach, with a weight like to crush the life out of him; would neither *remonter* nor *descendre;* nor indeed stir a hairsbreadth for warm water, *de quelque côté que je la* (the warm water) *prisse.*

Clysterium donare,
Ensuita purgare!

Such things, we grieve to say, are of frequent occurrence: the Holbachian table is all too plenteous; there are cooks too, we

* *Virtus* (properly *manliness*, the chief duty of man) meant, in old Rome, *power of fighting;* means, in modern Rome, *Connoisseurship;* in Scotland, *Thrift.*—Ed.

know, who boast of their diabolic ability to cause the patient, by successive intensations of their art, to eat with new and ever new appetite, till he explode on the spot. Diderot writes to his fair one, that his clothes will hardly button, that he is thus "stuffed," and thus; and so indigestion succeeds indigestion. Such Narratives fill the heart of sensibility with amazement; nor to the woes that chequer this imperfect, caco-gastric state of existence, is the tear wanting.

The society at Grandval cannot be accounted very dull: nevertheless let no man regretfully compare it with any neighbourhood he may have drawn by lot, in the present day; or even with any no-neighbourhood, if that be his affliction. The gaiety at Grandval was of the kind that could not last. Were it not that some Belief is left in Mankind, how could the sport of emitting Unbelief continue? On which ground, indeed, Swift, in his masterly argument "Against abolishing the Christian Religion," urges, not without pathos, that innumerable men of wit, enjoying a comfortable status by virtue of jokes on the Catechism, would hereby be left without pabulum, the staff of life cut away from their hand. The Holbachs were blind to this consideration; and joked away, as if it would last for ever. So too with regard to Obscene Talk: where were the merit of a riotous Mother-in-law, saying and doing, in public, these never-imagined scandals, had not a cunningly-devised fable of Modesty been set afloat; were there not some remnants of Modesty still extant among the unphilosophic classes? The Samoeids (according to Travellers) have few double meanings; among stall cattle the witty effect of such is lost altogether. Be advised, then, foolish old woman! 'Burn not thy bed'; the light of it will soon go out, and then?—Apart from the common household topics, which the 'daily household epochs' bring with them everywhere, two main elements, we regret to say, come to light in the conversation at Grandval; these, with a spicing of Noble-sentiment, are, unfortunately, Blasphemy and Bawdry. Whereby at this distance, the whole matter grows to look poor, and effete; and we can honestly rejoice that it all *has* been, and need not be again.

But now, hastening back to Paris, friend Diderot finds proof-sheets enough on his desk, and notes, and invitations, and applications from distressed men of letters; nevertheless runs over, in the first place, to seek news from the Voland; will then see what is to be done. He writes much; talks and visits much: besides the Savans, Artists, spiritual Notabilities, domestic or migratory, of the period, he has a liberal allowance of unnotable Associates; especially a whole bevy of young or oldish, mostly rather spiteful Women; in whose gossip he is perfect. We hear the rustling of their silks, the clack of their pretty tongues, tittle-

tattle 'like their pattens when they walk;' and the sound of it, fresh as yesterday, through this long vista of Time, has become significant, almost prophetic. Life could not hang heavy on Diderot's hands: he is a vivid, open, all-embracing creature; could have found occupation anywhere; has occupation here forced on him, enough and to spare. "He had much to do, and did much of his own," says Mademoiselle; "yet three-fourths of his life were employed in helping whosoever had need of his purse, of his talents, of his management: his study, for the five and twenty years I knew it, was like a well-frequented shop, where, as one customer went, another came." He could not find in his heart to refuse any one. He has reconciled Brothers, sought out Tutorages, settled Lawsuits; solicited Pensions; advised, and refreshed hungry Authors, instructed ignorant ones: he has written advertisements for incipient helpless Grocers; he once wrote the dedication (to a pious Duc d'Orleans) of a lampoon against himself, —and so raised some five and twenty gold louis, for the famishing lampooner. For all these things, let not the light Diderot want his reward with us! Other reward, except from himself, he got none; but often the reverse; as in his little Drama, *La Pièce et le Prologue*, may be seen humorously and good-humoredly set forth under his own hand. Indeed, his clients, by a vast majority, were of the scoundrel species; in any case, Denis knew well, that to expect gratitude, is to deserve ingratitude.—"Rivière well contented" (hear Mademoiselle) "now thanks my father, both for his services and his advices; sits chatting another quarter of an hour, and then takes leave; my father shows him down. As they are on the stairs, Rivière stops, turns round, and asks: 'M. Diderot, are you acquainted with Natural History?'—'Why a little, I know an aloe from a sago; a pigeon from a colibri.' —'Do you know the history of the *Formicaleo*?'—'No'—'It is a little insect of great industry: it digs a hole in the ground like a reversed funnel; covers the top with fine light sand; entices foolish insects to it; takes them, sucks them, then says to them: M. Diderot, I have the honour to wish you good day.' My father stood laughing like to split at this adventure."

Thus, amid labour and recreation; questionable Literature, unquestionable Loves; eating and digesting (better or worse); in gladness and vexation of spirit, in laughter ending in sighs, does Diderot pass his days. He has been hard toiled, but then well flattered, and is nothing of a hypochondriac. What little service renown can do him, may now be considered as done: he is in the centre of the literature, science, art, of his nation; not numbered among the Academical Forty, yet in his heterodox heart, entitled to be almost proud of the exclusion; successful

in Criticism, successful in Philosophism, nay (highest of sublunary glories), successful in the Theatre; vanity may whisper, if she please, that, excepting the unattainable Voltaire alone, he is the first of Frenchmen. High heads are in correspondence with him the low-born; from Catherine the Empress to Philidor the Chess-player, he is in honoured relation with all manner of men; with scientific Buffons, Eulers, D'Alemberts; with artistic Falconnets, Vanloos, Riccobonis, Garricks. He was ambitious of being a Philosophe; and now the whole fast-growing sect of Philosophes look up to him as their head and mystagogue. To Denis Diderot, when he stept out of the Langres Diligence at the College d'Harcourt; or afterwards, when he walked in the subterranean shades of Rascaldom, with uneasy steps over the burning marle, a much smaller destiny would have seemed desirable. Within doors, again, matters stand rather disjointed, as surely they might well do: however, Madame Diderot is always true and assiduous; if one Daughter talk enthusiastically, and at length (though her father has written the *Religieuse*) die mad in a convent, the other, a quick, intelligent, graceful girl, is waxing into womanhood, and takes after the father's Philosophism, leaving the mother's Piety far enough aside. To which elements of mixed good and evil from without, add this so incalculably favourable one from within, that of all literary men Diderot is the least a self-listener; none of your puzzling, repenting, forecasting, earnest-bilious temperaments, but sanguineous-lymphatic every fibre of him, living lightly from hand to mouth, in a world mostly painted rose-colour.

The *Encyclopédie*, after nigh thirty years of endeavour (to which only the Siege of Troy may offer some faint parallel), is finished. Scattered Compositions of all sorts, printed or manuscript, making many Volumes, lie also finished; the Philosophe has reaped no golden harvest from them. He is getting old; can live out of debt, but is still poor. Thinking to settle his daughter in marriage, he must resolve to sell his Library; money is not otherwise to be raised. Here, however, the Northern Cleopatra steps imperially forward; purchases his Library for its full value; gives him a handsome pension, as librarian to keep it for her; and pays him moreover fifty years thereof by advance in ready money. This we call imperial (in a world so necessitous as ours), though the whole munificence did not (we find) cost above three thousand pounds; a trifle to the Empress of all the Russias. In fact, it is about the sum your first-rate king eats, as board-wages, in one day; who, however, has seldom sufficient; not to speak of charitable overplus. In admiration of his Empress, the vivid Philosophe is now louder than ever; he even breaks forth into (rather husky) singing. Who shall blame him?

The Northern Cleopatra (whom, in any case, he must regard with other eyes than we) has stretched out a generous, helping hand to him, where otherwise there was no help, but only hindrance and injury: all men will, and should, more or less, obey the proverb, to praise the fair as their own market goes in it.

One of the last great scenes in Diderot's Life, is his personal visit to this Benefactress. There is but one Letter from him with Petersburgh for date, and that of ominous brevity. The Philosophe was of open, unheedful, free-and-easy disposition; Prince and Polisson were singularly alike to him; it was "hail fellow well met," with every Son of Adam, be his clothes of one stuff or the other. Such a man could be no court-sycophant, was ill calculated to succeed at court. We can imagine that the Neva-colic, and the character of the Neva-water, was not the only thing hurtful to his nerves there. For King Denis, who had dictated such wonderful anti-regalities in the Abbé Raynal's *History*;* and himself, in a moment of sibylism, emitted that surprising announcement (surpassing all yet uttered, or utterable, in the Tyrtæan way) how

> *Ses mains* (the freeman's) *ourderaient les entrailles du prêtre,*
> *Au défaut d'un cordon, pour étrangler les rois;*

for such a one, the climate of the Neva must have had something oppressive in it. The *entrailles du prêtre* were, indeed, much at his service here (could he get clutch of them); but only for musical philosophe fiddle-strings; nowise for a *cordon!* Nevertheless, Cleopatra is an uncommon woman (or rather an uncommon man), and can put up with many things; and, in a gentle, skilful way, make the crooked straight. As her Philosophe presents himself in common apparel, she sends him a splendid court-suit; and as he can now enter in a civilized manner, she sees him often, confers with him largely: by happy accident, Grimm

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* "But who *dare* stand for this?" would Diderot exclaim. "I will! I!" eagerly responded the Abbé. "Do but proceed." (*A la Mémoire de Diderot*, by De Meister).—Was the following one of the passages?

"Happily these perverse instructors (of Kings) are chastised, sooner or later, by the ingratitude and contempt of their pupils. Happily, these pupils too, miserable in the bosom of grandeur, are tormented all their life by a deep *ennui*, which they cannot banish from their palaces. Happily, the religious prejudices, which have been planted in their souls, return on them to affright them. Happily, the mournful silence of their people teaches them, from time to time, the deep hatred that is borne them. Happily, they are too cowardly to despise that hatred. Happily (*heureusement*), after a life which no mortal, not even the meanest of their subjects, would accept, if he knew all its wretchedness, they find black inquietude, terror and despair, seated on the pillow of their death-bed (*les noires inquiétudes, la terreur et le déséspoir assis au chevet de leur lit de mort*)."—Surely, "kings have poor times of it, to be run foul of by the like of thee!"

too at length arrives; and the winter passes without accident. Returning home in triumph, he can express himself contented, charmed with his reception; has mineral specimens, and all manner of hyperborean memorials for friends; unheard-of-things to tell; how he crossed the bottomless, half-thawed Dwina, with the water boiling up round his wheels, the ice bending like leather, yet crackling like mere ice,—and shuddered, and got through safe; how he was carried, coach and all, into the ferry-boat at Mittau, on thirty wild men's backs, who floundered in the mud, and nigh broke his shoulder-blade; how he investigated Holland, and had conversed with Empresses, and High Mightinesses, and principalities and powers, and so seen, and conquered (for his own spiritual behoof) several of the Seven Wonders.

But, alas! his health is broken; old age is knocking at the gate, like an importunate creditor, who has warrant for entering. The radiant, lightly-bounding soul is now getting all dim, and stiff, and heavy with sleep: Diderot too must adjust himself, for the hour draws nigh. These last years he passes retired and private, not idle or miserable. Philosophy or Philosophism has nowise lost its charm; whatsoever so much as calls itself Philosopher can interest him. Thus poor Seneca (on occasion of some new Version of his Works) having come before the public, and been roughly dealt with, Diderot, with a long, last, concentrated effort, writes his *Vie de Sénéque*; struggling to make the hollow solid. Which, alas! after all his tinkering, still sounds hollow; and notable Seneca, so wistfully desirous to stand well with Truth, and yet not ill with Nero, is and remains only our perhaps niceliest-proportioned Half-and-half, the plausiblest Plausible on record; no great man, no true man, no man at all; yet how much lovelier than such,—as the mild-spoken, tolerating, charity-sermoning, immaculate Bishop Dogbolt, to a rude, self-helping, sharp-tongued Apostle Paul! Under which view, indeed, Seneca (though surely erroneously, for the origin of the thing was different) has been called, in this generation, " the father of all such as wear shovel-hats."

The *Vie de Sénéque*, as we said, was Diderot's last effort. It remains only to be added of him that he too died; a lingering but quiet death, which took place on the 30th of July, 1784. He once quotes from Montaigne the following, as Sceptic's viaticum: " I plunge stupidly, head foremost, into this dumb Deep, which swallows me, and chokes me, in a moment,—full of insipidity and indolence. Death, which is but a quarter of an hour's suffering, without consequence and without injury, does not require peculiar precepts." It was Diderot's allotment to die with all due " stupidity:" he was leaning on his elbows; had

eaten an apricot two minutes before, and answered his wife's remonstrances with: *Mais quelle diable de mal veux-tu que cela me fasse?* (How the deuce can that hurt me?) She spoke again, and he answered not. His House, which the curious will visit, when they go to Paris, was in the Rue Taranne, at the intersection thereof with the Rue Saint-Benôit. The dust that was once his Body went to mingle with the common earth, in the church of Saint-Roch; his Life, the wondrous manifold Force that was in him, that was He,—returned to ETERNITY, and *is* there, and continues there!

Two things, as we saw, are celebrated of Diderot. First, that he had the most encyclopedical head ever seen in this world: second, that he talked as never man talked;—properly, as never man his admirers had heard, or as no man living in Paris then. That is to say, his was at once the widest, fertilest, and readiest of minds.

With regard to the Encyclopedical Head, suppose it to mean that he was of such vivacity as to admit, and look upon with interest, almost all things which the circle of Existence could offer him; in which sense, this exaggerated laudation, of Encyclopedism is not without its fraction of meaning. Of extraordinary openness and compass we must grant the mind of Diderot to be; of a susceptibility, quick activity; even naturally of a depth, and, in its practical realized shape, of a universality, which bring it into kindred with the highest order of minds. On all forms of this wondrous Creation he can look with loving wonder; whatsoever thing stands there, has some brotherhood with him, some beauty and meaning for him. Neither is the faculty to see and interpret wanting; as, indeed, this faculty to *see* is inseparable from that other faculty to *look*, from that true wish to look; moreover (under another figure), Intellect is not a *tool*, but a *hand* that can handle any tool. Nay, in Diderot we may discern a far deeper universality than that shown, or showable, in Lebreton's *Encyclopédie;* namely, a poetical; for, in slight gleams, this too manifests itself. A universality less of the head than of the character; such, we say, is traceable in this man, at lowest the power to have acquired such. Your true Encyclopedical is the Homer, the Shakspeare; every genuine Poet is a living, embodied, real Encyclopædia,—in more or fewer volumes; were his experience, his insight of details, never so limited, the whole world lies imaged as a whole within him; whosoever has not seized the whole cannot yet speak truly (much less can he speak *musically*, which is harmoniously, *concordantly*) of any part, but will perpetually need new guidance, rectification. The fit use

of such a man is as hodman; not feeling the plan of the edifice, let him carry stones to it; if he *build* the smallest stone, it is likeliest to be wrong, and cannot continue there.

But the truth is, as regards Diderot, this saying of the encyclopedical head comes mainly from his having edited a Bookseller's Encyclopædia, and can afford us little direction. Looking into the man, and omitting his trade, we find him by nature gifted in a high degree with openness and versatility, yet nowise in the highest degree; alas, in a quite other degree than that. Nay, if it be meant further that in practice, as a writer and thinker, he has taken in the Appearances of Life and the World, and images them back with such freedom, clearness, fidelity, as we have not many times witnessed elsewhere, as we have not various times seen infinitely surpassed elsewhere,—this same encyclopedical praise must altogether be denied him. Diderot's habitual world, we must on the contrary say, is a half-world, distorted into looking like a whole; it is properly a poor, fractional, insignificant world; partial, inaccurate, perverted from end to end. Alas, it was the destiny of the man to live as a Polemic; to be born also in the morning tide and first splendour of the Mechanical Era; not to know, with the smallest assurance or continuance, that in the Universe, other than a mechanical meaning could exist; which force of destiny acting on him through his whole course, we have obtained what now stands before us: no Seer, but only possibilities of a Seer, transient irradiations of a Seer looking through the organs of a Philosophe.

These two considerations, which indeed are properly but one (for a thinker, especially of French birth, in the Mechanical Era, could not be other than a Polemic), must never for a moment be left out of view in judging the works of Diderot. It is a great truth, one side of a great truth, that the Man makes the Circumstances, and spiritually as well as economically, is the artificer of his own fortune. But there is another side of the same truth, that the man's circumstances are the element he is appointed to live and work in; that he by necessity takes his complexion, vesture, embodyment, from these, and is, in all practical manifestations, modified by them almost without limit; so that in another no less genuine sense, it can be said the Circumstances make the Man. Now, if it continually behoves us to insist on the former truth towards ourselves, it equally behoves us to bear in mind the latter when we judge of other men. The most gifted soul, appearing in France in the Eighteenth Century, can as little embody himself in the intellectual vesture of an Athenian Plato, as in the grammatical one; his thought can no more be Greek, than his language can. He thinks of the things belonging to the French

eighteenth century, and in the dialect he has learned there; in the light, and under the conditions prescribed there. Thus, as the most original, resolute, and self-directing of all the Moderns has written: "Let a man be but born ten years sooner, or ten years later, his whole aspect and performance shall be different." Grant, doubtless, that a certain perennial Spirit, true for all times and all countries, can and must look through the thinking of certain men, be it in what dialect soever: understand, meanwhile, that strictly this holds only of the highest order of men, and cannot be exacted of inferior orders; among whom, if the most sedulous, loving inspection disclose any, even secondary symptoms of such a Spirit, it ought to seem enough. Let us remember well that the high-gifted, high-striving Diderot was born in the point of Time and of Space, when of all uses he could turn himself to, of all dialects speak in, this of Polemical Philosophism, and no other, seemed the most promising and fittest. Let us remember too that no earnest Man, in any Time, ever spoke what was wholly meaningless; that, in all human convictions, much more in all human practices, there was a true side, a fraction of truth; which fraction is precisely the thing we want to extract from them, if we want anything at all to do with them.

Such palliative considerations (which, for the rest, concern not Diderot, now departed, and indifferent to them, but only ourselves, who could wish to *see* him, and not to mis-see him) are essential, we say, through our whole survey of his Opinions and Proceedings, generally so alien to our own; but most of all in reference to his head Opinion, properly the source of all the rest, and more shocking, even horrible, to us than all the rest: we mean his Atheism. David Hume, dining once in company where Diderot was, remarked that he did not think there were any Atheists. "Count us," said a certain Monsieur ——: they were eighteen. "Well," said the Monsieur ——, "it is pretty fair if you have fished out fifteen at the first cast; and three others who know not what to think of it." In fact, the case was common: your Philosophe of the first water had grown to reckon Atheism a necessary accomplishment. Gowkthrapple Naigeon, as we saw, had made himself very perfect therein.

Diderot was an Atheist, then; stranger still, a proselytising Atheist, who esteemed the creed worth earnest reiterated preaching, and enforcement with all vigour! The unhappy man had "sailed through the Universe of Worlds and found no Maker thereof; had descended to the abysses where Being no longer casts its shadow, and felt only the rain-drops trickle down; and seen only the gleaming rainbow of Creation, which originated

from no Sun; and heard only the everlasting storm which no one governs; and looked upwards for the DIVINE EYE, and beheld only the black, bottomless, glaring DEATH'S EYE-SOCKET:" such, with all his wide voyagings, was the philosophic fortune he had realized.

Sad enough, horrible enough: yet instead of shrieking over it, or howling and Ernulphus'-cursing over it, let us, as the more profitable method, keep our composure, and inquire a little, What possibly it may mean? The whole phenomenon, as seems to us, will explain itself from the fact above insisted on, that Diderot was a Polemic of decided character, in the Mechanical Age. With great expenditure of words and froth, in arguments as waste, wild-weltering, delirious-dismal as the chaos they would demonstrate; which arguments one now knows not whether to laugh at or to weep at, and almost does both,—have Diderot and his sect perhaps made this apparent to all who examine it: That in the French System of Thought (called also the Scotch, and still familiar enough everywhere, which for want of a better title we have named the Mechanical), there is no room for a Divinty; that to him, for whom "*intellect*, or the power of knowing and believing is still synonymous with *logic*, or the mere power of arranging and communicating," there is absolutely no proof discoverable of a Divinity; and such a man has nothing for it but either (if he be of half spirit, as is the frequent case) to trim despicably all his days between two opinions; or else (if he be of whole spirit) to anchor himself on the rock or quagmire of Atheism,—and further, should he see fit, proclaim to others that there is good riding there. So much may Diderot have demonstrated: a conclusion at which we nowise turn pale. Was it much to know that Metaphysical Speculation, by nature, whirls round in endless Mahlstroms, both "creating and swallowing—itself?" For so wonderful a self-swallowing product of the Spirit of the Time, could any result to arrive at be fitter than this of the ETERNAL NO? We thank Heaven that the result *is* finally arrived at; and so now we can look out for something other and further. But above all things, *proof* of a God? A *probable* God! The smallest of Finites struggling to *prove* to itself (that is to say, if we will consider it, to picture out and arrange as diagram, and *include* within itself) the Highest Infinite; in *which*, by hypothesis, *it* lives, and moves, and has its being! This, we conjecture, will one day seem a much more miraculous miracle than that negative result it has arrived at,—or any other result a still absurder chance might have led it to. He who, in some singular Time of the World's History, were reduced to wander about, in stooping posture, with painfully constructed sulphur-match and

farthing rushlight (as Gowkthrapple Naigeon), or smoky tarlink (as Denis Diderot), searching for the Sun, and did not find it: were *he* wonderful and his failure; or the singular Time, and its having put him on that search?

Two small consequences, then, we fancy, may have followed, or be following, from poor Diderot's Atheism. First, that all speculations of the sort we call Natural-theology, endeavouring to prove the beginning of all Belief by some Belief earlier than the beginning, are barren, ineffectual, impossible; and may, so soon as otherwise it is profitable, be abandoned. Of final causes man, by the nature of the case, can *prove* nothing; knows them (if he know anything of them) not by glimmering flint-sparks of Logic, but by an infinitely higher light of Intuition; never long, by Heaven's mercy, wholly eclipsed in the human soul; and (under the name of Faith, as regards this matter) familiar to us now, historically or in conscious possession, for upwards of four thousand years. To all open men it will indeed always be a favourite contemplation, that of watching the ways of Being, how animate adjusts itself to inanimate, rational to irrational; and this, that we name Nature, is not a desolate phantasm of a chaos, but a wondrous existence and reality. If, moreover, in those same "marks of design," as he has called them, the contemplative man find new evidence of a designing Maker, be it well for him: meanwhile, surely, the still clearer evidence lay nearer home, in the contemplative man's own head that *seeks* after such! In which point of view our extant Natural-theologies, as our innumerable Evidences of the Christian Religion, and such like, may, in reference to the strange season they appear in, have an indubitable value, and be worth printing and reprinting: only let us understand for whom, and how, they are valuable; and be nowise wroth with the poor Atheist, whom they have not convinced, and could not, and should not convince.

The second consequence seems to be that this whole current hypothesis of the Universe being "a Machine," and then of an Architect, who constructed it, sitting as it were apart, and guiding it, and *seeing* it go,—may turn out an inanity and nonentity; not much longer tenable: with which result likewise we shall, in the quietest manner, reconcile ourselves. "Think ye," says Goethe, "that God made the Universe, and then let it run round his finger (*am Finger laufen liesse*)?" On the whole, that Metaphysical hurly-burly (of our poor, jarring, self-listening Time) ought at length to compose itself: that seeking for a God *there*, and not *here*; everywhere outwardly in physical Nature, and not inwardly in our own Soul, where alone He is to be found by us,—begins to get wearisome. Above all, that "faint possible Theism,"

which now forms our common English creed, cannot be too soon swept out of the world. What is the nature of that individual, who with hysterical violence theoretically asserts a God, perhaps a revealed Symbol and Worship of God; and for the rest, in thought, word, and conduct, meet with him where you will, is found living as if his theory were some polite figure of speech, and his theoretical God a mere distant Simulacrum, with whom he, for his part, had nothing further to do? Fool! The ETERNAL is no Simulacrum; God is not only There, but Here, or nowhere, in that life-breath of thine, in that act and thought of thine,—and thou wert wise to look to it. If there is no God, as the fool hath said in his heart, then live on with thy decencies, and lip-homages, and inward Creed, and falsehood, and all the hollow cunningly-devised galfness that recommends thee to the Mammon of this world: if there *is* a God, we say, look to it! But in either case, what art thou? The Atheist is false; yet is there, as we see, a fraction of truth in him; he is true compared with thee; thou, unhappy mortal, livest wholly in a lie, art wholly a lie.

So that Diderot's Atheism comes, if not to much, yet to something: we learn this from it (and from what it stands connected with, and may represent for us), that the Mechanical System of Thought is, in its essence, Atheistic; that whosoever will admit no organ of truth but logic, and nothing to exist but what can be argued of, must even content himself with this sad result, as the only solid one he can arrive at; and, so with the best grace he can, "of the æther make a gas, of God a force, of the second world a coffin;" of man an aimless nondescript, "little better than a kind of vermin." If Diderot, by bringing matters to this parting of the roads, have enabled or helped us to strike into the truer and better road, let him have our thanks for it. As to what remains, be pity our only feeling; was not his creed miserable enough; nay, moreover, did not he bear its miserableness, so to speak, in our stead, so that it need now be no longer borne by any one?

In this same, for him unavoidable circumstance, of the age he lived in, and the system of thought universal then, will be found the key to Diderot's whole spiritual character and procedure; the excuse for much in him that to us is false and perverted. Beyond the meagre "rush-light of closet-logic," Diderot recognized no guidance. That "the Highest cannot be spoken of in words," was a truth he had not dreamt of. Whatsoever thing he cannot debate of, we might almost say measure and weigh, and carry off with him to be eaten and enjoyed, is simply not there for him. He dwelt all his days in the "thin rind of the Conscious;" the

deep fathomless domain of the Unconscious, whereon the other rests, and has its meaning, was not, under any shape, surmised by him. Thus must the Sanctuary of Man's Soul stand perennially shut against this man; where his hand ceased to grope, the World ended: within such strait conditions had he to live and labour. And naturally to distort and dislocate, more or less, all things he laboured on: for whosoever, in one way or another, recognizes not that "Divine Idea of the World, which lies at the bottom of Appearances," can rightly interpret no Appearance; and whatsoever spiritual thing he does, must do it partially, do it falsely.

Mournful enough, accordingly, is the account which Diderot has given himself of Man's Existence; on the duties, relations, possessions whereof he had been a sedulous thinker. In every conclusion we have this fact of his Mechanical culture. Coupled too with another fact, honourable to him: that he stuck not at half measures; but resolutely drove on to the result, and held by it. So that we cannot call him a Sceptic; he has merited the more decisive name of Denier. He may be said to have denied that there was any the smallest Sacredness in Man, or in the Universe; and to have both speculated and lived on this singular footing. We behold in him the notable extreme of a man guiding himself with the least spiritual Belief that thinking man perhaps ever had. Religion, in all recognizable shapes and senses, he has done what man can do to clear out of him. He believes that pleasure is pleasant; that a lie is unbelievable; and there his *credo* terminates; nay there, what perhaps makes his case almost unique, his very fancy seems to fall silent.

For a consequent man, all possible spiritual perversions are included under that grossest one of "proselytising Atheism;" the rest, of what kind and degree soever, cannot any longer astonish us. Diderot has them of all kinds and degrees: indeed, we might say, the French Philosophe (take him at his *word*, for inwardly much that was foreign adhered to him, do what he could) has emitted a Scheme of the World, to which all that Oriental Mullah, Bonze, or Talapoin have done in that kind is poor and feeble. Omitting his whole unparalleled Cosmogonies and Physiologies; coming to his much milder Tables of the Moral Law, we shall glance here but at one minor external item, the relation between man and man; and at only one branch of this, and with all slightness, the relation of covenants; for example, the most important of these, Marriage.

Diderot has convinced himself, and, indeed, as above became plain enough, acts on the conviction, that Marriage, contract it, solemnize it in what way you will, involves a solecism which reduces the amount of it to simple zero. It is a suicidal cove-

nant; annuls itself in the very forming. "Thou makest a vow," says he, twice or thrice, as if the argument were a clencher, "thou makest a vow of eternal constancy under a rock, which is even then crumbling away." True, O Denis! the rock crumbles away; all things are changing; man changes faster than most of them. That, in the meanwhile, an Unchangeable lies under all this, and looks forth, solemn and benign, through the whole destiny and workings of man, is another truth; which no Mechanical Philosophe, in the dust of his logic-mill, can be expected to grind out for himself. Man changes, and will change: the question then arises, Is it wise in him to tumble forth, in headlong obedience to this love of change; is it so much as possible for him? Among the dualisms of man's wholly dualistic nature, this we might fancy was an observable one: that along with his unceasing tendency to change, there is a no less ineradicable tendency to persevere. Were man only here to change, let him, far from marrying, cease even to hedge in fields, and plough them; before the autumn season, he may have lost the whim of reaping them. Let him return to the nomadic state, and set his house on wheels; nay there too a certain restraint must curb his love of change, or his cattle will perish by incessant driving, without grazing in the intervals. O Denis, what things thou babblest in thy sleep! How, in this world of perpetual flux, shall man secure himself the smallest foundation, except hereby alone: that he take pre-assurance of his Fate; that in this and the other high act of his life, his Will, with all solemnity, *abdicate* its right to change; voluntarily become involuntary, and say once for all, Be there then no further dubitation on it! Nay, the poor unheroic craftsman; that very stocking-weaver, on whose loom thou now as amateur weavest: must not even he do as much,—when he signed his apprentice-indentures? The fool! who had such a relish in himself for all things, for kingship and emperorship; yet made a vow (under penalty of death by hunger) of eternal constancy to stocking-weaving. Yet otherwise, were no thriving craftsmen possible; only botchers, bunglers, transitory nondescripts; unfed, mostly gallows-feeding. But, on the whole, what feeling it was in the ancient devout deep soul, which of Marriage made *a Sacrament*: this, of all things in the world, is what Denis will think of for æons, without discovering. Unless, perhaps, itwere to increase the vestry-fees?

Indeed, it must be granted, nothing yet seen or dreamt of can surpass the liberality of friend Denis as *magister morum*; nay, often our poor Philosophe feels called on, in an age of such Spartan rigour, to step forth into the public Stews, and emit his inspiriting *Macte virtute!* there. Whither let the curious in such

matters follow him: we, having work elsewhere, wish him "good journey,"—or rather "safe return." Of Diderot's indelicacy and indecency there is for us but little to say. Diderot is not what we call indelicate and indecent; he is utterly unclean, scandalous, shameless, sansculottic-samoeidic. To declare with lyric fury that this is wrong; or with historic calmness, that a pig of sensibility would go distracted did you accuse him of it, may (especially in countries where "indecent exposure" is cognized at police-offices) be considered superfluous. The only question is one in Natural History: Whence comes it? What may a man, not otherwise without elevation of mind, of kindly character, of immense professed philanthropy; and doubtless of extraordinary insight, mean thereby? To us it is but another illustration of the fearless, all-for-logic, thoroughly consistent, Mechanical Thinker. It coheres well enough with Diderot's theory of man; that there is nothing of sacred either in man or around man; and that chimeras are chimerical. How shall he for whom nothing, that cannot be jargoned of in debating-clubs, exists, have any faintest forecast of the depth, significance, divineness of SILENCE; of the sacredness of "Secrets known to all?"

Nevertheless, Nature is great; and Denis was among her nobler productions. To a soul of his sort something like what we call Conscience could nowise be wanting: the feeling of Moral Relation; of the Infinite character thereof, (as the essence and soul of all else that can be felt or known) must assert itself in him. Yet how assert itself? An Infinitude to one in whose whole Synopsis of the Universe, no Infinite stands marked? Wonderful enough is Diderot's method; and yet not wonderful, for we see it, and have always seen it, daily. Since there is nothing sacred in the Universe, whence this sacredness of what you call Virtue? Whence or how comes it that you, Denis Diderot, *must* not do a wrong thing; could not, without some qualm, speak, for example, one Lie, to gain Mahomet's Paradise with all its houris? There is no resource for it, but to get into that interminable ravelment of Reward and Approval, virtue being its own reward; and assert louder and louder,—contrary to the stern experience of all men, from the Divine Man, expiring with agony of bloody sweat on the accursed tree, down to us two, O reader (if we have ever done one Duty)—that Virtue is synonymous with Pleasure. Alas! was Paul, an apostle of the Gentiles, virtuous; and was virtue its own reward, when *his* approving conscience told him that he was "the chief of sinners," and (bounded to this life alone) "of all men the most miserable?" Or has that same so sublime Virtue, at bottom, little to do with Pleasure, if with far other things? Are Eudoxia, and Eusebeia, and Euthanasia, and

all the rest of them, of small account to Eubosia and Eupepsia; and the pains of any moderately-paced Career of Vice (Denis himself being judge) as a drop in the bucket to the "Career of Indigestions?" That is what Denis never in this world will grant.

But what then will he do? One of two things: admit, with Grimm, that there are "two justices,"—which may be called by many handsome names, but properly are nothing but the pleasant justice, and the unpleasant; whereof only the former is binding. Herein, however, Nature has been unkind to Denis; he is not a literary court-toad-eater; but a free, genial, even poetic creature. There remains, therefore, nothing but the second expedient; to "assert louder and louder;" in other words, to become a Philosophe-Sentimentalist. Most wearisome, accordingly, is the perpetual clatter kept up here about *vertu, honnêteté, grandeur, sensibilité, ames-nobles;* how unspeakably good it is to be virtuous, how pleasant, how sublime: "In the Devil and his grandmother's name, *be* virtuous; and let us have an end of it!" In such sort (we will nevertheless joyfully recognize) does great Nature in spite of all contradictions, declare her royalty, her divineness; and, for the poor Mechanical Philosophe, has prepared, since the substance is hidden from him, a shadow wherewith he can be cheered.

In fine, to our ill-starred Mechanical Philosophe-Sentimentalist, with his loud preaching and rather poor performing, shall we not, in various respects, "thankfully stretch out the hand?" In all ways "it was necessary that the logical side of things should likewise be made available." On the whole, wondrous higher developments of much, of Morality among the rest, are visible in the course of the world's doings, at this day. A plausible prediction were that the Ascetic System is not to regain its exclusive dominancy. Ever, indeed, must Self-denial, "*Annihilation of Self*, be the beginning of all moral action:" meanwhile, he that looks well, may discern filaments of a nobler System, wherein this lies included as one harmonious element. Who knows what new unfoldings and complex adjustments await us, before (for example) the true relation of moral Greatness to moral Correctness, and their proportional value, can be established? How, again, is perfect tolerance for the Wrong to co-exist with ever-present conviction that Right stands related to it, as a God does to a Devil,—an Infinite to an opposite Infinite? How, in a word, through what tumultuous vicissitudes, after how many false partial efforts, deepening the confusion, shall it, at length, be made manifest, and kept continually manifest, to the hearts of men, that the Good is not properly the highest, but the Beautiful; that the true Beautiful (differing from the false, as

Heaven does from Vauxhall) comprehends in it the Good?—In some future century, it may be found that Denis Diderot, acting and professing, in wholeness and with full conviction, what the immense multitude act in halfness and without conviction,—has, though by strange inverse methods, forwarded the result. It was long ago written, the Omnipotent "maketh the wrath of the wicked" (the folly of the foolish) "to praise Him." In any case, Diderot acted it, and not we; Diderot bears it, and not we: peace be with Diderot!

The other branch of his renown is excellence as a Talker. Or, in wider view, (think his admirers,) his philosophy was not more surpassing than his delivery thereof. What his philosophy amounts to we have been examining: but now, that in this other conversational province he was eminent, is easily believed. A frank, ever-hoping, social character; a mind full of knowledge, full of fervour; of great compass, of great depth, ever on the alert: such a man could not have other than a "mouth of gold." It is still plain, whatsoever thing imaged itself before him, was imaged in the most lucent clearness; was rendered back, with light labour, in corresponding clearness. Whether, at the same time, Diderot's conversation, relatively so superior, deserved the intrinsic character of supreme, may admit of question. The worth of words spoken depends, after all, on the wisdom that resides in them; and in Diderot's words there was often too little of this. Vivacity, far-darting brilliancy, keenness of theoretic vision, paradoxical ingenuity, gaiety, even touches of humour; all this must have been here: whosoever had preferred sincerity, earnestness, depth of practical rather than theoretic insight, with not less of impetuosity, of clearness and sureness, with humour, emphasis, or such other melody or rhythm as that utterance demanded,—must have come over to London; and (with forbearant submissiveness) listened to our Johnson. Had we the stronger man, then? Be it rather, as in that Duel of Cœur-de-Lion with the light, nimble, yet also invincible Saladin, that each nation had the strength which most befitted it.

Closely connected with this power of conversation, is Diderot's facility of composition. A talent much celebrated; numerous really surprising proofs whereof are on record: how he wrote long works within the week; sometimes within almost the four-and-twenty hours. Unhappily, enough still remains to make such feats credible. Most of Diderot's Works bear the clearest traces of extemporaneousness; *stans pede in uno!* They are much liker printed talk, than the concentrated well-considered utterance, which, from a man of that weight, we expect to see

set in types. It is said, "he wrote good pages but could not write a good book." Substitute *did not* for *could not*; and there is some truth in the saying. Clearness, as has been observed, comprehensibility at a glance, is the character of whatever Diderot wrote: a clearness which, in visual objects, rises into the region of the Artistic, and resembles that of Richardson or Defoe. Yet, grant that he makes his meaning clear, what is the nature of that meaning itself? Alas, for most part, only a hasty, flimsy, superficial meaning, with gleams of a deeper vision peering through. More or less of Disorder reigns in all Works that Diderot wrote; not order, but the plausible appearance of such: the true heart of the matter is not found; "he skips deftly along the radii, and skips over the centre, and misses it."

Thus may Diderot's admired Universality and admired Facility have both turned to disadvantage for him. We speak not of his reception by the world: this indeed is the "age of specialties;" yet, owing to other causes, Diderot the Encyclopedist had success enough. But, what is of far more importance, his inward growth was marred: the strong tree shot not up in any one noble stem (bearing boughs, and fruit, and shade all round); but spread out horizontally, after a very moderate height, into innumerable branches, not useless, yet of quite secondary use. Diderot could have been an Artist; and he was little better than an Encyclopedic Artisan. No smatterer indeed; a faithful artisan; of really universal equipment, in his sort: he did the work of many men; yet nothing, or little, which many could not have done.

Accordingly, his Literary Works, now lying finished some fifty years, have already, to the most surprising degree, shrunk in importance. Perhaps no man so much talked of is so little known; to the great majority he is no longer a Reality, but a Hearsay. Such, indeed, partly is the natural fate of Works Polemical, which almost all Diderot's are. The Polemic annihilates his opponent; but in so doing annihilates himself too, and both are swept away to make room for something other and farther. Add to this, the slight-textured transitory character of Diderot's style; and the fact is well enough explained. Meanwhile, let him to whom it applies, consider it; him among whose gifts it was to rise into the Perennial, and who dwelt rather low down in the Ephemeral, and ephemerally fought and scrambled there! Diderot the Great has contracted into Diderot the easily-measurable: so must it be with others of the like.

In how many sentences can the net-product of all that tumultuous Atheism, printed over many volumes, be comprised! Nay, the whole *Encyclopédie*, that world's wonder of the eighteenth century, the Belus' Tower of an age of refined Illumination, what has it become! Alas! no stone-tower, that will stand there as

our strength and defence through all times; but, at best, a wooden *Helepolis* (City-taker), wherein stationed, the Philosophus Policaster has burnt and battered down many an old ruinous Sorbonne; and which now, when that work is pretty well over, may, in turn, be taken asunder, and used as firewood. The famed Encyclopedical Tree itself has proved an artificial one, and borne no fruit. We mean that, in its nature, it is mechanical only; one of those attempts to parcel out the invisible mystical Soul of Man, with its *infinitude* of phases and character, into shop-lists of what are called "faculties," "motives," and such like; which attempts may indeed be made with all degrees of insight, from that of a Doctor Spurzheim to that of Denis Diderot, or Jeremy Bentham; and prove useful for a day, but for a day only.

Nevertheless it were false to regard Diderot as a Mechanist and nothing more; as one working and grinding blindly in the mill of mechanical Logic, joyful with his lot there, and unconscious of any other. Call him one rather who contributed to deliver us therefrom: both by his manful whole spirit as a Mechanist, which drove all things to their ultimatum and crisis; and even by a dim-struggling faculty, which virtually aimed beyond this. Diderot, we said, was gifted by Nature for an Artist: strangely flashing through his mechanical encumbrances, are rays of thought, which belong to the Poet, to the Prophet; which, in other environment, could have revealed the deepest to us. Not to seek far, consider this one little sentence, which he makes the last of the dying Sanderson: *Le temps, la matière et l'espace ne sont peut-être qu'un point* (Time, Matter and Space are perhaps but *a point*)!

So too, in Art, both as a speaker and a doer, he is to be reckoned as one of those who pressed forward irresistibly out of the artificial barren sphere of that time, into a truer genial one. His Dramas, the *Fils Naturel*, the *Père de Famille* have indeed ceased to live; yet is the attempt towards great things visible in them; the attempt remains to us, and seeks otherwise, and has found, and is finding, fulfilment. Not less in his *Salons* (Judgments of Art-Exhibitions), written hastily for Grimm, and by ill chance, on artists of quite secondary character, do we find the freest recognition of whatever excellence there is; nay, an impetuous endeavour, not critically but even creatively, towards something more excellent. Indeed, what with their unrivalled clearness, painting the picture over again for us, so that we too *see* it, and can judge it; what with their sunny fervour, inventiveness, real artistic genius (which only cannot manipulate), they are, with some few exceptions in the German tongue, the only Pictorial Criticisms we know of worth reading. Here too, as by his own practice in

the Dramatic branch of art, Diderot stands forth as the main originator (almost the sole one in his own country) of that many-sided struggle towards what is called Nature, and copying of Nature and faithfulness to Nature; a deep indispensable truth, subversive of the old error; yet under that figure, only a half-truth, for Art too is Art, as surely as Nature is Nature; which struggle, meanwhile, either as half-truth or working itself into a whole truth, may be seen (in countries that have any Art) still forming the tendency of all artistic endeavour. In which sense, Diderot's *Essay on Painting* has been judged worth translation by the greatest modern Judge of Art, and greatest modern Artist, in the highest kind of Art; and may be read anew, with argumentative commentary and exposition, in *Goethe's Works.*

Nay, let us grant, with pleasure, that for Diderot himself the realms of Art were not wholly unvisited; that he too, so heavily imprisoned, stole Promethean fire. Among these multitudinous, most miscellaneous Writings of his, in great part a manufactured farrago of Philosophism no longer saleable, and now looking melancholy enough,—are two that we can almost call Poems; that have something perennially poetic in them: *Jacques le Fataliste;* in a still higher degree, the *Neveu de Rameau.* The occasional *blueness* of both; even that darkest indigo in some parts of the former, shall not altogether affright us. As it were, a loose straggling sunbeam flies here over Man's Existence in France, now nigh a century behind us: "from the height of luxurious elegance to the depths of shamelessness"; all is here. Slack, careless seems the combination of the picture; wriggling, disjointed, like a bundle of flails; yet strangely united in the painter's inward unconscious feeling. Wearisomely crackling wit gets silent; a grim, taciturn, dare-devil, almost Hogarthian humour, rises in the background. Like this there is nothing that we know of in the whole range of French Literature: La Fontaine is shallow in comparison; the La Bruyère wit-species not to be named. It resembles *Don Quixote,* rather; of somewhat similar stature; yet of complexion altogether different; through the one looks a sunny Elysium, through the other a sulphurous Erebus: both hold of the Infinite. This *Jacques,* perhaps, was not quite so hastily put together: yet there too haste is manifest: the Author finishes it off, not by working out the figures and movements, but by dashing his brush against the canvas; a manœuvre which in this case has not succeeded. The *Rameau's Nephew,* which is the shorter, is also the better; may pass for decidedly the best of all Diderot's Compositions. It looks like a Sibylline utterance from a heart all in fusion: no ephemeral thing (for it was written as a Satire on Palissot) was ever more perennially treated. Strangely enough, too, it lay some fifty years, in German and

Russian Libraries; came out first in the masterly version of Goethe, in 1805; and only (after a deceptive *re*-translation by a M. Saur, a courageous mystifier otherwise,) reached the Paris public, in 1821,—when perhaps *all*, for whom, and against whom it was written, were no more!—It is a farce-tragedy; and its fate has corresponded to its purport. One day it must also be translated into English; but will require to be done by *head;* the common steam-machinery will not meet it.

We here (*con la bocca dolce*) take leave of Diderot in his intellectual aspect, as Artist and Thinker: a richly endowed, unfavourably situated nature; whose effort, much marred, yet not without fidelity of aim, can triumph, on rare occasions; is perhaps nowhere utterly fruitless. In the moral aspect, as Man, he makes a somewhat similar figure; as indeed, in all men, in him especially, the Opinion and the Practice stand closely united; and as a wise man has remarked, "the speculative principles are often but a supplement (or excuse) to the practical manner of life." In conduct, Diderot can nowise seem admirable to us; yet neither inexcusable; on the whole, not at all quite worthless. Lavater traced in his physiognomy "something timorous;" which reading his friends admitted to be a correct one. Diderot, in truth, is no hero: the earnest soul, wayfaring and warfaring in the complexities of a World like to overwhelm him, yet wherein he by Heaven's grace will keep faithfully warfaring, prevailing or not, can derive small solacement from this light, fluctuating, not to say flimsy existence of Diderot: no Gospel in that kind has he left us. The man, in fact, with all his high gifts, had rather a female character. Susceptible, sensitive, living by impulses, which at best he had *fashioned* into some show of principles; with vehemence enough, with even a female uncontroulableness; with little of manful steadfastness, considerateness, invincibility. Thus, too, we find him living mostly in the society of women, or of men who, like women, flattered him, and made life easy for him; recoiling with horror from an earnest Jean Jacques, who understood not the science of walking in a vain show; but imagined (poor man) that truth was there as a thing to be told, as a thing to be acted.

We call Diderot, then, not a coward; yet not in any sense a brave man. Neither towards himself, nor towards others, was he brave. All the virtues, says M. de Meister, which require not "a great *suite* (sequency) of ideas" were his: all that do require such a *suite* were not his. In other words, what duties were easy for him he did: happily Nature had rendered several easy. His spiritual aim, moreover, seemed not so much to be enforcement, exposition of Duty, as discovery of a Duty-made-easy. Natural

enough that he should strike into that province of *sentiment, cœur-noble,* and so forth. Alas, to declare that the beauty of virtue is beautiful, costs comparatively little: to win it, and wear it, is quite another enterprize,—wherein the loud braggart, we know, is not the likeliest to succeed. On the whole, peace be with *sentiment,* for that also lies behind us!—For the rest, as hinted, what duties were difficult our Diderot left undone. How should he, the *cœur sensible,* front such a monster as Pain? And now, since misgivings cannot fail in that course, what is to be done but fill up all asperities with floods of *Sensibilité,* and so voyage more or less smoothly along? *Est-il bon? Est-il méchant?* is his own account of himself. At all events, he was no voluntary hypocrite; that great praise can be given him. And thus with Mechanical Philosophism, and *passion vive;* working, flirting; "with more of softness than of true affection, sometimes with the malice and rage of a child, but on the whole an inexhaustible fund of goodnatured simplicity," has he come down to us, for better or worse: and what can we do but receive him?

If now we and our reader, reinterpreting for our present want, that Life and Performance of Diderot, have brought it clearer before us, be the hour spent thereon, were it even more wearisome, no profitless one! Have we not striven to unite our own brief present moment more and more compactly with the Past and with the Future; have we not done what lay at our hand towards reducing that same Memoirism of the Eighteenth Century into History, and "weaving" a thread or two thereof nearer to the condition of a "web"?

But finally, if we rise with this matter (as we should try to do with all) into the proper region of Universal History, and look on it with the eye not of this time, or of that time, but of Time at large, perhaps the prediction might stand here, that intrinsically, essentially little lies in it; that one day when the net-result of our European way of life comes to be summed up, this whole as yet so boundless concern of French Philosophism will dwindle into the thinnest of fractions, or vanish into nonentity! Alas, while the rude History and Thoughts of those same "*Juifs miserables,*" the barbaric War-song of a Deborah and Barak, the rapt prophetic Utterance of an unkempt Isaiah, last now (with deepest significance) say only these three thousand years,—what has the thrice-resplendent *Encyclopédie* shrivelled into, within these three score! This is a fact which, explain it, express it, in which way he will, your Encyclopedist should actually consider. *Those* were tones caught from the sacred Melody of the All, and have harmony and meaning for ever; *these* of his are but outer discords, and their jangling dies away without result

"The special, sole and deepest theme of the World's and Man's History," says the Thinker of our time, "whereto all other themes are subordinated, remains the Conflict of UNBELIEF and BELIEF. All epochs wherein belief prevails, under what form it may, are splendid, heart-elevating, fruitful for contemporaries and posterity. All epochs, on the contrary, wherein Unbelief, under what form soever, maintains its sorry victory, should they even for a moment glitter with a sham splendour, vanish from the eyes of posterity; because no one chooses to burden himself with study of the unfruitful."

ART. II.—*Reflexions sur l'Etude des Langues Asiatiques, addressées à Sir James Macintosh; suivies d'une Lettre à M. Horace Hayman Wilson.* Par A. W. Schlegel, Professeur à l'Université Royale de Bonn, &c.* Bonn: 1832. 8vo.

IN one of those periods when the fine arts were most triumphant, there lived a painter of acknowledged eminence, to whose genius his cotemporaries paid instinctive homage, all whose works challenged and obtained universal approbation. He saw, however, that there were potent rivals to contest the palm with him in the ordinary branches of the pictorial art, and deemed it essential to his fame to discover some new department in which he might reign "alone in his glory." A bright thought struck him; most of the pictures of lions that existed in his day resembled rather the monsters of heraldry than any thing in nature—what better plan could he adopt than to remedy this gross defect, to displace the leonine caricatures, and substitute *bonâ fide* portraits of the monarchs of the wilds? He tried and he succeeded; his lions seemed ready to spring from the canvass, the timid shuddered as they contemplated the terrific representations, the curious in natural history deserted the menageries and crowded the painter's studio. He became intoxicated with success; his vanity took the form of a syllogism in Barbara, running nearly thus:

> "Lion-painting is the very perfection of art;
> I paint lions better than any one;
> ∴ I am the greatest man in the universe."

But, alas! the painter lived in the midst of a disputatious and perverse generation; his major proposition was denied almost as

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* We have not copied the long list of titles which the author has appended to his name, but there is one among them which we cannot pass over without remark; he is, it appears, a Knight *Commander* of the Guelphic Order, the only literary person who has yet attained that distinction, such men as Leslie, Herschel, and Brewster being deemed worthy only of the Knight Companionship. Our rulers have on many occasions shown a desire to give foreigners a preference over English scholars: "Verily they have their reward;" for those whom they have thus distinguished, have generally proved to be the most virulent libellers of England.

soon as propounded. Men came who spoke of Claude's sweet landscapes, of Salvator's wild scenery, of Raphael's sublime conceptions, and Murillo's repetitions, rather than representations, of human life. At first the reply was easy, "has any of them painted a lion?" for when the answer was in the negative, there came the obvious inference, "why then do you dare to compare him with me?" But in process of time some wicked wit advanced a step further in the argument, and declared that if they had not painted lions, they had painted what was just as good, if not better. Hereupon issue was about to be joined, when our painter learned that his minor proposition had not been permitted to pass uncontroverted; claims were made by and for other painters of lions, and one had the hardihood to assert that nobody could paint lions properly who had not visited tropical climates and actually seen the beast in his lair. Such conduct might have driven an angel to fury; no wonder that it roused our worthy painter to deeds of which he might well be ashamed in his more sober hours. He forthwith concocted a pamphlet, vituperating in no measured terms all the painters of the age; extolling lions, and himself, their only good delineator, to the third heavens, and accusing his oriental rival of having painted a lion with an unnatural curve in the tail, a gross exaggeration of the whisker, and a horrible distortion in the great toe-nail. The pamphlet was, however, eloquent, pointed and sarcastic; it proved equally the strength of the author's talents and the weakness of his temper, the depth of his knowledge and the shallowness of his discretion. In short, it was just such a *brochure* of splenetic egotism, wounded conceit and disappointed vanity, as the extraordinary pamphlet now lying before us.

A. W. Schlegel enjoys a European reputation, and deserves to enjoy it; we are not the persons to deny his extraordinary merits, or refuse homage to his great abilities. But we meet him now in a contest where he has voluntarily resigned his privileges, and descended from his vantage-ground. While Marius retained the stern majesty of virtue, no Cimbrian would dare to strike him, even in the dungeon; but when that same Marius had yielded to the petulance of wrath and the violence of passion, he forfeited those moral claims which had been previously his best protection. And in the same manner, when Professor Schlegel abdicates his dignity, rushes into the lists not as a noble cavalier but as an angry boxer, runs a muck like an insane Malay or an inebriated Irishman, he, too, forfeits his claim to deference, and must be treated like any other pamphleteer whom mortified pride and disappointed expectations had driven into authorship.

The principal subjects of the Professor's pamphlet are: an attack on the Oriental Translation Fund for their plan in general,

and the details in particular,—rather a curious specimen of logical arrangement; a complaint against the East India Company for not cancelling their edition of the Hitôpâdêsa, and adopting that of Professor Schlegel; an extravagant eulogy of the Sanscrit, with a cursory review of its grammars and dictionaries; a plan for the better cultivation of oriental literature in England; a complaint respecting the management of the British Museum, and a vindictive assault on Professor Wilson, for not having spoken of Professor Schlegel with sufficient respect. The offence given by the English professor is contained in the two following sentences;—

"I should think it an indispensable requisite, in the first professor of the Sanscrit language, that he had acquired his knowledge in India. Schlegel has not ventured in translation beyond those works which have been previously translated by English scholars."

Will it be believed that the author calls these simple words a declaration of war? that he treats them as a deliberate denial of fame to the continental Orientalists, for he deems himself

"Knight of the shire, who represents them all,"

and regards them as a full justification for the constant depreciation of the labours of all the English writers on Eastern languages, which runs in an under current through every page of this book?

With only the first of the Professor's topics have we any concern; the others may be briefly dismissed. We trust that, if India stock rises, the Company will buy the whole edition of the Hitôpâdêsa; to the long and laboured praise of Sanscrit literature we say, as the philosopher did to the eulogy on Hercules, "*Quis vituperavit?*" Professor Wilson is right well able to defend his own cause, and would probably feel little obliged to us for volunteering his defence. Omitting, then, these matters, we shall examine the particulars of the accusation brought against the Oriental Translation Fund, *seriatim;* it will be scarcely necessary to refute them, for in the most important parts the Professor has spared us the trouble, and either in a note, or in a subsequent page, contradicted his charges almost as soon as they were made.

His first objection is to the entire system of publishing translations, as a means of diffusing information respecting the nations of the East. He says:

"I maintain that encouragements offered exclusively to translations, far from advancing a methodical and truly scientific study of the oriental languages, tend to injure it, and must exercise an influence pernicious in proportion to the extent that the committee's projects are realized. Now, if this fundamental study be neglected,—I say more, if Asiatic philology be not brought to greater perfection than it has yet attained, it will be impossible to procure good translations."

The first assertion, in this brief paragraph, is contradicted by general experience; translations, even bad translations, have led

hundreds and thousands to study the originals in their native tongue; how many owe their first desire for the study of Greek to an early perusal of Pope's Homer? How many Italian scholars have been induced to learn that language by reading Tasso, in Hoole's or Fairfax's translations? Nay, how many have been induced to study Persian by reading the German translation of the Sháh Námeh? Though Atkinson's version of that poem has been but recently published, we know several ardent students whom it has led to a zealous cultivation of oriental literature. But there is another matter forgotten by the Professor, conveniently enough for his purpose, which we must not lightly pass over. There exist in most languages works of great historical and geographical value, which, in a philological point of view, are nearly worthless. Would a translation of the "Gesta Dei per Francos," prove injurious to the study of Latin, or is the text of Homer likely to be neglected, because we possess versions of Strabo, Pausanias and Josephus? It is of the first importance to England at the present moment that means should be afforded to the great body of the nation, of acquiring, at least, some general information respecting the history, the geography, the statistics, and the laws of the Eastern nations, either subjected to our sway or connected with us by trade; it is, in our opinion, a more important object than affording to a few laborious students an opportunity of entering deeply into the philosophy, the metaphysics, or the poetry of any sages, either in the eastern or western world. There is, however, no necessity for contrasting these objects; the plan of the Oriental Translation Fund excludes neither, and we are sufficiently utilitarian to rejoice that the greater portion of their attention has been given to the former.

The second objection of the Professor is, that the translators will probably be incompetent, and that, in many cases, even the best scholars will be impeded by difficulties almost insuperable. This he repeats in a great variety of forms, supports sometimes by arguments, sometimes by declamation, and not unfrequently by simple assertion; so that it is scarcely possible to form a condensed view of his reasoning. On this head we must, therefore, be almost as desultory as the learned Professor himself. He begins by expressing his fears, that many who have acquired a merely practical knowledge of oriental languages by residence in the East will offer their services to the committee, for the purpose of acquiring the reputation of authorship on easy terms. We regret that the title of author is not quite so honourable in England as to urge men to volunteer the wearisome toil of translation for the simple purpose of being able to boast that they had written books. But on the Professor's own showing, there are works which might fairly be entrusted even to such interpreters,

and though such may possess little attraction for the select few, they may contain much valuable information for the many. Can the Professor be ignorant of the distinction between the literature of fact and matter, and the literature of feeling and mind? Surely not. Has he then confounded them merely to serve a purpose? The complete answer, however, to this objection is the list of works already published under the superintendence of the committee; a list which the Professor has not ventured to quote; because it would at once have refuted his statements.

The difficulties which must impede even a competent translator are stated at great length; they are the imperfections of grammars and dictionaries, the errors of commentators, and above all, the impurity, in many instances, of the original text. Having dilated on these topics with great force, and some exaggeration, our author says,

"I think I have demonstrated that the translator of a Sanscrit, Persian, or Arabian book, of which there does not exist an edition printed and corrected with the utmost care, is necessarily compelled to undertake the labours of a judicious editor; to confront manuscripts, bring together commentaries, and, finally, make conjectural emendations. Can we imagine that a philologist, capable of executing this task, would consent to present himself in the humble attitude of an interpreter for the herd of readers?"

To the last question we can only answer, that a very distinguished philologist, named A. W. Schlegel, has published a very excellent translation of the Bhagavad-Gîta, and we are happy to add, that he designs soon to favour the world with a complete translation of the Râmâyana. It is true, that by translating into Latin, the disgrace of being "an interpreter for the common herd of readers" has been avoided; but we trust that he is not such an aristocrat in the republic of letters, as to maintain that the more capable a man is of giving instruction, the less willing he should be to instruct. The names of Jones, Wilkins, Wilson, Haughton, and many others, might be mentioned in proof, that in England at least, the most able philologists are not ashamed to appear "in the humble attitude" of "interpreters for the herd of readers."

The Professor follows up this division of the subject by charging the committee with neglect of the originals, and it is worth our while to quote the passage of the Prospectus on which the charge is founded, and compare it with the Professor's translation.

"Sect. 10. These translations are generally to be accompanied by the original texts, printed separately, and such illustrations as may be considered necessary. By the publication of the original text it is intended to multiply copies of such works as are scarce, and to furnish students, at a moderate expense, with correct copies of the best Asiatic works, to which they might not otherwise have access."

Now mark the translation.—

"Ces traductions seront *quelquefois* accompagnées des textes originaux, et des eclaircissemens qui seront jugés nécessaires; en publiant *occasionellement* le texte original, on se propose," &c.

The version of "generally" by *quelquefois*, and the unauthorized introduction of *occasionellement*, prove that the Professor's experience in translations may justly lead him to suspect their accuracy. Let it not be supposed that any variation in the copies of the Prospectus can have led him into error, for we have taken our extract from his own copy, published in the appendix. Neither can we consider the *quelquefois* to be an accidental mistranslation, nor the *occasionellement* a casual insertion; for these very two words are made the foundation of a vehement tirade against the committee, for encouraging translators to the exclusion of editors. The words of the Prospectus have a signification directly contrary to that attributed to them, and the actions of the committee, as appears from their list of publications, fully prove that they have not neglected the encouragement of editorial labours, *where they were required*. They have only published the originals when they possessed a philological or ethnological value; but when the matter of the works alone deserved attention, they have wisely avoided a useless expense. They have not imitated Fleischer, the recent editor of *Abulfeda*, who declares in his preface that the work which he has edited is utterly useless and worthless.

We must leave for the present the supplemental matter connected with the second head of accusation, and come to the third. The Professor gravely asks, "Into what language are these translations to be made?" Now, after he had established to his own satisfaction, that the general system of translations was bad, one would have supposed that it was to him a matter of perfect indifference what nation was to be cursed by an enterprize which would injure "the methodical and truly scientific study of the oriental languages;" nay, rather, that he would have protested against France and Germany being allowed to share in such destructive proceedings. No such thing: the Professor in his zeal against England flings consistency to the winds; maintains in good set terms that the readers of French, Latin and German ought not to be excluded from the *advantages* that may result from the labours of the committee; and astounds us by the declaration, that English is inferior to any of the rival languages as a medium of translation. Had not rage clouded his intellects, the Professor might have stopped to consider, whether a speculation undertaken by British enterprize, supported by British money, and managed, for the most part, by British talent, should not be chiefly directed to the advantage of the British

people? Had he, however, consulted the list of publications, or rather, had he not chosen to forget the contents of that list, when a want of memory served his purpose, he would have seen that the committee have received and published both French and Latin translations of oriental works. This is not the place to enter into a defence of the capabilities of the English language: the Professor declares that it contains few compound words; will he furnish us with a compound epithet which it cannot express?

The wrath of the Professor is marvellously excited by the eulogium which the Prospectus bestows on Arabic and Persian literature, principally, we suppose, because he is, as he tells us, ignorant of both. We have heard that our painter of lions invariably vituperated tigers, leopards and elephants. To the Arabian literature, he objects its deficiency in epic and dramatic poetry, and generally in works of invention. He declares his intention of proving that the best portion of the "Thousand and One Nights" has been derived from an Indian original, and throws down the glove to the Baron de Sacy, who has undertaken to prove the direct contrary. "Non nostrûm tantas componere lites;" we hope, however, to derive much both of instruction and amusement from the controversy. But though we by no means assent to the Professor's assertion in its present unlimited form, let us see if we cannot find some defence for the poor Arabians in this very book. What is said respecting the Chinese?

"This disdain of fabulous traditions, which Voltaire praises as a trait of wisdom, arises, perhaps, from a deficiency of imagination; but, as a compensation, this sobriety of intellect gives a great weight to their testimony."

Now we make the very same claim for the Arabians. It is chiefly as historians and geographers that we feel disposed to value the ancient Arabian and Persian writers; there are many important matters in both departments of knowledge for which we must seek elucidation from them—the history of the crusades, and the several routes of the Indian trade before the age of De Gama, will occur to every body; we shall mention another,—that mixed religious and political revolution which placed the Sassanides on the throne of Persia, restored the religion of Zerdusht to nearly its pristine splendour, checked the progress of Christianity eastwards, and threw it back upon the west; a revolution which has left traces of its influence in Jewish and Christian heresies, and in the religion of Mohammed.

To the Persians our author metes out even a less share of justice than to the Arabs; he says, and with truth, that "their literature has fallen into gross extravagances, and their prose usurped the most ambitious ornaments of poetry." It is true, the only proof

he quotes is the translation of the Bahar Danush, an Ossianic romance, translated by Mr. Jonathan Scott—a criterion about as fair as Lady Morgan's Wild Irish Girl, Maturin's Montorio, or Mrs. Radcliffe's Mysteries of Udolpho, would be of the English language. We must confess that the style adopted very generally by the modern Persian writers merits the blame bestowed upon them; but does the Professor mean to insinuate that the earlier writers are subject to the same imputations? If so, he is either wholly ignorant of them, or perversely determined to misrepresent them. We must not pass over our author's parody of the modern Persian style, especially as a joke with him is a very serious matter.

"I shall not now mount the gallant courser of criticism, descended from the noble blood of the great Alexandrian steed Aristarchus, to combat the gasconading tribe of perverted taste, ranged under the banner of affectation. Firmly seated in the saddle of reason, supported on the stirrups of solid argument, I am sure to make head against the enemy effectively. But in pursuing the fugitives too obstinately with the arrows of derision, I might easily go astray in the sandy deserts of prolixity; and then, perhaps, in spite of myself, I would retain you, my worthy friend, who have hastened to accompany me on the dromedary of attention,—you over whose prosperity may Allah watch;—I would retain you, perhaps in spite of myself, near the briny well of weariness, under the gloomy tents of ennui."

Risum teneatis amici? This burst, in "Ercles' vein," offends not simply against good taste; it is a still grosser violation of good faith. If it means any thing, it must be taken as the general sample of Persian style; or, as the Professor declares himself ignorant of the language, as a fair sample of all the translations from that language with which he had an opportunity of becoming acquainted. Now previous to the date of his pamphlet, four translations from the Persian had been published by the Oriental Committee: the *History of the Afghans*, the *Adventures of Hatim Tai*, the *Autobiography of the Emperor Jahangueir*, and the *Autobiography of Sheikh Mohammed Ali Hazin*, none of which present the slightest trace of this bombastic style, but are, on the contrary, as remarkable for the simplicity of their construction, as they are for the intensity of their interest. Was A. W. Schlegel ignorant of their existence? Then must he forfeit all claim to the knowledge which alone would justify his assumption of the character of a censor. Was he acquainted with these works? We shall not write the sentence that would be dictated by belief in such an alternative.

But we shall be told, as some of Schlegel's admirers have told us already, that in the interval between the composition and publication of this pamphlet, the circumstances of the case had

altered, the committee had filled up the *lacunæ* in the sketchy outline which alone their first prospectus presented, and that some allowance must be made for the disappointment of the Professor, when he found that his visit to London produced no great sensation. To such excuses we give their full weight; there is sufficient proof that between the writing and the printing of the pamphlet, Professor Schlegel had learned that some of his charges were groundless, and had an opportunity of making the same discovery with regard to most of the others. Before his pamphlet appeared, he had learned that the Armenian language was not excluded; he might have learned the same fact respecting the Japanese; it could not have been concealed from him, that the committee had, with prompt liberality, undertaken to print both French and Latin translations; he could not have been ignorant that the careful editing of the originals, when they were philologically valuable, formed an essential part of the committee's labours. For both facts he might have had the unimpeachable authority of his friend, A. F. Stenzler, who was then employed both in editing the *Raghuvansa*, and translating it into Latin. We shall not inquire too minutely how much of this possible knowledge was actual: and we are content to believe that the Professor acted under misapprehension when he wrote the pamphlet,—but where are we to find his excuse when he published it?

One word more before we leave this very painful part of our subject: the Professor says,

"The Sháh Námeh is the most ancient and most remarkable monument of Persian literature. Those acquainted with the subject assure me that the manuscripts vary very considerably. Until the extent and importance of these variations have been determined by the collation of a great number of manuscripts, and the text constituted according to the rules of criticism, a translation would be a hazardous, useless, and perhaps injurious (why?) enterprise."

He adds in a note,

"In writing these lines, I was ignorant that this labour is in a great degree completed. A young German orientalist, Mohl, now at Paris, has been several years preparing a complete edition of the Sháh Námeh."*

The Professor was unfortunately ignorant of some other matters which he might have known. To say nothing of Lumsden's labours, there appeared at Calcutta, in 1829, an edition of the Sháh Námeh, carefully collated with a number of the oldest and best manuscripts, by Turner Macan. The number collated was

* Every true lover of oriental literature will be delighted to hear that this able scholar has just commenced the printing of this edition, the expenses of which, by a generous rivalry, are to be defrayed by the Asiatic Society of Paris.

seventeen, and four fragments containing the greater part of the poem; and some of these MSS. belong to the fifteenth century.

We gladly turn from these effusions of pride, petulance, and passion, to the Professor's remarks on Sanscrit literature; they contain many suggestions equally practical and profound, but they are sullied by a spiteful spirit against all English scholars, living and dead. Yet, as if to prove the truth of the aphorism, that "anger is a short madness," the Professor even here scarcely ventures on a single insinuation of consequence, which he does not subsequently contradict. His theory of the similarity, almost amounting to identity, between the Sanscrit and the ancient language of the Medes and Persians, is not indeed original, as the reader might be led to suppose from the ludicrous self-complacency with which it is propounded, but still we trust that the Professor will further develope his views on the subject. The profound observations on Sanscrit grammar merit the attention of scholars; but their connection with the general purpose of the pamphlet it is not easy to discover. The carping critique on Wilson's Sanscrit Lexicon admits, however, of no such doubt; it was designed to depreciate that very meritorious work; but with cunning that defeats its own ends, the Professor prepares an escape from the charge of unfairness, by slipping in at the conclusion of the criticism, "for the first attempt to form a dictionary no other plan was practicable than that which has been adopted."

We come now to our author's remarks on the editions and translations of Sanscrit works published by English scholars. In no part of the work is the determination to depreciate the English more flagrant; occasions for censure are sought with Lyncean eyes; praise,—for in many instances praise was unavoidable,—is niggardly bestowed, and even then clogged by petty and trifling exceptions. A flagrant instance of this is his account of that noble monument of sound learning, deep research, and acute critical judgment, Haughton's edition of the Institutes of Menú; the Professor, however, regrets "that the words are not placed as far asunder as the rules for the junction of letters would permit." "How can they call Venus a perfect beauty?" said Momus, "I am sure I heard her slippers creak."

The London edition of the Hitôpâdêsa deserves all that Mr. Schlegel has said in its dispraise, perhaps more. It was an edition hurried through the press to supply the immediate wants of the East India College, and it cannot compete for a moment with the one on which the Professor and his learned colleague, Dr. Lassen, have expended the labour of many years. We are serious in our wish that he may be well remunerated for his toil, and earnestly recommend the adoption of the Professor's work.

The translations are next criticised with capricious severity, for we are loth to attribute our author's strange selection of examples to a worse feeling than caprice. The character of Sir William Jones is tested by his version of the Hitôpâdêsa, a work which the Professor knows to be posthumous, and believes to have been written as a mere exercise when first that excellent scholar had begun to study Sanscrit. The same test is applied to Wilkins! Has the Professor forgotten his obligations to that admirable scholar's translation of the Bhagavad Gitâ? Has he tasted the waters of oblivion since he wrote in the preface to his own translation of the same poem, "*in interpretatione Bhagavat Gitæ elaborandâ, interpretationem viri clarissimi Caroli Wilkins, magno mihi adjutumento fuisse, non modo non diffiteor, sed ultrò gratoque animo id agnosco?*" Were we disposed to adopt the style of carping criticism, we might easily show that "maximo" might with great propriety be substituted for "*magno*" in this passage; that many of Wilkins' slips have been faithfully copied by his successor, and that some of Schlegel's deviations from the English translation are any thing but improvements. We have no objection to the Professor's exulting merriment over the tricks played by the crafty Bramins on the first students of the Sanscrit; they were paralleled and surpassed in the middle ages, when Greek began first to be taught in western Europe. But it is not quite fair for the men who march at their ease into a stormed citadel, to laugh at those who first entered the breach, for having made a few false steps when surrounded by the enemy's smoke.

From translations in general, the Professor, after a long interval, comes to translations from the Sanscrit in particular. We agree in the necessity of all the requisites he authoritatively declares must be united in a judicious interpreter of this difficult language, and are especially anxious to state our cordial assent to the following:

"The nations of Asia, from a thousand causes, have a circle of ideas, an intellectual horizon far different from that to which we have been accustomed. Their authors often speak of matters, of which we, *at least such of us as have not been in Asia*, cannot form a clear idea from want of experience."

Professor Schlegel thus deliberately makes the very same assertion, for which he pours all the vials of his wrath on the head of Professor Wilson.

We cannot now examine the details of the noble plan of an academy for Oriental Literature, which concludes the letter to Sir James Mackintosh. The adoption of it, in its full extent, we believe to be impossible, but there are many admirable hints

in it by which our countrymen will profit; for no nation has more frequently and usefully applied the maxim, "*fas est ab hoste doceri*," than England.

Before finally taking leave of the Professor, we must notice a matter frequently insinuated, but never directly expressed in his pamphlet. He seems to think that he did not meet the reception in England which his merits deserved. What the amount of the Professor's expectations were, is beyond our powers of conjecture; but they must have exceeded the "digito monstrari et dicier hic est," if they were not amply realized. The *Athenæum* has already amply vindicated the British Museum against the charge of discourtesy, by showing, from the example of the great Parisian Library, that permitting the loan of books leads to intolerable abuses. The Professor's claim to a special exception in his own favour is ridiculous; in the literary republic there must at all events be equality.

Professor Schlegel commenced the study of Sanscrit late in life, and manifestly regards the great proficiency he has made with the partiality proverbially bestowed upon "the children of old age." He has done but little,—a translation of the Bhagavad Gitâ, and part of the Ramayana, and an edition of the Hitôpâdêsa, are all the works that have resulted from his ten years' toil, —but that little has been done well. He insinuates, indeed, that the lateness of the period when Indian literature began to be cultivated on the continent was owing to the continental system of Napoleon. We can assure him that the great European war operated as strongly in suppressing oriental literature here, as in France and in Germany. It is a merit of which the English scholars must not be deprived, that for many years they pursued a laborious and difficult study, uncheered by public sympathy, unsupported by public aid, not unfrequently ridiculed as patrons of "difficiles nugæ." Until the appointment of Professor Lee, the English Universities could show no successors worthy of Hyde, Pococke, or even White; in Ireland at the present hour, a limited acquaintance with the Biblical Hebrew only, is regarded as a sufficient qualification for the professorship of Oriental languages. On this subject we shall quote the words of Sir W. Jones.

"If learning in general has met with so little encouragement, still less can be expected for that branch of it, which lies so far removed from the common path, and which the greater part of mankind have hitherto considered as incapable of yielding either entertainment or instruction; if pain and want be the lot of a scholar, the life of an Orientalist must certainly be attended with peculiar hardships. Gentius lived obscurely in Holland, and died in misery; Hyde, who formed many important projects, had not the support and assistance which

they deserved and required. The labours of Meninski immortalized and ruined him."

The discouragements thus described by Sir William Jones, were aggravated during the close of the last and the commencement of the present century. Still there were persons who zealously pursued the study of what Mr. Haughton has well called "a gigantic language," and who were ready to offer themselves as guides and instructors, when a revolution in public taste brought oriental studies into fashion. If the honoured veteran Colebrooke had revealed the history of his own feelings, how frequently would he have recorded the sinking of the heart and the failing of the spirit, arising from the prospect there frequently appeared of his labours remaining, if not wholly unknown, at least unappreciated! A brighter day dawned; attention was drawn to the neglected treasures of the East, and the continental scholars began to follow in the paths which the English had laid open. The greater part of them owned their obligations to those who had first opened the road and smoothed its worst difficulties; they regarded them as modern classical students do the editors of the Greek and Roman authors at the revival of literature, not as perfect, but as guides to perfection. As such they were once praised by Mr. Schlegel himself, and would probably have retained his good word,—his good opinion they cannot have lost,—had not some unnamed disappointment to vanity, or some pecuniary loss on the edition of the Hitôpâdêsa soured his temper and warped his better judgment.

It is gratifying to add, that few continental Orientalists have shared these feelings of hostility to England. In the last advertisement issued by the committee of the Oriental Translation Fund, we find the names of Klaproth, Von Hammer, Stanislas Julien, and the lamented Rémusat, among those translators whose works are in a state of immediate preparation. Thus have they given the most convincing, because the most practical proof, of their approbation of the committee's proceedings. Schlegel indeed quotes the Baron de Sacy as at least in part supporting his views and sharing his suspicions. This is as gross a misrepresentation as any other in the pamphlet, and that is saying a great deal. De Sacy, having shown that the translation of the *Memoirs of the Emperor Jahangueir* differed in some particulars from a partial translation of the work previously published, expresses a wish that an opportunity had been afforded of deciding between the conflicting statements by a reference to the original. He then says,—

"With whatever reserve we hazard an opinion on this subject, we cannot avoid regretting that Mr. Price, who knew the fragments pub-

lished by Mr. Anderson, did not devote himself to the critical examination of the work which he has translated; and we must, in the second place, express an anxious desire that the committee of translation, formed under the auspices of the Asiatic Society of Great Britain, should add to the works whose publication they so efficiently encourage, the original texts, or at least, all that can render the perusal of them more useful, and furnish a benevolent and enlightened criticism the means of appreciating their merit and importance. Doubtless, as the works presented to the committee become more numerous, the necessity will be felt of making a judicious selection, as necessary to the success of this honourable enterprize, as worthy of the knowledge and talent of those distinguished men who have associated their names for this eminent service rendered to the literature of Asia. We venture to hope that these reflexions will not be taken in bad part."*

Now, can our readers believe that Mr. Schlegel alludes to this candid, honourable, and manly criticism,—without however venturing to quote it,—as perfectly supporting his objections to the principles on which the labours of the committee are founded? He also quotes Professor Lee's letter to Sir Alexander Johnston, *in the year* 1827, on the defective state of Arabic and Persian dictionaries, as a proof that the time has not yet arrived when translations may be undertaken with advantage. Is the Professor ignorant of all that has been done since that letter was written to remedy these deficiencies? We cannot speak of such an excellent scholar and worthy man as Professor Lee, otherwise than in terms of respect and admiration, but we must remark that the letter here quoted has always appeared to us rather too highly coloured. Dr. Lee's extensive knowledge and wondrous powers of memory have given him a command over minute details which few students can hope to attain; but from this superiority has arisen a taste for all the little particulars and trifling niceties of the old grammarians, and a dislike, or perhaps contempt, of the simplification of knowledge. It requires an extensive previous acquaintance with the Hebrew language to read the Doctor's Hebrew Grammar profitably, and his additions to the admirable Persian Grammar of Sir Wm. Jones seem to us any thing but improvements. The new edition, however, of Richardson's Persian Dictionary, edited by Mr. Johnston, under the auspices of the East India Company, obviates all the objections that might be founded on this out-of-date letter.

We had written thus far when we received a copy of Mr. Von Hammer's article in the Vienna Jahrbücher, on the subject of this pamphlet, and we regret to find that he has bestowed such

* The Baron de Sacy is at this very moment engaged in printing for the committee the celebrated metrical grammar of the Arabic language, called the *Alfiyah*; thus practically showing how much he respects the objects and favours the plans of the committee.

severe castigation on the unfortunate Professor. In only one point does he agree with his compatriot—the necessity of the committee's exercising great caution in the selection of the works they honour with publication. This he illustrates by a harsh, but apparently not undeserved attack on Fraser's translation of the War in Bosnia; at the same time he bears honourable testimony to the great merits of Mitchell's Turkish Maritime History. On all the great points of Schlegel's pamphlet, Hammer is at issue with the Professor, and meets him with irresistible strength. He ridicules the display of titles in what with him is truly a title page; he defends the literature of the Western Asiatics with a display of spirit and learning which sets all competition at defiance; the presumptuous condemnation of the Arabic and Persian languages he exposes as it well merits, and he proves that from them both, important elucidations of that very Sanscrit literature for which Schlegel contends may be derived. He blames the Professor for appealing to the Asiatic Society as a stranger instead of as a member, and wonders at the real or assumed ignorance of the Society's usages that led him to declare,

"I only *know* that at your general meetings, the president, the director, and the members of the committee, have alone the right to speak; the other subscribers only vote in silence by white and black balls."

We more than share Von Hammer's astonishment, as we happen to know that Professor Schlegel claimed and exercised his right of addressing the Society when he was last in England. Mr. Von Hammer defends the East India Company from the charge of neglecting literature, insinuated rather than directly stated by Mr. Schlegel; he triumphantly exhibits the list of works which have issued from the presses of Calcutta and Madras since the year 1826, and answers the Professor's complaint of these works being printed on inferior paper by quietly observing that they are printed on better paper than that used for the complainant's own pamphlet. This however is not all; it is not even a fair specimen of the benefits that the East India Company has conferred on eastern literature and science. Truly ungrateful would the oriental scholars, both of England and the continent, be, if they forgot their obligations to that great commercial body. They have liberally patronized every undertaking, whether literary or scientific, that tended even remotely to promote the happiness and well-being of the people placed under their care. With respect to the education of their civil servants and writers, the following statement, taken from a work lately published by Parbury, will be sufficient to prove that every possible attention is paid to preparing these gentlemen for the important duties they have to discharge.

"The civil service of India, from which the executive, financial, judicial, and commercial departments are supplied, from the provincial magistracy to a seat at the Council Board (or sometimes to the governor-generalship), originates principally from the students of Haileybury College, an establishment founded by the East India Company for the better and surer supply of men qualified to fill the important duties which devolve on an English official, when transplanted to shores where the happiness or misery of millions depends upon his talent, his integrity, and moral firmness of character. The students at Haileybury, who must enter between the ages of sixteen and twenty, are classed in four successive terms of six months each; two entire days in every week are given to oriental literature, and part of other days. There are four European departments; seven months in the year are devoted to lectures on various subjects; for instance, a student who remains two years at the college, receives in three terms from seventy to eighty hours of law tuition, and altogether ninety hours; he is instructed in elemental knowledge on the limits between morals and law, political and civil rights; in the English and Mahomedan criminal law, and on the law of evidence; the moral and legal obligations of government are also inculcated; the laws affecting property, promises and contracts, and the obligations arising from public and private relations, are carefully taught, as well as the classics, mathematics, and in fact every branch of education which can be requisite for a statesman on the most extensive field of action.

"The ablest masters in every language, European or Asiatic, are employed at the college: for Sanscrit as well as Greek, Persian as well as Latin, and Hindoostanee and Bengalee as well as French and Italian, are sedulously cultivated; the most learned professors of philosophy are also in attendance, and every day, except Sunday, there are lectures."

That equally efficient instruction is bestowed upon the military cadets, is proved by the high authority of the Duke of Wellington, who declared that the attainments of the engineer and artillery officers educated in the East India Company's institution at Addiscombe surpassed those of officers of similar standing in the royal army.

Neither has the education of its subjects in India been neglected by the Company, as appears from the following authentic statement, taken from the same work.

"It was stipulated at the last renewal of the charter, that 10,000*l.* should be annually devoted from the surplus territorial revenue of India to the purpose of education; by the following extract from a parliamentary return in 1832 (No. 7), it will be seen that the company have doubled, and in some years trebled, the amount laid down in the Act, although there was no surplus revenue in India.

1824	£21,884	1828	£35,841
1825	66,563	1829	38,076
1826	27,412	1830	44,330
1827	45,313		

"As an instance of the efforts making for the diffusion of intelligence throughout the British dominions, I may quote the testimony before Parliament of the Honourable Holt Mackenzie, who states that since the renewal of the last charter, the Bengal Government have established a college at Calcutta for the Hindoos, and reformed very much the old Moslem College; that colleges have been established at Delhi and Agra, for both Hindoos and Moslems; the Hindoo College at Benares has been reformed; at the several institutions it has been the object of government to extend the study of the English language, and good books have been supplied, &c.; that seminaries have been established in different parts of the country, and schools established by individuals have been aided by government."

General science is indebted to them for the longest meridian line ever measured, which was accomplished at their expense by the late Colonel Lambton; that stupendous work, the trigonometrical survey of Hindustan has been nearly completed under their auspices, and the results are in the course of publication on a very extensive scale. The map of India, in the construction of which Colonel Reynolds of the Bombay establishment was for nearly thirty years employed, cost them from 100,000*l.* to 150,000*l.* They have also a magnificent botanical garden at Calcutta, and another at Saháranpúr; the superintendent of the former, Dr. Wallich, after forming an immense collection of plants in Nepal and Ava, was permitted to come home for the purpose of selecting and arranging the most curious specimens for publication. His work was generously patronized by the Company, and his salary was continued during his residence in England, although contrary to the letter of the act of parliament. The duplicates of the plants brought over by Dr. Wallich, as well as of other collections in the Company's Museum, were liberally distributed to the various scientific institutions, both in this country and on the continent; in fact there was neither labour nor expense spared to make the results of Dr. Wallich's researches as extensively useful to science as possible. The publication of Buchanan's statistical survey of India, in three quarto volumes, under the patronage and chiefly at the expense of the Company, must also be mentioned; nor should we forget the presentation of a copy of that gentleman's valuable manuscripts to the library of the Royal Asiatic Society, for the use of its members. Every work that could be practically useful in India, or that had even a remote tendency to illustrate oriental literature, they have liberally patronized; and the list of works edited both by Europeans and natives, which have issued at their expense from the presses of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, extends to a goodly catalogue. They gave 10,000*l.* for the collection of coins, antiquities, gems, books, and manuscripts made by the late Colonel Colin Mackenzie of Madras. They purchased the late Dr. Leyden's books,

with delicate generosity, from his family. They have sent out ample supplies of astronomical instruments to India and appointed an astronomer. And they afford every inducement to their young officers to study the Persian and Hindustani languages, by appointing interpreters to their several corps. But alas! what is all this when compared to the *per contra* balance—they took only *six* copies of Professor Schlegel's Hitôpâdêsa!

We have no interest in being the advocates of the East India Company, but common justice and common honesty imperatively demand that we should bear testimony to their constant patronage of oriental literature. In the words of Junius, "these praises have been wrung from us, but they will wear well, for they have been dearly earned."

We must now say a few words respecting the proceedings of the committee of the Oriental Translation Fund, a body whose institution we hailed with sincere delight, whose progress we have watched with ardent sympathy, and whose present triumphant position we contemplate with equal pride and pleasure. It commenced operations in the beginning of the year 1828; its professed designs were to open the scientific and literary treasures of the East to the natives of Europe, to facilitate the acquisition of the Asiatic languages both by supplying accurate translations and furnishing correct texts of works possessing a philological value; and subsidiary to these great objects, was the stimulating students of oriental literature, by affording them facilities for publishing the fruit of their labours and offering rewards for successful exertions. We refer to the list of their published works as a proof of the valuable results that have already followed from the institution, merely reminding the reader that, though the operations of the committee are closely and jealously watched, *one* only of their translations has as yet afforded room for the severity of criticism. It is our pleasing duty to add, that the benefits of the institution have not been confined to England; they have been felt all over the continent, and have given a new stimulus to the exertions of oriental scholars. We are particularly delighted to find that a branch-committee has been formed at Rome; the literary treasures accumulated during many ages in the libraries of "the Eternal City," have never been properly examined; we have reason to hope that among them will be found translations of the most valuable Greek and Latin classics; the Armenian version of the Chronicle of Eusebius so recently obtained shows what fruit may be derived from exploring more diligently the stores of monasteries. In treating of this part of our subject we cannot pass over in silence the exertions of the Earl of Munster, to whose indefatigable zeal and *personal* influence in procuring subscriptions the Oriental Translation Fund is not only

largely indebted, but may almost be said to owe its existence; it was by him that the "Branch corresponding Committee at Rome" was organized; it was he that "secured the sanction and approbation of the Roman government, and obtained the active and willing co-operation of the various learned bodies in that city and their erudite members, and acquired the aid of that powerful institution the College de Propaganda Fide." Through him too, we may add, Professor Schlegel was afforded the most ample opportunities of learning the nature and objects of the Oriental Translation Fund during his recent visit to England. But though the Professor seems not to have availed himself of such advantages, we are assured that the honourable exertions of this nobleman to forward the cause of oriental literature, will be duly appreciated by the scholars both of England and the continent.

That an institution formed for such noble objects, and pursuing them with such enlightened zeal, should have avoided rather than courted notoriety, has always appeared to us unaccountable. To this cause alone we attribute the brevity of the subscription list, for were the merits of the Oriental Translation Fund thoroughly known, it would, ere now, have reckoned among its supporters every true lover of literature in the empire. It would also have received offers of literary assistance from those, who, though not deeply read as oriental scholars, yet possess learning which would illustrate oriental subjects. We should gladly see the Armenian writers illustrated by notes from the cotemporary Byzantine Historians; the late edition of Mirkhond might have been rendered more valuable if his statements had been contrasted with those of the Grecian writers. If, as we ardently hope, the whole of Mirkhond shall appear, we trust that the notes will illustrate the interesting era of the Sassanides from Procopius, Agathias, and the scarcely examined pages of the Talmud. All the literary men of England are interested in the success of the committee; all should be ready to tender it assistance, and by a judicious division of labours the future works will be rendered worthy of the age, the country and the institution. Perhaps the publication of some work, such as the beautiful romance of Hatim Tai, in a more popular form, or a selection of judicious extracts from the books on the committee's list, might call the attention of the great body of the nation to the pleasure, the interest, and the advantage that must result from the cultivation of eastern literature; and prove the truth in modern, as well as ancient times, of the sentence so appropriately chosen by the committee for their motto—"*Ex Oriente Lux.*"

ART. III.—*Physiologie Végétale, ou Exposition des Forces et des Fonctions vitales des Végétaux, pour servir de suite à l'Organographie Végétale, et d'Introduction à la Botanique Géographique et Agricole.* Par M. Aug. Pyr. De Candolle. 3 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1832.

THE great importance of vegetable physiology is sufficiently evident. The agriculturist and the horticulturist can expect increased success in their several departments, in proportion only as their practice reposes on an improving knowledge of the laws which regulate the phenomena of vegetable life. We have long wanted a work in which the more recent discoveries of modern observers should be collected, and their facts generalized; and the present volumes will be found to supply this want in a very efficient manner. The great progress which has been made of late years in this subject, could be known only from consulting the papers of various contributors, scattered through the pages of different scientific journals; and there existed no complete treatise to which the botanist might refer for an extensive and combined view of the several laws and principles which had been either clearly established or strongly suggested by a closer examination of the complicated phenomena of vegetation than had previously been attempted. On the continent, a long list of names might be enumerated of those who have devoted their attention to vegetable physiology; but in England, with a few rare exceptions, our best botanists have suffered their continental brethren to outstrip them in this superior department of the science. Whilst we possess at least a sufficient number of works exclusively devoted to "descriptive botany," we can scarcely name one that makes any pretension to a close acquaintance with the more recent discoveries in "vegetable physiology."* Mrs. Marcet's little work, entitled, "Conversations on Vegetable Physiology," is, indeed, excellent of its kind, and may be read with advantage and pleasure by every one who wishes to obtain a superficial knowledge of the subject. It professes merely to give an exposition of some of the leading topics of M. De Candolle's lectures, in his annual course at Geneva. We have now, however, the views of De Candolle detailed by himself, and we turn to them in the full expectation of finding ample justice done to his subject. Not that we may expect to learn that all, or indeed that very many physiological questions have been settled by him, be-

* Whilst preparing this article we have received Professor Lindley's "Introduction to Botany," in which the physiology of plants forms the subject of one book. The well-known proficiency of this eminent botanist will satisfy every one that he has here rendered an important service to this science.

yond the possibility of further cavil; on the contrary, the science is still so far in its infancy, that scarcely any of the most important laws and functions of vitality can be considered as fully understood. His work, however, is most valuable, in presenting us with a clear and explicit detail of the phenomena of vegetation, and a sufficient exposition of the various hypotheses by which different botanists have proposed to account for their existence. It is at once a compilation and a review of nearly every thing at present known on the subject. The work itself forms the second part of a complete "Course of Botany," which the author has for several years had it in his view to publish. The first volume of this course appeared in 1813, and a second edition of it in 1819, under the title of "Théorie Elémentaire de la Botanique." This was succeeded by two volumes, entitled, "Organographie Végétale," in 1827. These three volumes completed the first part of the "Course." The present three, on "Physiology," constitute the whole of the second part; and the author proposes to publish hereafter a third part, containing "Botanical Geography," and other departments not yet discussed.

All researches that are undertaken in the several departments into which the study of nature is divided, may be classed under one or other of two general heads. They are either such as are made for the purpose of ascertaining the "sensible qualities" of bodies—as the materials of which they are composed, and their structure, whether internal or external; or else they are made with a view of discovering and estimating the laws which regulate the "various forces" acting upon, or by means of, the materials of which those bodies are composed—such as alter their condition, or produce in them various kinds and degrees of motion. We may say, therefore, that every branch in the vast study of nature has its "descriptive" and its "dynamical" department. The dynamical department of botany is denominated "Vegetable Physiology," whose immediate object is to determine the precise influence which the mysterious principle called "life" has upon the vegetable structure, under whatever conditions it may be placed. In his former treatises, our author had described the organs of plants, and their anatomy; in other words, he had shown us the construction of the machinery by means of which life is enabled to act, and to produce its effects; and in the present volumes he proceeds to show us this machinery in action. As, however, it seldom, if ever, happens that any single phenomenon in vegetation can be directly ascribed to an effort of "life" alone, but must also be considered partially dependent upon the simultaneous action of two other forces, "affinity" and "attraction;" it is a problem of no small difficulty to determine, what portion of the

effect ought to be ascribed to each of these three forces independently of the other two. In all cases where a single force only is known to operate, its laws may be ascertained with precision, from the direct results which it produces; but when two combined forces produce a result, it is necessary that we should first ascertain the effect that would be produced by one of them when acting alone, before we can hope to appreciate that which is due to the action of the other. Now, the laws of "attraction" have been ascertained from the examination of the phenomena of the heavenly bodies, whose motions depend upon the immediate action of this force only. The laws of "affinity" are not yet ascertained; and, consequently, we cannot expect to determine, with perfect certainty, what those other laws may be which regulate the circumstances under which "life" is exhibited by the vegetable kingdom. When the physiologist would search for additional data for conducting his inquiry, and turns to the vital phenomena presented by animals, he finds his difficulties to be further increased by the presence of a "sentient" principle, which is in them superadded to the three forces above mentioned. Since, however, it would be impossible to await the final result of future researches into the nature and laws of "affinity," before we would proceed in our investigations of those which belong to "life" itself, we must endeavour, as well as we can, to carry on the examination of each of these forces simultaneously; being cautiously guarded not to ascribe to any effort of vitality what is actually due to the action of either of the two other forces; nor, on the other hand, be tempted to consider "life" itself as resulting merely from their joint operation upon a previously organized body. Every fact, then, connected with the existence of life in plants, should be carefully weighed in a double point of view: first, to see whether it has resulted from the action of one or more forces; and, secondly, how far each of these forces may have been modified by the peculiar structure of the body acted on. For the tissue itself of which the vegetable structure is composed possesses certain peculiar properties, and these must be first determined, lest they should be mistaken for vital properties. The physiologist, then, ought first to ascertain, as clearly as the case will permit, what portion of the result must be ascribed to the effects of attraction and affinity; what must be allowed to be the peculiar properties of the tissue itself; and, having abstracted these, he will arrive at what must be due to the specific action of the vital force.

In comparing vegetable with animal physiology, we find a striking analogy between many of the facts presented in each kingdom of organized nature; and since some departments of

inquiry are more advanced in the one than in the other, the two studies may mutually assist each other in arriving at the solution of many questions of general physiology.

There are three properties more peculiarly distinguishable in the tissue of which the elementary organs of plants are composed. These are "extensibility," "elasticity," and "hygroscopicity." These it possesses whether in the dead or living plant, and therefore so much of every phenomenon as may be explained by their action should be ascribed to the inherent properties of this tissue, and not confounded with the functions of "life" itself. The cellular tissue of plants is enabled to accommodate itself to the development and growth of any organ, by its property of "extensibility," up to a certain point, beyond which it becomes ruptured, and must then be considered as dead matter. Upon its "elasticity" depends the action by which certain organs are maintained in particular positions, or by which they constantly return to such positions when any counteracting force is removed. Thus, in the common nettle, the stamens are curved forward in the early state of the flower, when they are held together by the anthers; but afterwards, as the filaments elongate, their elasticity alone is quite sufficient to dissolve the union of the anthers, and the stamens then fly back with violence and with a shock sufficient to cause the anthers to discharge their pollen. This particular movement therefore, and some others of a like kind, must not be ascribed to any specific vital action, but merely to the elasticity of the vegetable tissue. The "hygroscopic" action of the vegetable tissue is very considerable, and indeed constitutes its most important property. It ought not, perhaps, to be considered as any other than a peculiar case of "capillarity," where the pores which perforate the tissue are too minute to be capable of detection under the very highest powers of the microscope. It is most eminently conspicuous in the purest states of the tissue; as in the newly formed spongioles at the extremities of the root, and in the wood of the stem. We suspect, however, that De Candolle has in this latter instance confounded the action of the capillarity of the whole mass, originating in the presence of the intercellular passages, with the hygroscopicity of the tissue itself, and we can by no means assent to his explanation of gum and other matters being dislodged from the bark by an expansion of the wood, swollen by the hygroscopic action of the tissue composing it. Gums and resins, when secreted in superabundance, must necessarily be protruded externally, from the want of sufficient internal reservoirs appropriated for their reception.

After having noticed these three properties of the vegetable

tissue, our author proceeds to examine three vital properties admitted in the animal kingdom, and which have sometimes been supposed to exist also in the vegetable. These are "excitability," "irritability," and "sensibility." "Excitability" is that property by which the "cellular tissue," forming the basis of the nutritive organs, manifests its susceptibility of certain impressions during the lifetime of the animal. "Irritability" is the property which causes the "muscular fibre" to contract upon the application of any stimulus. "Sensibility" is that property by which the "nervous matter" carries the knowledge of external impressions to the mind, or conveys the decrees of the will to the several organs of the body. Whether each of these three properties of animal life are also to be found in the living vegetable, admits of considerable doubt, and the difficulty of determining the question is principally owing to the great homogeneity of the vegetable tissue. The presence, indeed, of an "excitability" in the living principle of vegetation seems to be sufficiently clear: the cellular tissue resists destruction, and also effects certain chemical changes during the lifetime of a plant, which it is unable to accomplish after its death; and there are numerous phenomena which are totally inexplicable without admitting its presence. The boundary, again, between the animal and vegetable kingdoms is scarcely definable; and it seems impossible to allow this property to exist in those animals which seem to approach the nearest to the conditions of vegetable life, and yet to deny its presence in vegetables themselves. It is a property, however, which is much less active, though it is far more permanent, in vegetables than in animals. The existence of the vital property of "irritability" has often been suspected, though never clearly established, in the vegetable kingdom. In animals it resides in the muscular system, to which there is nothing analogous in the vegetable structure; and De Candolle considers all those phenomena which are usually cited as examples of an irritability in vegetables, to depend entirely upon the principle of excitability, modified in a few rare cases by certain remarkable peculiarities of organization, which are not yet well understood. But if "irritability" be not allowed to be a property of vegetable life, it seems still less likely that "sensibility" can. And, notwithstanding several plausible reasons for extending this vital property beyond the limits of the animal kingdom, it certainly does not appear to us that any facts which have been hitherto detailed can be brought forward with sufficient force to justify us in doing so, and we perfectly coincide with our author in believing, that so far as the present state of our information extends, "we can scarcely admit, without fresh proof, the existence of 'sensibility'

in plants, and that we consider them endowed with an 'excitability' only; that is to say, with a life analogous to that which resides in such parts of the animal frame as are insensible."—vol. i. p. 34. From these remarks, then, it follows that we consider the ultimate object of Vegetable Physiology to consist in ascertaining the precise effects which the only known property of vegetable life, its "excitability," is capable of producing.

The two great functions of life, to which all minor efforts are subordinate, are "Nutrition" and "Reproduction;" and before any inquiry can be instituted into the various causes which influence and direct these functions, it is necessary that we should examine the character of those elementary organs which are the seat of the vital "excitability," and then, if possible, to ascertain the manner in which these organs act. Now the internal structure of vegetables is exceedingly simple, being entirely made up of a congeries of cells and ducts, alike composed of a delicate and apparently unorganized membrane. Most authors have considered the ducts or tubes to be the chief seat of vitality, but De Candolle, and, we think, most justly, ascribes to the cells the office of carrying on the chief functions of life. Many plants are known to be composed entirely of cellular tissue, and, therefore, in these at least, we must allow that the vital force resides there, and consequently that all the more general functions of life are most probably carried on by this tissue in all other plants also. But although we agree with our author in considering the cellular tissue to be the seat of the "excitability," we cannot assent to his explanation of the mode in which he supposes it to act. His idea is, that every cell is endowed with the property of successively dilating and contracting itself; the effect of which would be to diminish and increase alternately the size of the intercellular passages. This, he fancies, would cause a progression of whatever fluid may be introduced between the tissue of the plant. But there are serious objections to this view, even if it were clearly proved that such intercellular passages did always exist, and were filled with fluid. We cannot understand how any close cell or vesicle, containing an incompressible fluid, can be capable either of contracting or dilating itself. The analogous examples in the animal kingdom, which he produces in support of his hypothesis, are not at all to the purpose. In these cases the contraction of the vessel is accompanied by an expulsion of the fluid which it contains, and its dilatation by the introduction of the ambient medium, whether liquid or gaseous; but in the kind of peristaltic motion which he would attribute to each of the vesicles composing the cellular tissue, no expulsion of the contained fluid is supposed to take place; and as this fluid is also incompressible,

neither can we imagine how any dilatation of the cells can arise. We consider his attempt to explain the progression of the sap by the action of these vesicles, as the weakest part of the whole work. To say the least, it is purely hypothetical, and we also think it contradictory to known physical principles. On a subject of such extreme difficulty we ought not to speak very positively, but it does appear to us that M. De Candolle has treated somewhat too slightingly the recently discovered property of Endosmose, and has shown too great an attachment to an early theory of his own, which perhaps served very well as a conjecture at the time it was first proposed, but which he ought to have given up after a cause had been discovered, which is apparently sufficient to account for the general diffusion and progression of the fluids introduced into the vegetable tissue. We shall presently revert to this subject when we come to consider the progression of the sap. In whatever way, however, the cellular tissue may be supposed to perform its functions, we believe it to be the chief instrument through which the only vital power allowed to plants produces its effects. Light and heat appear to be the two great causes by which its energies are stimulated; and to these we must probably add electricity, and the more remote excitations induced by various chemical and physical actions.

Nutrition and Reproduction have been called "organic, or vegetative" functions, from belonging equally to the animal and to the vegetable kingdom. Notwithstanding the great differences observable in the external forms of organized bodies, the function of nutrition possesses certain general traits of resemblance in both kingdoms. In both, its operations may conveniently be separated into seven periods, and we shall attempt a brief sketch of the phenomena exhibited during each of these.

First period of nutrition.—This comprises the introduction of the food into the plant. As vegetables do not possess the power of locomotion, it is necessary that their food should be so generally diffused in nature, that they shall run no risk of perishing from their inability to search for it. Now it is a fundamental principle in vegetable physiology, that every thing capable of being imbibed into the tissue must previously be brought to a state of solution; but water is present every where in the earth, and in the atmosphere, and the material which constitutes the chief food of plants is carbonic acid, which is almost constantly to be found dissolved in all water. The root is the only true absorbing organ of this nourishment; for although, under certain circumstances, the leaf and some other organs may be made to absorb moisture, these are not to be considered as

the organs originally destined for the introduction of food, any more than the pores in the skin of animals, which possess a like property, may be considered as their mouths. Neither is it by the whole surface of the root that this absorption takes place, but only through the "spongioles," which are small expansions of cellular tissue situated at their extremities. It is not clearly ascertained, whether the force which regulates the absorption of the spongioles is wholly vital, or whether it is the result of a vital action, in combination with the hygroscopic property of the cellular tissue. De Candolle had formerly attributed this action of the spongioles to their hygroscopicity alone; but he is now disposed to consider it dependant, to some extent at least, on the vital force. It does not, however, appear, that because there is a cessation of this absorption in the dead plant, and a continuance of it only in the living one, that we must therefore conclude it to be the result of a vital action in the spongioles themselves; for if it were really due to their hygroscopic property only, still the immediate removal of the absorbed fluid, by the organs which cause its progression through the plant, would continually renew the conditions necessary to secure a momentary repetition of its action. This absorption also has more of the aspect of a mechanical than of a vital operation, from the circumstance of all plants being equally indifferent as to the quality of the solutions which they imbibe, the quantity being regulated chiefly by the state of liquidity in which they occur: a more liquid solution of some substances, deleterious to the health of the individual, being more readily imbibed by it than others which are more viscous, though composed entirely of materials which are highly nutritious.

From the great uniformity in the means employed for absorbing them, and the general similarity of the matters absorbed, arises a great resemblance between the nutritive apparatus of all vegetables; which makes these organs ill adapted to the purposes of classification, and compels us to search among the reproductive organs for the characteristics necessary to establish a scientific arrangement of plants.

The usual aliment of plants we have stated to be water, containing carbonic acid in solution, or, we may add, at least containing some proportion of animal or vegetable matter capable of being converted into carbonic acid. But, besides this, air and various salts and other matters are absorbed in solution. Where, however, more substances have been found in the ashes of plants, than were supposed to have composed the materials by which they had been nourished, we must not conclude that the plants have created these substances, as some have imagined, but must consider them to have been extracted little by little, from some me-

dium in which they really existed, though in such minute quantity as to be incapable of being detected by chemical tests. We may easily allow that plants surpass us in their powers of abstracting the minutest portions of any material disseminated through a given menstruum.

Second period of nutrition.—The water introduced by the absorption of the spongioles is called "sap, or lymph." It is then conveyed directly to the leaves, without sustaining any appreciable change in its progress, otherwise than by mixing with the vegetable juices it meets with in its course. The particular route which the ascending sap takes has often been a matter of discussion and dispute; but it has been clearly ascertained, by repeated experiments, that it ascends along that portion of the cellular tissue which constitutes the woody fibre, and not through the vascular tissue, which is intended primarily for the conveyance of air, though its tubes may occasionally be found filled with fluid. With respect, however, to the mode in which the sap is conducted along this cellular tissue, there is still much uncertainty. De Candolle favours the hypothesis of its passing along the intercellular passages, as we before mentioned, by means of the successive contractions and dilatations of the cells themselves. But we decidedly consider the newly-established principle of endosmose to afford a much better prospect of accounting for the fact. Endosmose is that property of all membranaceous substances, by which two opposite currents are established through their texture, whenever two fluids of unequal densities are placed on opposite sides of them. That the vital force must also be employed in securing any lengthened continuance of this action is evident; for in every apparatus constructed for the purposes of experiment, the effect must cease as soon as the two fluids have acquired the same density. Now, without attempting to account for the manner in which the healthy condition of the membrane is secured, we may easily imagine the constant development of fresh vesicles, and the continued secretion of fresh materials, to be sufficient to maintain the conditions necessary for the establishment of a perpetual endosmose during the lifetime of the plant, without considering this property itself to be directly dependant on the vital force. This property also explains the prodigious force with which the sap rises in certain seasons of the year; a force sufficient, as Hales determined, to support a pressure equal to two atmospheres and a half, and five times that by which the blood is propelled in the crural artery of the horse. The ascent of the sap is the result of a compound action, partly depending on a force "à tergo" propelling it forward, and partly on a force attracting it towards the foliaceous parts of the leaf; each, however,

resulting from the endosmose carried on by all parts of the cellular texture.

Third period of nutrition.—When the sap has arrived at the leaves, and at the other green parts on the surface of the plant, a considerable portion of its aqueous particles is transpired. A cabbage, for example, transpires from a given surface seventeen times as much as a man by his insensible perspiration. A small portion, indeed, of this effect must be ascribed to the process of evaporation; but this is comparatively very trifling, and the greater part must be attributed to the action of a vital function. This is so decidedly remarkable in the vegetable kingdom, that De Candolle proposes for it the name of "exhalation," in order to distinguish it from the less conspicuous effects of the insensible perspiration of animals. It is manifestly produced by the instrumentality of the stomata, or glandular pores, seated on the green parts of plants, and which are more especially abundant on the under surface of the leaf. Heat exerts a trifling influence in producing an increase of exhalation, but light is the chief stimulant which determines its extent. Plants do not exhale moisture in the dark, and as they still continue to absorb a little, they soon become dropsical. The fluid exhaled is nearly pure water, and consequently the sap must become considerably altered by this circumstance alone, as the materials introduced in solution will now bear a higher proportion to the whole quantity of water retained in the plant. This great exhalation of the superabundant fluid may be considered analogous to the combined effects produced both by the insensible perspiration and excrementitial rejections of animals.

Fourth period of nutrition.—We have now arrived at the complicated phenomenon of vegetable "respiration," the most important of all the processes which together constitute the function of nutrition. One circumstance in this process is strictly in accordance with what takes place in the respiration of animals: the presence of oxygen being equally essential to the life of the individuals of each kingdom, though the ultimate results are diametrically opposite in each. In animals, the oxygen inhaled unites with the superfluous carbon in the blood, and the carbonic acid thus formed is exhaled into the atmosphere. In plants, a similar effect takes place by night, when the leaves and other green parts inhale the atmosphere, whose oxygen unites with the carbonaceous matters dissolved in the sap; but the carbonic acid thus generated is, for the most part, retained in solution within the plant, and not exhaled again. All the coloured parts of plants perform this function as well by day as by night; but the green parts always decompose carbonic acid by day, from

whatever source they may be able to derive it; and the result of this decomposition is to fix the whole of the carbon, and a small portion of the oxygen, in the substance of the plant, and to exhale the rest of the oxygen into the air. The chief supply of carbonic acid provided for this purpose is that which is introduced by the roots in a state of solution; but the small quantity universally present in the atmosphere is also inhaled and decomposed by the leaves. That which is formed within the plant itself is either retained in solution, or it is exhaled and disseminated in the atmosphere, whence it may re-enter the plant by one or other of the two methods just specified. Although the decomposition of carbonic acid is always proceeding during the day, yet it is never so rapid, nor so decidedly appreciable, as when the plant is exposed to the direct rays of the sun. It is independent of the presence of the stomata, which we have already described as being the true exhaling organs of the green parts; and it is certainly effected by means of the cellular texture of these same parts, whose green tint must be ascribed to the result of this very action. There can be no question that the "decomposition" of the carbonic acid is the direct operation of a vital function; but the "formation" of this gas in the coloured parts of plants, at all times, and in the green parts by night, appears to be the result of a chemical action similar to the ordinary process of decomposition in all dead organized matter. If a plant be exposed to the light in an atmosphere deprived of oxygen, it soon dies, unless (which is very remarkable) it be enabled first to form a little oxygen by decomposing some portion of the carbonic acid within it, and thus to impregnate the atmosphere with a sufficient quantity to enable it to act as a further resource and constant stimulus for the formation and decomposition of fresh supplies of carbonic acid.

The result of all these compositions and decompositions of carbonic acid in the living plant, is the fixation of the whole of that carbon which is found in the entire mass of vegetation on the surface of the earth. Thus the atmosphere is continually being purified of every fresh addition of this material with which combustion, respiration, and putrefaction are perpetually adulterating it. For though all living plants do themselves generate carbonic acid in the way which we have specified, they also decompose much more than they form, and this excess is considered to be sufficient to counterbalance the quantity introduced into the atmosphere by other causes. In this single function, then, of vegetable life, we see an efficient yet simple means of restoring to the atmosphere that proportion of oxygen which is necessary to the health and existence of organized beings.

Thus, the consideration of the humble functions of vegetable life may serve to elevate our thoughts in wonder at that universal order which prevails throughout the works of the great Creator and Preserver of all things.

Fifth period of nutrition.—This period comprises the return of the newly elaborated sap into the system. The course which it pursues in its altered condition is, for the most part, down the innermost layers of the bark; as several very satisfactory experiments have decided. In the process of "ringing," which consists in stripping a branch of a circular rim of bark, the descending sap is stopped, and a swelling is formed at the superior edge of the ring. The alburnum, or soft wood immediately below the bark, will also, if properly protected, serve to convey a portion of the descending sap, which is then further elaborated, and the alburnum hardens to solid wood. It has been a subject of considerable controversy, whether the new layers of wood and bark have resulted from the development of the old tissues nourished by the descending sap, or whether they have been generated partly in this way, and are partly formed of fibres descending from the buds which are seated on all parts of the stems and branches. Perhaps the question ought not to be considered as finally settled; but certainly we agree with our author in considering the latter opinion, of the descent of the fibres, as one which is little supported by facts, or by analogy, and that it rests for the present entirely upon vague conjecture and hypothetical reasoning. The elaborated sap descends to the roots, and causes their further development, whilst a portion of it is intercepted by the rising sap by which it is conveyed to the buds on the stem. There is, in fact, no true circulation in plants; but a portion of the elaborated sap, in its descent towards the roots, becomes mixed with the ascending sap, and is thus conveyed to all parts of the system.

Sixth period of nutrition.—In detailing the fourth period, we accounted for one alteration in the condition of the sap, by the circumstance of a considerable exhalation of its aqueous particles taking place, and for another, by its having received an addition of carbon from the decomposition of carbonic acid in the green parts. The nutritious material thus formed is essentially composed of carbon, and the two elementary ingredients of water, viz., oxygen and hydrogen. There are, however, several vegetable products, differing materially in their sensible qualities, which are composed of these three elementary substances only, and it is a task of some delicacy to select that particular one from among them which may most reasonably be considered as the universal pabulum prepared for the nourishment of the different vegetable

tissues. Our author considers "gum" to be the simplest combination of the three elementary ingredients mentioned; and argues, from its universal prevalence, that it must be the true nutritious principle of vegetables. There are some other substances nearly allied to gum in their chemical composition, which appear to be slight modifications of it, effected in some after process, by the secreting powers of the cellular tissue. The preparation of these fresh substances constitutes our sixth period. They seem to serve some purpose connected with the nutrition of the plant; but what this may be, it is impossible, in the present state of our knowledge, to decide. Three of these substances are fecula, sugar, and lignine, each differing very little from gum in their chemical composition. If we consider the solution of gum, so constantly found in the sap of plants, as analogous to blood, the formation of these other materials may then be likened to certain local secretions in the animal kingdom. Each grain of "fecula" appears to be a reservoir of gum incased in an insoluble integument. It is diffused through various parts of the plant, serving as so many magazines of nutriment for the future development of its several organs. It bears a striking analogy to the fat of animals. "Sugar" bears a strong resemblance both to gum and fecula in its composition. It is found in a liquid state in the cells, and is probably intended to serve some purpose or other of nutrition. "Lignine" is insoluble in water, and is a secretion deposited in the cells, which compose the woody portions of the plant.

Seventh period of nutrition.—The three substances mentioned under the sixth period, appear to be destined to serve some purpose or other of nutrition, as well as that universal pabulum, "gum," of which they are only slight modifications. Besides these, there are many other substances which result from the specific action of distinct parts of the vegetable structure, and which bear a still closer analogy to the peculiar products secreted from the blood of animals by the action of particular glands. In animals, however, the glands destined for this purpose are very conspicuous, the ducts through which the secreted matter is conveyed being clearly defined, and the secretions themselves presented to us in an isolated form. But in plants, the glands are generally minute, their structure scarcely distinguishable, and many of their secretions so much blended with other materials, that it requires a chemical process to separate them.

The enumeration of these various substances occupies a considerable portion of the first volume; and an attempt is made to classify them under a few general heads; but as no light is thus thrown upon the function of secretion, we shall

allude very briefly to these details. Every separate vesicle of the cellular tissue may be considered as a secreting organ, and some of them appear to elaborate peculiar compounds without assuming any of the ordinary characters of distinct glands. In other cases, a glandular structure is clearly distinguishable from the rest of the tissue. The matter elaborated is either destined to appear on the outside as an excretion, or it remains within the plant, but is so arranged in separate cavities as not to intermix with the nutritive juices. These all differ from those other secretions which we have considered as eminently nutritive, by having their oxygen and hydrogen in a different proportion from that in which they exist in water; and hence it seems probable that they result from a later and more complicated process than that which produces the nutritive secretions belonging to the former period. They all moreover act as poisons when imbibed by the roots; and this again shows us, that in the living subject they must necessarily be contained in specific cells provided for their reception, and that they can form no part in the process of nourishing and developing the plant. There are certain local secretions which can only be separated from the general admixtures in the sap by chemical processes; such are the various vegetable acids and alkalis, the origin of which is not at all understood. In the ashes of plants also we find variable quantities of different earths, metals, and salts, all of which have been introduced in solution with the water absorbed by the roots. A supposition which has been made, that some of these materials may be the direct produce of an effort of vegetable life, is wholly untenable, and their presence is clearly to be accounted for on the principle of their absorption in a state of solution. It is a more delicate question to determine, whether these materials ought to be considered as merely adventitious, and unnecessary to the health of the plant, or whether their presence is really beneficial to it. When received into the system they are conveyed by the sap to the leaves and surface of the stem, where they are always found to be deposited in greater abundance than in any other parts of the plant; which arises from the constant exhalation of the water in which they were dissolved taking place there. Hence, the annual fall of the leaf secures a constant discharge of these earthy matters from the plant, and a renewal of those organs takes place, which otherwise must ultimately have become choked by them.

Having completed the account of the various processes into which the great function of nutrition may be separated, some account is given of the progress made in the annual growth of a plant during each of the four seasons.

In " winter," the vital action remains nearly torpid. A continued but feeble absorption takes place at the root, sufficient merely to supply the slight degree of exhalation still carried on by some of the organs seated towards the surface. In " spring," the increased temperature is the great stimulant to the vital excitability, and the bark now begins to attract the sap towards it, and a fresh current proceeds from the roots. The formation of new radicles and spongioles adds increased vigour to this flow of the sap, and the immediate consequence is, the development of the buds. Independently, however, of these stimulating causes by which the vital energies of the plant are roused to action at the return of spring, it should seem that there is a special law of vitality, predisposing the plant to make these efforts after certain periodic intervals. Their success also depends, in a great measure, upon the conditions under which the plant has been placed during the previous year. During the " summer," the function of nutrition gradually diminishes in the intensity of its action. By the " autumn," the leaves have become choked by the earthy particles deposited in them; their fall commences, and the true sleep of the individual takes place. This, as is well known, is the best season for transplanting, when the juices are stationary, and the new fibrils have not yet been developed on the roots.

In explaining the mode in which the young branches and roots are developed, it is to be noticed that the former expand throughout their whole length, while the latter are increased by successive additions at their extremities only. During the process of development, something like periodic returns of intensity has been remarked, and it is stated that these efforts are twice accelerated and twice retarded every day; but the account wants confirmation.

There is another phenomenon, however, and that of a most curious description, which ought to be considered as the result of a specific vital action; though some observers have supposed it may be accounted for on physical principles. We allude to a constant rotation of the fluids contained in the cells and short tubes of some plants. This rotation is rendered apparent by the presence of little globules, or rather granules, of vegetable matter swimming in the fluid, and it may be seen very readily in all the species of *Chara*, under any ordinary microscope. It is found also in several other families of *Cellulares;* and has also been detected in the genera *Caulinia*, *Hydrocharis*, and *Valisneria*, among *Vasculares:* to which we may add an observation of Mr. Brown, who has noticed a distinct rotation of the fluid contained in the joints of the moniliform hairs which clothe the

base of the filaments in *Tradescantia.* These details conclude the first volume, which closes the account of the all important function of nutrition.

II.—We now proceed to consider the second of the two chief functions of vitality—"Reproduction." The continuation of the species is secured in the vegetable kingdom by two distinct methods: the one by the "fructification" of the plant, by which its reproduction, strictly speaking, is effected; and the other, by the "subdivision" of the plant, by which its multiplication is obtained without the intervention of any reproductive process. These two means of propagating plants should be separately examined, and then the conditions essential to secure success in each case should be compared, in order that our ideas of what is a "species," and what a "variety," may be fixed. We shall follow our author in his account of the function of "Reproduction," by separately considering the five periods into which he has divided the process of "fructification," viz. flowering, fecundation, maturation, dissemination, and germination of the seed.

First period of fructification.—This comprises the well known phenomenon of "flowering," in which one of the fundamental organs of the plant, we mean the leaf, by the operation of certain causes totally unknown, has ceased to obey the ordinary conditions of development essential for securing the nutrition of the individual, and has assumed a totally different character, in which it performs entirely new functions. As the predisposing causes which determine this phenomenon are unknown, we must be content to compare the actual period of a flower's expansion with the age of the plant, and the time of its duration; without pretending to say why or when the nascent organs first obtained the character of a flowering bud.

The flowering of plants may be compared to the age of puberty in animals; and the laws which regulate its commencement, as well as its periodical returns in perennials, are sufficiently definite for each species, though liable to considerable modification under peculiar circumstances. An elevation of temperature, for instance, decidedly excites and accelerates the flowering propensity, whilst a superabundance of moisture counteracts and retards it. Hence it happens that when the fruits and legumes of a temperate climate are cultivated within the tropics, although the increased temperature might dispose them to flower more freely, yet the moister atmosphere of those climates predetermines their running to leaf. Whatever, on the other hand, tends to check the luxuriance of vegetation, predisposes the plant to show

more flower; and hence the effects of our winters are undoubtedly beneficial in allowing the sap time to be prepared for this important function. In India, it is customary to uncover the roots of fruit-trees during the violent heats, which causes the leaves to fall, and thus the effects of winter are artificially produced upon the constitution of the plant. The periodic return of the flowering season is sufficiently constant in each species, to be considered as a general law of vegetation; for, although it is subject to modification from a variation in temperature, yet it is evidently dependant also on the idiosyncracy of the individual. De Candolle mentions two contiguous trees in a row of horse-chesnuts at Montpellier, one of which always flowered the earliest, and the other the latest, of all the trees in the row. It is important, in an economic point of view, to note this variety in the periodic times of flowering in different individuals of the same species, since cultivators, by continually taking advantage of it, and so propagating from the earliest and latest of the same crop, may gradually obtain plants which will yield a much longer succession of flowers or fruit than could otherwise be obtained.

Light, and not heat, appears to be the stimulating cause most effective in determining the particular hour of the day in which flowers expand. Some never expand if the weather is likely to prove rainy, though a sudden storm will occasionally surprise these natural hygrometers, cheated by a brilliant sunshine into a state of unsuspecting security.

In general, the flowers are developed with a regularity conformable to the rate of increase of the whole plant; but in some species, the vital energy appears to become excited in an unusual degree, as the period for flowering approaches. Thus, the American aloe (*Agave Americana*), which in the south of Europe continues vegetating for three or four years without flowering, and in our own country for forty or fifty, and which during this period has increased very slowly, suddenly exhibits a rapidity of development, when the flower is about to make its appearance, which is very remarkable. In three or four months its flower stalk acquires a length of fifteen or eighteen feet. A plant of the *Agave fœtida*, which had been in the Paris garden for nearly a century without showing any indications of flowering, and which had scarcely appeared to grow at all, in 1793 acquired a flower stalk twenty-two feet and a half in length, in the space of eighty-seven days, and was observed at one time to be growing at the rate of more than one foot per diem.

Second period of fructification.—When the flower has expanded, and its various organs have attained the requisite development, the important process of fecundation takes place, by which the

fertility of the seed is to be secured. M. De Candolle prefaces his account of the fecundation of the ovule by a brief historical review of its discovery. It had been ascertained from the earliest antiquity that some preliminary act was in all probability required for impressing a vitality on the embryo contained in the seed, before it could become capable of a separate and independent existence. No certain information, however, had been acquired as to the precise nature of the process; and the few notions which prevailed were very vague, and for the most part erroneous. Herodotus confounds the phenomenon of the caprification of the fig, practised in the East, with the fecundation of the date, obtained by suspending bunches of the barren, or male flowers, over those trees which bear the young fruit. But it is now ascertained that the caprification of the fig is serviceable merely in accelerating the ripening of its fruit, owing to the puncture which it receives from the larva of a *Cynips*, a small insect abounding among the blossoms of the wild figs, which are suspended over the cultivated plants in the flowering season. We shall add nothing further to our account of this history of the final establishment of the sexual distinctions of plants, because the subject has been so often discussed, and is now so securely settled, and so generally known as to need no fuller notice. But before we proceed to examine those facts which have been most recently discovered concerning the mode in which the process of fertilizing the ovule is carried on, we must advert to the experiments of M. Lecoq, because De Candolle appears to consider them to be worthy of credit. They tend to prove that the female plants of certain diœcious annuals, as the hemp, are capable of ripening their seed without the necessity of any previous action of the pollen. But these rare exceptions to an otherwise general law militate nothing against the well established doctrine of the sexes in plants. They may show us the necessity of modifying our ideas on the subject: but they no more disprove the fact itself than the phenomenon which results from the impregnation of an *Aphis*, whose offspring are capable of producing young without fresh impregnations to the fifth generation, can persuade us of the non-existence of sexes in the animal kingdom. It is quite right that we should be mistrustful of maintaining the existence of too strict an analogy between the two kingdoms of organized beings; but there is no point of analogy between them that is more striking than this; and it would be far more advantageous to the progress of science, if certain modern objectors would direct their researches towards examining the process by which the fecundation of the ovule is effected, instead of wasting their time in framing doubts of its existence.

We find various provisions made for securing the success of the fecundating process. In some plants, one or other of the organs destined to this purpose are endowed with specific motions, by which they are brought nearer to each other at the time. In most others they are placed so advantageously, that there is no chance of failure, under ordinary circumstances. Various precautions are provided to enable them to avoid the deleterious effects of moisture, which might cause the pollen to explode, if brought into contact with it. The organs destined for securing the fertility of the seed are, as every one knows, the stamens and the pistil; the essential part of the former being the anther, which contains a fine dust named the pollen, and each grain of pollen is filled with exceedingly minute granules, called the fovilla. The pistil is crowned by the stigma, which is the organ destined to receive the grains of pollen on its surface; and then the process of fecundation consists in that influence, whatever it may be, which is exerted by the fovilla being carried through the pistil down to the nascent ovules seated within the ovarium. There is a material interruption in the chain of evidence hitherto brought forward, which would account for the manner in which the influence of the fovilla is conveyed to the ovule; and three hypotheses have been proposed, each of which is at present without sufficient proof to warrant its unqualified reception. Observers have long agreed that the grains of pollen, when placed in water, discharge their fovilla with violence through certain pores on their surface; but Amici first discovered, in 1823, that when they fall upon the stigma, and are left attached to it by means of a glutinous exudation which coats its surface, they do not explode; but that after the lapse of a few hours, they protrude from their surface one or more exceedingly delicate tubes, which insinuate themselves between the vesicles composing the stigmatic tissue, and subsequently extend to a considerable length down the style. From later observations of the same, and other observers, it has been shown that these tubes in some cases actually penetrate into the ovarium, and that they there appear to distribute themselves between and around the ovules. The fovilla enters these tubes; but whether its granules ever reach the ovules, as M. A. Brongniart supposes, or whether they only produce upon them a certain stimulating effect, as Mr. Brown imagines, are questions not yet decided. In researches of such extreme delicacy, no direct observations seem likely to bring us to a satisfactory solution of the difficulty, and it is only by arguments derived from analogy, and by a comparison of the whole of the phenomena, that we can expect to solve it. Before we dismiss the subject, we must refer to two remarkable papers

alluded to by De Candolle in a note at p. 524, but which he did not receive in sufficient time to incorporate the discoveries made by their authors into the body of his work. These papers, the one by Mr. Brown, and the other by M. A. Brongniart, contain successful attempts to reduce the mode of fecundation in *Orchideæ* and *Asclepiadeæ*, under the laws previously ascertained to exist in other plants. The two Orders here alluded to, from the anomalous structure of their pollen, and several other peculiarities, had long puzzled botanists, and it was very generally supposed that their mode of impregnation was totally different from that of other plants. The labors of the two eminent botanists here mentioned have separately and satisfactorily shown us that this is not the case; and thus our former notions on the subject have been confirmed in a very unexpected manner. There are some facts so very remarkable in the appearances detailed, that Mr. Brown, whom no one will ever accuse of broaching an extravagant or hasty opinion, but who is deservedly celebrated, beyond all other observers, for the extreme caution with which he conducts and publishes his researches, has here ventured to hazard an opinion, which we shall give in his own words.

"In conclusion, I venture to add, that in investigating the general problem of generation, additional light is perhaps more likely to be derived from a further minute and patient examination of the structure and action of the sexual organs in Asclepiadeæ and Orchideæ, than from that of any other department either of the vegetable or animal kingdom."

Although it is natural to suppose that the various floral envelopes, the bracteas, calyx, corolla, and nectaries, are in some way or other serviceable to the plant in the process of fecundation, yet their specific functions have not been ascertained. It seems, however, not to be improbable that they exist in some families without any specific use, and are intended only to mark that general symmetry which prevails throughout the different departments of the vegetable kingdom.

Third period of fecundation. As the gradual maturation of the fruit commences from the moment after the ovule has received the fecundating stimulus, it may be considered as analogous to the period of gestation in animals. The great majority of plants ripen their fruit within a year after the fecundation of the ovule has taken place; but many species of the pine tribe are more than a twelvemonth in perfecting their seeds. The cedar is the most remarkable example of this fact, which carries its cones for twenty-seven months after they have flowered, before their seeds are spontaneously shed from them.

So soon as the embryo appears, or rather from the instant that the ovule has received the fecundating influence of the

fovilla, it becomes a centre of vital activity; and, like all parts of organized bodies that have become specially excited, it immediately attracts from the surrounding parts those juices which are required for its own nutrition. The development of the ovarium also takes place, and it now assumes the character of a pericarp; and those ovules which have received the fecundating influence enlarge to the condition of seeds, whilst the rest of them decay, and are soon shrivelled up. The great regularity with which a specific number of the ovules always becomes abortive in the same species, is very remarkable; thus the ovarium of the oak contains six ovules, but the pericarp of the matured acorn contains one seed only; the ovarium of the horse-chesnut contains six ovules, but it rarely happens that more than one of them is perfected, the other five having been strangled in succession, whilst the pericarp was enlarging.

The pericarp of some fruits will enlarge and ripen without requiring the impregnation of the ovule to have taken place, whilst in others it will not increase unless this has been effected. The cultivated pine-apple is an example of a pericarp not only ripening, but greatly improving by the abortion of the ovules; for the wild variety, in which alone the seeds ever ripen, has its pericarps very little developed, and the fruit is proportionably dry. The bread-fruit cultivated in the Friendly Islands, is another example of a variety in which the seeds are abortive, and the pericarp in consequence proportionably increased. Other plants, as corn, produce no fruit unless the fecundation of the ovule has been secured. So long as the pericarp continues green, its action is precisely the same as that of the leaf; it exhales the superfluous moisture, and decomposes carbonic acid; but as it gradually ripens, its cellular texture begins to elaborate the sap into those various materials which form the peculiar qualities of different fruits. An increased temperature both accelerates and improves the ripening of fruits; and the puncture of insects stimulates the secreting function, and produces an earlier fall. It is this effect which, as we have already observed, follows the caprification of the fig practised in the Archipelago, and which enables the cultivator to procure two crops in one year, by its causing the spring buds to ripen so much earlier, that time is allowed for the summer buds to ripen also, which otherwise they would not be enabled to do.

The process of ringing, discovered in 1776, which consists in removing a narrow ring of bark from a branch about the time of flowering, checks the descent of the sap, accelerates the maturation, and often enlarges the size of the fruit. When the ring has been judiciously made, the bark unites again over the wound,

and no apparent injury results from the operation. De Candolle considers the grounds upon which this practice has become unpopular as insufficient to condemn it, and proposes that fresh researches should be undertaken to show the precise extent to which it may safely be trusted.

The chemical alteration which takes place whilst the process of maturation is proceeding, consists principally in a diminution of water, and an increase of sugar, at the expense of the lignine and other matters.

Passing from the ripening of the seed covers to that of the seeds themselves, we must first consider what was the state of the ovules previously to their being fecundated, and then trace the changes which they gradually undergo till they have assumed the condition of ripened seeds. In its earliest state the ovule consists of a fleshy nucleus surrounded by one or two coverings, which are pierced by an opening at one end, which end is called the apex of the ovule. After the fecundation of the ovule, the embryo sooner or later makes its appearance within the nucleus and near its apex, and is then surrounded by a membranaceous coat called the embryonic-sack. The materials prepared within the ovule for the nutriment of the embryo are the "amnios," which immediately surrounds it, and the "spermoderm," by which the amnios itself is surrounded. As the embryo enlarges, these materials are more or less absorbed by it; but in some seeds, where there remains a considerable supply over and above what was required for its full development, this nutriment becomes the albumen; that substance which so remarkably and providentially supplies the wants of man in all the various kinds of grain which he cultivates for food; but which otherwise was destined to nourish the young plant during the early stages of its germination. When the seed is ripe, all the free water which it contained has been elaborated either into fecula, or into a fixed oil, and the completion of this process may be considered as the termination of its maturation; in which stage, all the nutritious materials previously stored in the stem for this purpose have been exhausted.

There are various contrivances provided for protecting the fruit from injury which we need not here allude to, but shall proceed to the

Fourth period of fructification.—It is not sufficient that the seed should be perfected and protected, and the soil prepared in which it is to germinate: there are other conditions necessary to secure the continuance of the species; among which are to be ranked the various modes appointed for the dispersion and dissemination of the seed, which will form the fourth period in our account of the progress of the fructification of plants. A pro-

secution of the inquiry into the various laws which regulate the co-existence of certain forms and organs, with the relations which they bear to each other in securing the continuation of the species, is connected with the loftiest questions of metaphysics, as well as with the most abstruse points in natural history. We cannot here pretend to describe all the various means by which the dispersion of the seed is secured, but we may notice very briefly the three divisions into which our author throws fruits in general, as connected with their mode of dispersion and dissemination. In his *first* division, the pericarp invests the seed so closely as not readily to be separable from it; as in the case of corn and many other plants, whose seed-covers are sown together with the seed itself. Seeds of this kind are frequently furnished with chaffy, membranaceous, or feathery appendages, by which they are wafted by the wind to considerable distances. His *second* division consists of those fleshy and succulent fruits whose covering rots off, and appears to be of no use in promoting germination, and which must be removed if we wish to preserve the seed from rot. These fruits are in a less favourable condition for being dispersed than any others; though there is one obvious mode by which this may be effected, when, after they have been swallowed by animals, their kernels are voided containing the seed in an undigested state. His *third* division includes those fruits in which the seeds are contained in dry capsules, many of which open in a way that best admits of their being gradually scattered. Some capsules burst in dry and others in moist weather, according as the nature of the plant requires a dry or moist condition for its germination. A remarkable instance of the latter description occurs in the plant vulgarly known by the name of the Rose of Jericho (*Anastatica Hierochuntina*).

"This little plant grows in the most parched deserts. By the time it dies, owing to the great drought, its tissue has become almost woody; its branches fold over each other till the whole mass assumes the form of a ball; its seed vessels have their valves tightly shut, and the plant remains adhering to the ground by a solitary branchless root. The wind, which always acts powerfully along the surface of a sandy plain, uproots this dry ball, and rolls it along. If it now chance to meet with a splash of water whilst performing its constrained but necessary journey, it speedily imbibes the moisture, which causes the branches to unfold, and the pericarps to burst; and the seeds, which could not have germinated if they had fallen on the dry ground, now sow themselves naturally in a moist soil, where they are able to grow, and where the young plant may support itself."—p. 613.

Whatever wonder the superstitious accounts recorded of this plant may have excited in the ignorant, it is assuredly surpassed

in our thoughts by a steady contemplation of that wisdom which has so marvellously provided that a humble weed should thus, by means so simple, secure the preservation of its species amidst the many chances of destruction by which it is surrounded.

Some seeds, if thoroughly matured and placed under such conditions as may secure them from the united influence of water, heat, and oxygen, the three requisites in germination, seem capable of preserving their vitality for an almost indefinite length of time. There are numerous instances recorded of seeds, which must have lain dormant for centuries, having immediately vegetated when the ground has been trenched for the first time within the records of man. It is stated on the authority of Gerardin, that French-beans, which had been in the herbarium of Tournefort for at least a century, have been caused to germinate; and De Candolle informs us that a sack of the seeds of the Sensitive-plant, brought to Paris sixty years ago, still furnishes the annual supply required for raising young plants. The preservation of seed in a sound condition is of the highest importance in an economical point of view, and can be brought to perfection only by studying the laws by which nature provides for their dissemination and germination. The main object is to secure them completely from moisture, and also as much as possible from the influence of oxygen. Various methods have been proposed for preserving them on a great scale, the best of which consists in enclosing them in large wooden cylinders hermetically sealed, or else in sacks impervious to moisture and the influence of the atmosphere.

Fifth and last period of fructification.—Few seeds, comparatively speaking, escape the various dangers to which they are subject, either from being devoured by animals, or from falling upon a soil unfit to receive them, or from perishing by exposure to the inclemencies of the weather. In such, however, as escape these dangers, the process of germination commences as soon as they are supplied with the three requisites of water, oxygen, and heat, in a proper proportion. This process consists in the revival of the embryo from its state of torpidity, when it bursts its integuments, and for a short time exists only upon the food previously laid up for it in the seed, until at length the development of its nutritive organs is completed, when germination is considered to cease, and the function of nutrition begins to be carried on in the ordinary way. This period may be considered analogous to that of suckling in quadrupeds, or more strictly to that of incubation in birds. After an absorption of moisture has taken place, at least equal to the weight of the seed, the descent of the radicle

and ascent of the plumule begin, which constitute the characteristic phenomena of germination; and the exhaustion of the cotyledons, or the consumption of the albumen, if there be any, at length completes the process. Although there are other circumstances usually attending this phenomenon, they do not appear to be among the conditions absolutely essential to its success. The soil, for instance, is of material assistance in supporting the plant, in regulating the quantity of water with which it is supplied, and in furnishing the materials for its future growth; but still the want of a soil is not fatal to germination, though without one we cannot expect a successful issue during the future progress of the plant. The action of light, again, has either no effect on germination, or else it is actually injurious to it: for light promotes the decomposition of carbonic acid, and the fixation of carbon, whereas the process of germination requires the presence of oxygen, in order that it may become united with the superfluous carbon already in the seed and so carry it off. Water appears to be absolutely requisite for diluting the nutriment contained in the cotyledons, or in the albumen; and heat probably acts only as a stimulus. When the certainty of germination is once secured, the radicle is the first part of the embryo which is developed.

We stated that there was a second means of propagating plants, by subdividing them; and we shall now enter upon an examination of this process, and shall compare the results with those obtained from the mode of reproduction just described.

It has been ascertained that the outer coat of the seed, the cotyledons, and the albumen, may each be removed from the embryo when put into a state of germination, without absolutely destroying its life, though the plant can never afterwards recover the shock, but always remains stunted and dwarfish. If the plumule be removed, a further development of the radicle will still take place, and if the radicle be removed, the plumule still continues to increase; at the same time also an effort is made to restore the mutilated part. There is of course a limit beyond which these mutilations cannot be carried without destroying the life of the plant; but these facts tend to show us that life is actually present in every part, and that it makes an effort to supply the loss of any organ that is removed, by the formation of a new one. It is upon the success of this effort that the property of "multiplication by division" depends: where those organs which are wanting in the detached part become renewed by the appropriation of part of the nutriment originally stored in this part for its further development. The power of multiplying by division, exists, indeed, in a small number of individuals of the animal

kingdom, and forms one of the most remarkable characteristics of vegetables, among which it appears to be almost universally possible. De Candolle proposes to restrict the name of "tubercle" to every kind of gem or bud which is capable of being developed into a perfect plant when detached from the parent stock. The peculiarity of the tubercle consists in its first developing its ascending organs, by which it differs remarkably from the seed, in which the descending organs are always first protruded.

The reproduction of the descending organs takes place whenever a portion of the stem is exposed to moisture, and may proceed also from other organs, as the leaf. Although there are evidently very considerable differences attending these two modes by which a plant may be propagated, by seed or by division, yet in the formation of the embryo and of the tubercle upon the same individual, these bodies evidently exert a mutual influence on each other. The law which regulates this influence is not known, but it is most probable that in all plants which produce both seeds and tubercles, the one sort fails in proportion as the other succeeds; there seems, therefore, to be considerable plausibility in the notion that each of them is only a peculiar state of some common germ of vitality, modified by circumstances, of which we are, and perhaps ever shall remain, utterly ignorant.

If the laws which regulate the reproduction of flowering plants are to be considered as undetermined, we must allow that scarcely any thing is known of those which provide for the reproduction of the cryptogamic tribes. Many species among them possess two modes of reproduction, the one by the formation of sporules, and the other by the subdivision of their parts. There appears to be no solid foundation for the old notion, now, indeed, scarcely entertained by any one, that some species originate from spontaneous generation; for though the assertion, "*omne vivum ab ovo*," may, perhaps, be justly considered too hazardous, yet every well-attested fact tends to show us that the appearance of a fresh individual on the surface of the earth must be the result of one or other of the two modes of reproduction here described.

The study of "species" forms the basis of every scientific classification of plants, and one inquiry of the vegetable physiologist should be directed to ascertain the limits within which the characters of a given species may vary. Botanists have hitherto sadly neglected the only sure means of bringing this question to a satisfactory issue, namely, the test of careful experiment. Various theories have been framed by different observers, some of whom suppose with De Candolle that originally there were a certain number of primitive types, or forms of species, created, from

whence all subordinate varieties have resulted; and although, as in hybrids, a form intermediate between two of these original types may arise, yet they imagine that no very considerable or essential deviation from them has ever been subsequently introduced; and also, that no entirely new type has ever originated from them. Others again, with Linnæus, have not only imagined that many new forms have resulted from a combination of different species, but that, by crossing the species of different families, even new genera may have arisen. All hypothesis, however, on this subject, remains hitherto unsubstantiated by any thing like the satisfactory evidence of experimental proof, which can be considered the only legitimate basis of philosophical speculation. In our present state of knowledge, the various modifications to which a species is subject, are severally called its varieties, races, variations, deformations, monstrosities, and hybrids. Some of these kinds of modification originate from the influence of external causes alone, others are the result of certain peculiarities and combinations connected with the fecundating process; and, as these latter belong strictly to the inherent qualities of organized bodies, they are consequently more difficult to comprehend, and impossible to be accounted for. According to the notions by which botanists are at present guided in their classifications of the different individuals of the vegetable kingdom, we may often find two distinct species, apparently differing less from each other than two varieties of one and the same species; but whether such notions are correct must depend entirely upon the accuracy of our idea of what a species is. De Candolle considers a species as embracing every possible variety of form which may be produced from seed prepared by a single individual, or by a couple of individuals. But this definition includes all hybrids, and would therefore compel us either to consider the parents of a hybrid to be of the same species, or the hybrid itself to be a newly created species. He is, moreover, disposed to consider all permanent varieties, or true races of plants, as hybrids more or less removed from the parent types, and which have become capable of reproducing their kind by seed. As a conventional term, and until the subject is better understood, the ordinary idea attached to this word had better remain; which supposes a single species to embrace all varieties which sufficiently resemble each other, to allow of our considering them to be not improbably the offspring of a single individual, or (in the diœcious species) of a pair of individuals of the same kind. Hybrids we would still class apart from true species, until the laws which regulate their formation shall become better understood. The permanence of true species seems to be strongly attested by the fact, that any of those modi-

fications in form which have resulted from the operation of external causes, may often be removed, by subjecting the individual to the effects of other causes of an opposite description. As when plants, for instance, which have assumed one character whilst growing in a moist situation, are made to assume another when they are transplanted into dry ground. The production of hybrids, also, and of such varieties as constitute distinct races, never introduces any entirely new form, but merely modifies those which are already in existence. The permanent character of particular forms has also been fully established by authentic records in the history of the last three thousand years; a fact which must outweigh any vague conjectures or unsubstantiated theories to the contrary. More than eighty plants have been recognized on the monuments of Egypt as being identical with such as are still in existence, and the fragments of twenty species at least have been actually found among their mummies. Our ignorance of the origin of species is no argument for concluding them to have been produced by the agency of external causes, and it is far better for us to confess these facts to be beyond the limits of our knowledge, and to confine our attention to what is clear and comprehensible. Hybrids are manifestly analogous to mules in the animal kingdom, and their rarity in a wild state is nearly equally great in each case, although they may readily enough be procured by art. As the smallest possible quantity of pollen is sufficient to fertilize the ovules, and as these, when once impregnated, are rendered incapable of receiving any fresh influence, it could not often happen that the stigma would receive the pollen of another plant, with which it might be capable of hybridizing, before some portion of its own must have fallen upon it.

Besides the several peculiar phenomena which belong to the separate functions of nutrition and reproduction, there are others which may be considered as equally allied to either of them. The consideration of these forms the subject of a separate book in our author's second volume.

A marked law of symmetry regulates the conditions under which the vegetable structure is presented to us, in such plants as are closely allied in natural affinity, however much they may differ in certain individual peculiarities; these peculiarities always depending upon some modification in the mode of development in certain organs, or upon the partial or entire suppression of them in the one and not in the other species. Repeated examples have shown us, that certain organs may sometimes be accidentally developed in plants in which they are generally absent, or else may disappear in some individuals of a species where they are usually present. It is by the study of these peculiar "monstrosities,"

that we are enabled to ascertain the actual existence of particular organs in a latent or undeveloped state; and it has been by connecting the results of such inquiries, that the whole theory of the natural classification of plants has of late years undergone a complete revolution. The chief phenomena which regulate the conditions essential to the extension of this kind of knowledge, are the abortion, degeneration, metamorphosis, and adhesion of certain parts. The account of these belongs more especially to the organographical department of botany, and very little is known to the physiologist of the causes which produce them. The non-development, or "abortion" of any latent organ in a plant, seems to arise very frequently from its compression by some contiguous part, or else from an abstraction of its nutriment by another part which exerts a greater vital activity. As these effects depend upon the relative position of such parts, the influencing cause begins to operate even from their nascent state, and long before their form is discernible by us. We have, consequently, no control over these causes, and their influence could never have been noticed by us, if nature herself had not assisted in the discovery by producing those occasional aberrations from the ordinary state of plants which are known by the name of "monstrosities." That all the various parts of the fructification are modifications only of the leaf, is demonstrable by an appeal to numerous examples of monstrosities in which these parts may be seen to possess an intermediate character. But we are still utterly ignorant of the nature of those predisposing causes which are capable of effecting such wonderful modifications in the form, colour, consistency, and nervation of this single organ, and, above all, such a complete dissimilarity between its various functions.

The modifications resulting from the "adhesion" of corresponding parts are of great importance in studying the affinities of different species, and the laws which regulate this phenomenon are of high interest to us in an economical point of view; for it is upon the knowledge of them that a true theory of grafting must depend, an operation no less useful to the horticulturist, than its effects are wonderful to the physiologist. "Adhesion" consists in the perfect union or blending of the cellular tissues of two parts, which are supposed to have been originally distinct in their nascent state; and it is to be met with in every class of plants. Besides the ordinary causes of adhesion, resulting from some constant predisposition in the plants themselves to produce this effect in certain parts of their texture, we often meet with it in nature, where it has evidently been the result of accident. Two fruits, or two branches, by growing close together, will gradually adhere by the union of their tissues,

and then continue to grow as one specimen. Now grafting is nothing more than the artificial production of the same effect. The art is reputed to be of Phœnician origin; and the Romans have left us many fabulous accounts of the wonders which, as they asserted, might be performed by it; none of which, however, are so wonderful as the simple truth itself. It has been customary, in all works on this subject, to describe the union of the graft and stock as commencing between the libers, or inner layers of bark, in each; but De Candolle exposes the fallacy of this opinion, and has shown that it is their alburnums, or outermost layers of wood, which first unite. It is through the alburnum that the rising sap is conducted to the graft, and the adhesion of the libers cannot be affected until afterwards, when the descending sap returns into the stock by this channel. A graft never succeeds, excepting between such species as are nearly allied, or which at least belong to plants of the same natural family, and no credit is to be given to the accounts of fruit and flowers having become considerably modified by being grafted on plants of an opposite nature from themselves: such as the pretended case of a rose, on a black currant, being rendered black; or of a jessamine, on an orange, obtaining the scent of the latter. The only apparent exception to the law which requires that the graft and stock should be at least of the same family, occurs in certain parasites which are found on trees of different natural orders. The misletoe, which is a seeming exception in many particulars to the ordinary laws of vegetation, is a plant of this kind. But there is this very esssntial difference between the manner in which the misletoe adheres to the tree upon which it lives, and the union of the graft and stock: whilst the latter unite both by their wood and bark, the former unite by their wood alone. This parasite, requiring only a supply of the rising sap, which is much the same in all plants, is afterwards enabled to nourish itself by elaborating this material in its own organs; but then it can restore nothing to the tree upon which it is supported, owing to the want of union between the tissues of their barks. But although, generally speaking, grafting appears to produce no material change in the character of the plant, yet there are certain slight alterations which arise from this cause in particular cases; the size, habit, duration, and even flavour of the fruit being sometimes modified by it. Grafting is, in the economy of vegetation, what commerce is in the political arrangements of society: it creates nothing, but serves as a means of transporting and disseminating that which is most useful and most required. It is of some importance also to the botanist, enabling him to ascertain the affinities of plants in certain doubtful cases.

An ingenious proposal has been made of changing the characters of diœcious plants into monœcious, by grafting a branch from the male upon the female, and thus superseding the necessity of cultivating the former in plantations where it has hitherto been found necessary to do so, merely for the purpose of supplying the fertile individuals with the pollen requisite for setting their fruit.

Another phenomenon to be noticed here, is the constant descent of the root and ascent of the stem, which philosophers had been puzzled to account for. Some had ascribed it to a kind of instinct in plants, analogous to that which is observable in animals; others considered it to arise from a peculiar effect of the vital force. At length Mr. Knight, in the Philosophical Transactions for 1806, demonstrated experimentally, that the proximate cause at least of this phenomenon depended on the law of gravitation. This he proved by causing seed to grow on the circumference of two revolving wheels; one of which was placed vertically, and the other horizontally. The seeds on the vertical wheel germinated with their plumules directed towards its centre, and their radicles from it, which effects could be ascribed only to the centrifugal force having been substituted by this arrangement for the force of gravity. In the horizontal wheel, the radicles were inclined outwards, and the plumules inwards with respect to the vertical axis of the wheel; the action of gravity not being nullified, but merely having its effects modified in this case, by combining with those produced by the action of the centrifugal force. Still, however, a question arises, as to the precise manner in which the force of gravity produces these effects upon the germinating seeds. De Candolle explains this by referring to the difference between the mode of growth in the root and stem. The root increases in length by successive additions to its extremity only, which is continually in a soft state, and always tending to descend vertically by its own weight; but the stem increases for some time through out its whole extent, and if it be at all inclined to the horizon, the grosser and more nutritive particles in the sap tend towards the lower surface, which is in consequence rendered more vigorous than the upper, and the fresh fibres, extending themselves more rapidly on that side, produce an incurvation upwards. Upon a similar principle he explains the tendency of the ascending organs to turn to the light, which, by decomposing the carbonic acid in the young shoots, would necessarily cause that side which is most exposed to its influence to fix most carbon in its tissue; and, consequently, to become sooner rigid than the other side, whose fibres would be more extended, and thus produce the incurvation observed. The causes of the tendril twisting itself into a spiral, and of the convolution of the stems of climbing plants,

are unknown. Dr. Wollaston suggested that these effects might depend upon the diurnal course of the sun, and proposed that plants should be raised in the southern hemisphere from the seeds of certain climbers which had grown in the northern hemisphere, in order to see whether the direction in which the convolutions would take place, might not be different from what it was before; but it does not seem to us evident why any such result should be at all expected from this experiment, and we have climbers from the southern hemisphere turning the same way as other species of the same genus which grow in the northern.

One great distinction between animals and vegetables consists in the power which the former possess of spontaneously moving various parts of their bodies; for, although there are certain plants which are known to have a power of motion in some of their organs, yet this is very different in its character from that which animals exhibit. The sleep of plants, as it is termed, is a phenomenon of this class. Not only do many flowers close and expand at different hours during the day and night, but the leaves also of many plants exhibit a similar property. This is extremely common in the compound leaves of the *Leguminosæ*, whose leaflets close together in pairs, either by their upper or under surfaces. Eleven distinct modes have been observed in which leaves fold together in the sleep of plants; but in all these cases, the sort of effect which takes place is very different from that which is manifested by the sleep of animals. It is a mere change of position, without any relaxation of the parts affected, which remain equally rigid as before. The action of light evidently produces an effect in determining and modifying the sleep of plants, though it does not appear that this agent can be regarded otherwise than as a stimulant, and not as the efficient cause of the phenomenon, which seems to reside in a predisposition of the plant itself to assume these periodical changes. A singular example is noticed of a species of *Acacia*, whose leaves sleep by night, and its flowers by day. In a few species, similar motions may be excited in these organs, by the application of mechanical or chemical stimulants, of which the Sensitive-plant affords the best known and most remarkable instance.

The different colours in plants are probably owing to different degrees of oxygenation in their chromule, which is every where present in their cellular texture in the forms of minute globules. It is colourless in its primitive state; but as soon as the parts capable of becoming green are enabled to decompose carbonic acid by their exposure to light, the chromule assumes a green tint. In the autumn, when oxygen continues to be absorbed, but

ceases to be given out again by the leaves, the chromule assumes a yellow or a red tint. As the small globules contained in the cellular tissue of the flower and other coloured parts appear to be of the same nature as those in the leaf, it is the most plausible conclusion to suppose, that all vegetable colours are modifications of this single substance. A very small portion of light seems to be all that is necessary for colouring the chromule of some plants. Humboldt observed a sea-weed (*Fucus vitifolius*), brought up by the lead from the depth of one hundred and eighty feet, to be perfectly green, though the light diffused at the spot where it had grown must have been nearly fifteen hundred times less than at the surface of the sea. It is almost a general rule, that those species which possess varieties of a blue colour, do not embrace varieties of a yellow colour, and *vice versâ*, though either class may possess others which are red or green. The following scale will represent what other varieties may, *à priori*, be expected in a given species, upon observing a variety which possesses one or other of the colours mentioned in the right or left-hand column:—

	GREEN.
Greenish blue.	Greenish yellow.
Blue.	Yellow.
Violet-blue.	Orange-yellow.
Violet.	Orange.
Reddish violet.	Orange-red.
	RED.

There are, however, several decided exceptions to this rule; and it does not hold good in some party-coloured flowers, as in the *Convolvulus tricolor*, which has a yellow zone in the throat, and a blue band at the summit of the corolla.

All white flowers are exceedingly diluted tints of different colours; a fact which first furnished a valuable hint to the flower painter Redouté, who arrived at very great perfection in the art of representing white flowers on a white ground. All blacks are intensely deep tints of various colours.

Nothing is known of the causes which produce so great a variety in the taste and scent of different plants. The senses are bad criterions for enabling us to decide and classify these phenomena, as we may readily perceive when we find the odour of arsenic to be exactly like that of garlic, and the smell of musk to exist in several plants. It is observed that the vegetable substances which are the most tasteless are frequently those which afford the most nutriment, and hence it is customary to improve their flavour by the addition of some condiment. This result is often obtained naturally in certain alimentary species, which are

nearly allied to others of a dangerous quality, or is produced by blanching some poisonous plants themselves, when their bad qualities are masked by the superabundant quantity of wholesome nutriment that is thus formed.

The discussion on the "individuality" and "duration" of plants is of great interest; involving, as it does, questions of national importance respecting the improvement and growth of timber plantations, and connecting the inquiries of the botanist with those of the geologist respecting the previous conditions of the earth's surface.

Various opinions have been broached as to what ought to be considered an "individual" in botany; some would apply the term in its ordinary acceptation to every separate plant, whilst others consider each separate bud as a distinct "individual;" and others, again, would have every cell of the cellular texture to be elevated to the rank of an "individual" being. De Candolle allows each of these suppositions to maintain its ground, by calling a single cell "an individual cell," a single bud "an individual bud," &c.; whilst he himself proposes to consider the duration of an "individual plant," without caring whether it may have originated from the development of a cell, seed, tubercle, slip, or from any other source. There are two modes of considering an "individual plant:" either as an assemblage of buds round a common axis, where each bud is supposed to be endowed with a separate existence; or else as a single being, whose functions are performed by certain organs, the whole of which are annually replaced by a completely new set. Either hypothesis will allow for the life of an individual plant being indefinite in duration. If we consider the trunk of a tree to be increased by the materials accumulated by fresh crops of buds annually produced upon its surface, then it bears a strong analogy to a coral reef, the animals of which possess an individual existence, and are separately employed in increasing the aggregate mass of their habitations. Strictly speaking, then, the death of a tree can never result from any effects of old age at all similar to those which necessarily destroy life in the animal kingdom, where we find a very limited period of existence assigned to each individual, in consequence of the obstruction of those organs which are destined to perform the function of nutrition, which may be carried on during the old age of the tree as vigorously as it was performed by the young plant. Those causes, then, which ultimately destroy life in plants must be classed as accidents, or as proceeding from various diseases, induced by the influence of external agency; large limbs are broken off by their own weight, and thus rottenness is introduced into the heart of the trunk, which gradually becomes too feeble to support the foliage, and

is blown down. But wherever these and similar accidents have been prevented, trees have attained to a vast antiquity, and there are very plausible reasons for believing that there are at this time in existence many which have endured far beyond the records of history, and must have been standing shortly after the last general catastrophe to which this earth has been subjected. That the life of very many plants is necessarily short, as in the case of annuals, biennials, and others, seems to arise from the complete exhaustion which they suffer during the maturation of their seed, all the nutriment prepared in their stems being wholly abstracted by this effort.

In order, however, to give some weight to these conjectures respecting the possible duration of certain trees, it is necessary that we should point out the method by which we are enabled to approximate to the age of very old trees, with some tolerable degree of certainty. In many exogenous trees, which is the character of all the timber of temperate climates, the number of concentric zones observable in a transverse section of their stems, affords an exact measure of their duration, provided the section be made near the root. By placing a strip of paper upon the surface of such a section, and extending it from the centre to the bark, the distances between the several zones can be marked upon it, and thus a register may be formed both of their number and of the relative growth of different years. On account, however, of the frequent inequalities in different parts of the same zone, it is better to take the girth of the tree, and obtain the mean rate of increase, by dividing the mean diameter by the number of zones. No good result can be obtained from any observations of this kind upon trees that are much below a hundred years, as their rate of growth is too unsteady, and varies too much in different individuals prior to this period; but very useful averages may be obtained from old trees, because, after a certain age, they obtain a more settled rate of increase. The averages which are thus obtained, will serve us for approximating to the age of others. They may also serve as a test for calculating the relative worth of timber of the same kind, as a building material: since the preserving quality in wood depends upon its compactness, and this again upon the slowness of its growth, it may be seen, by simply inspecting the layers of any particular specimen, whether its age is above or below the general average of trees of the same bulk, and consequently whether the compactness of the timber is greater or less than usual. There are various methods of obtaining a scale, which may serve for approximating to the ages of trees, besides the one just mentioned. Their rates of increase may be obtained by measuring their trunks at successive intervals of

time; or a lateral incision may be made, and the number of layers counted to a certain depth. In all these expedients, however, the observer must be careful to make great allowance for the fact, that trees increase more rapidly in the early stages of their growth than afterwards. The dimensions of several very large trees have been recorded both by ancient and modern observers, and various conjectures have been offered respecting their probable ages. Some of these trees, indeed, like the celebrated chesnut of Mount Ætna, appear to have resulted from the union of several trunks which had grown near together. There are others, however, as the oaks, and more especially the yews, recorded by Evelyn, which are single trees of vast antiquity. De Candolle, by computing the results of several observations, has ascertained the average increase of the yew to be about one line, or the twelfth of an inch, in diameter, yearly. Applying this rate for calculating the ages of the four most celebrated yew-trees in Great Britain, whose dimensions are on record, he finds them respectively to have lived 1214, 1287, 2558, and 2880 years. In the first of these examples, we have the testimony of history for knowing that this tree was in existence, and must have been of considerable size, in the year 1133, it being recorded that the monks took shelter under it whilst they were rebuilding Fountain's Abbey. These and other facts respecting the probable duration of some of the largest European trees, throw considerable plausibility on the views of Adanson, who, nearly a century ago, had constructed a table, from a regular geometrical formula, for calculating the probable ages of the enormous Baobabs of Senegal. The extended duration of these trees is favoured by the circumstances of their not attaining to any great height, and by their growing in a country where they are never exposed to the effects of frost; there are several examples of their trunks attaining to the enormous dimensions of sixty, and even ninety feet in circumference. Adanson mentions the data upon which he proceeded in constructing his table, and there is no apparent reason for our supposing that his conclusions do not lie within the truth. For example, his table ascribes the age of 210 years to a trunk six feet in diameter: but he had found some trees of this size in a small island off Cape Verd, upon which he noticed the traces of inscriptions, some of which were dated from the fourteenth, and others from the fifteenth century.

Now we can hardly suppose their diameters to have been less than four feet at the time when the inscriptions were first carved upon them: a supposition which allows an increase of only two feet in 300 years, and which would consequently make them 800 instead of 210 years old, as shown by the table. What, then,

must be the age of a similar tree of thirty feet in diameter? The table itself ascribes to it a life of 5150 years! But this subject has hitherto engaged so little of the attention of observers, that we want additional testimony before we can be expected to place much confidence in speculations which, it must be confessed, are, at first sight, very startling. De Candolle, indeed, seems to consider the question in some measure settled, and sums up his account with the following remarks:

"I think that I have given a detailed proof in this section of the existence, past or present, on the earth, of some very old trees, viz. of an

Elm	of	335 years
Cypress	about	350
Cheirostemon	about	400
Ivy		450
Larch		576
Orange		630
Olive		700
Oriental Plane		720 and upwards
Cedar of Lebanon	about	800
Oak		810; 1080; 1500
Lime		1076; 1147
Yew		1214; 1458; 2588; 2880
Taxodium	about	4000 to 6000
Baobab		5150 (in the year 1757)"

—p. 1007.

Before we quite dismiss these wonders, we must mention that M. de Candolle appears to have somewhat exaggerated, or, as some may think, improved upon, the account of the Baobab given by Adanson in his "Familles des Plantes." That excellent observer stated the inscriptions which he examined to have been on the *surface* of the tree, but M. de Candolle has somehow made out that he had detected them in the *inside!*

"The Baobab," says he, "is the most celebrated instance of extreme longevity which has hitherto been noticed with any degree of accuracy. In its native country it bears a name which signifies 'a thousand years;' and, contrary to what is usual, this name expresses what is in reality short of the truth. Adanson has noticed one in the *Cape de Verd Islands* which had been observed by *two English travellers* three centuries earlier: he found *within* its trunk the inscription which *they* had engraved there covered over by *three hundred woody layers*, and thus was enabled to estimate the bulk by which this enormous plant had increased in three centuries."!!—p. 1003.

Let us compare this account with Adanson's own words, observing the passages we have noted in italics.

"Those which I saw in 1749 on the '*Isles de la Madeleine*,' near

Cape Verd, with inscriptions of *Dutch* names, such as Rew, and other, *French* names, the former dating from the fourteenth and the latter from the fifteenth century, which inscriptions I renewed, merely adding below them, 'renewed in 1749,' were then about six feet in diameter. These same trees were seen in 1555, that is to say, two hundred years earlier, by Tevet, who notices them in the account of his *Voiage aux Terres Antarktikes*,* describing them merely as 'fine trees,' without mentioning their thickness, which must at least have been three or four feet, judging from the little space occupied by the characters forming the inscription; they had therefore enlarged about two or three feet in *two hundred* years."—*Familles des Plantes*, Preface, p. ccxvi.

If, again, we compare these passages with De Candolle's former observation on the subject, in his *Organographie*, we confess ourselves at a loss how to account for his present mistake, otherwise than by supposing it to have arisen from his trusting merely to memory, which in this, as well as in some other instances we have marked, has been treacherous.

"Whenever we find on old barks the traces of some ancient inscription, it may be made use of as an index where to search for it in the corresponding part of the wood, and then, if it has originally penetrated to the alburnum, traces of it will be found buried beneath the woody layers: in this case an exact verification may be obtained of the age of the inscription, and of that of the tree. *If* Adanson could have done this on the Baobab of the 'Madeleine,' we should be in possession of a more certain document of the real age of these veterans of the organized world."—*Organog.* vol. ii. p. 192.

There is no direct method by which we can ascertain the age of endogenous trees, and as these are chiefly confined to tropical climates, botanists are as yet in possession of very few documents on this subject. The celebrated Dragon's-blood (*Dracæna draco*) of Orotava, in Teneriffe, appears to be an individual of prodigious antiquity. When the island was first discovered, in 1402, this tree was held in veneration by the natives for its great size; and the four centuries which have since elapsed had seemingly produced very little alteration in its general appearance up to the year 1819, when a large portion of the top was blown down in a violent tempest: the remainder, however, still continues to flourish in its pristine vigour.

III. We have already seen that, in order to comprehend the phenomena connected with the two grand functions of Nutrition

* The title of Tevet's work is *Les Singularitez de la France Antarctique*, 1 vol. 12mo. Anvers, 1558, and the account alluded to occurs at p. 18, accompanied by a rude wood-cut of this *arbre estrange*.

and Reproduction, it is necessary to have recourse to experiment, and to examine the various results produced on vegetation by the influence of certain external agents, as light, heat, &c., under different circumstances. When we have examined into the several causes which may have tended in any way to modify the action of the vital principle, and have thus learnt to appreciate the precise share which each has borne in producing the whole effect, we may then separate these results into two classes, the one embracing such as may be ascribed to the action of the vital principle alone, and the other including such as are due to the operation of the external agents. The details already attempted properly belong to the first class; whilst those of the second form a distinct subject, under the newly invented title of "Vegetable Epireology."* The presence of some of these external agents, as light and heat, is essential to the condition of life itself; and therefore the only effects produced by their agency, which require further examination, are those in which their influence is exerted in a greater or less degree than is essential to the healthy state of the plant. Others, however, no way essential to its life, are nevertheless instrumental in modifying its form, or in injuring its health. Surrounded as all organized beings are by an assemblage of various matters, some useful and some noxious to them, their life consists in a constant series of attempts to profit by the presence of the one kind, and to repel the attacks of the other; and as plants are less provided with a variety of resource for accommodating themselves to existing circumstances than animals, we might, *à priori*, expect to find them subject to greater modifications. It is this part of our subject which furnishes the data upon which our speculations in the geographical and agricultural departments of the science must depend, and upon which also we must frame our notions of Vegetable nosology. Epireology may be considered as the counterproof of physiology, the latter teaching us the effects produced by the living plant on the external agent, and the former the effects produced by the agent on the plant. The *first* of these agents is "light," whose action is that of an excitant. If it be too strong for the nature of the plant exposed to its influence, the several functions of nutrition, viz. the succion of the spongioles, the exhalation of the leaves, and their decomposition of carbonic acid, are performed in excess, and a proportionate defect accrues in perfecting the seeds, few or none of which are then ripened. If the light be too feeble, these necessary functions are not completed, and the plant

* Επιρροη, influxus; vel επιρρεω, increpo.

becomes pale and dropsical. Many effects which are popularly ascribed to the influence of the atmosphere, are in fact due to the action of light. Thus the more robust condition of such trees as grow on the outskirts of a forest must be attributed to the greater light which they enjoy; and thus there is an increased produce from corn which is grown upon ridges alternating with others that are allowed to lie fallow. Stove plants in our northern climate suffer much from a want of light in winter, and an ingenious suggestion has been thrown out for remedying this defect by supplying them with gas-light.

A *second* external agent is "electricity," whose action, however, upon vegetables is so little understood that it need scarcely be alluded to. It seems to operate as a stimulant; and it has been observed that vegetation is more vigorous in stormy weather, and that rain is always more serviceable than any artificial irrigation, circumstances which possibly may be ascribed to the electrical conditions of the atmosphere at these times.

A *third* agent is "heat," which also acts as a stimulant to vegetation: an increased temperature augmenting the suction of the roots, determinating and accelerating the germination of the seed, the period of flowering, the maturation of the fruit, &c. &c. Different degrees of temperature are suited to the constitution of different species, but the effects which an increase of temperature produces on the "excitability" of plants are not so well understood as those which it produces on the various materials of which the plant is composed, and the several substances provided for its nutrition. These effects are less decided upon the solid parts than upon the liquids contained within them, and hence the plant is rendered more capable of resisting the extremes of heat and cold in proportion as it contains less water or possesses a more viscid kind of sap. But independently of all the physical causes by which we would explain the influence of temperature on vegetation, there is certainly a specific "excitability" peculiar to different species, by which they are better adapted to live in one temperature than another, and by which, therefore, the natural limits of their several ranges on the surface of the earth are fixed. The effect of an excess of temperature upon the health of a plant varies according as it is accompanied by drought or by humidity. In the first case the plant has a greater tendency to produce flowers, and in the latter leaves. Where the temperature is too low, vegetation becomes languid—a fact which affords us a useful hint not to sow seeds too early, since the stronger plants, which are produced by the warmer season, make up for the lateness of their germination by the greater vigour of their growth. The important subject of the "naturalization" of plants depends

chiefly on considerations connected with the effects produced by different temperatures upon their several constitutions. It is not merely the mean annual temperature which is to guide us in these inquiries, but we must also be watchful of the circumstances connected with the inequalities in its distribution; for it is the extremes of heat and cold at a given place which are found to be most influential in fixing limits to the range of each species in its natural condition. We must also remark, that the laws of agricultural geography will differ from those assigned to botanical geography, inasmuch as there are many species which may be cultivated with success in places where the function of nutrition may be carried on, but where they have not the power of completing the function of reproduction; and then man may continually import fresh seed, and so obtain a constant supply of the young plant. Many erroneous opinions have been advanced on the subject of naturalizing plants, and it has been imagined that, by obtaining a succession in the culture of any species at the same spot, it might gradually be made to sustain a much greater or much less degree of heat than it could support in its native country. It is quite clear, however, that the real fact has been very much overrated, and that the limits within which a plant admits of being "acclimatized" are generally very confined.

A *fourth* agent is the "atmosphere," whose influence has frequently been confounded with that of light. The homogeneity of its chemical composition in all parts of the world excludes the idea of its having any effect in producing those differences of climate which exist under the same parallels of latitude; but these effects must principally be ascribed to the several degrees of moisture with which it is charged in different places. Thus, where fogs prevail, the chances of sterility are increased from the moisture injuring the pollen. It is only by means of the various ingredients accidentally mingled in the atmosphere that this agent produces any striking alteration on the general conditions of vegetation. The deleterious influence of the sea breeze is well known; a smoky atmosphere is also injurious, but the quantity in which various gases are to be met with in it is generally too minute to be productive of any appreciable effects, and we must look to its mechanical and physical properties for producing the greatest influence in modifying the ordinary conditions of vegetation. The agitation of the atmosphere, when not too violent, is decidedly serviceable; its diminished density in high altitudes does not appear to produce any material influence; but this is very difficult to be calculated, as it is connected with other effects, which result from the increase of light and the diminution of temperature and humidity.

A *fifth* external agent is "water," whose presence is so very essential to vegetation. The effects which result from a deficiency in its supply are flaccidity and death: an excess produces an increased tendency in the buds to run to leaf instead of to flower, and the whole plant becomes inclined to rot. Although the basis of all agricultural speculations for a given district ought in some measure to be formed with reference to the mean quantity of rain which annually falls there, yet it is equally necessary to take into consideration the periods of the year in which the rains are most prevalent. Thus the autumnal rains of the south of France are more influential in excluding the naturalization of the cotton-tree from those parts, than any deficiency in the temperature of the climate.

A *sixth* agent is the "soil." However strongly it may have been asserted that the soil has no direct influence on vegetation, because it can be shown that plants may be raised without its assistance, yet it is manifestly of too great importance, both physically and chemically, in the ordinary process of nature, to be passed by unnoticed. It seems, indeed, to be clearly established that this influence is chiefly to be ascribed to the variable degrees in which different soils retain their moisture; but it is not so clear that the earthy particles composing them, when introduced into the system with the water absorbed by the spongioles, produce no effect whatever upon the plant. The alkalis most certainly produce a very marked influence, though even here there are some plants which seem to be indifferent as to which of them they may happen to be supplied with. We think M. de Candolle advances a singularly untenable hypothesis when he suggests that maritime plants do not require the presence of salt as essential to their healthy condition, but may rather be considered in the light of individuals which are better capable of repelling its deleterious effects than others of a less robust constitution. It is true that maritime plants will not live where salt is in excess, any more than others; but this is no argument for supposing that the precise supply which they receive in their natural state is not essential to their perfect health; otherwise, why are so many of them limited to the sea shore, and why do some of them re-appear inland in the neighbourhood of brine-springs and salt-pits? In general we may allow that the direct influence produced on vegetation by the chemical composition of the soil is extremely trifling, and that the greatest effects are due to the mechanical and other physical properties which it possesses, such as its mobility, tenacity, colour, &c. &c. It is over these peculiarities that man possesses the greatest control, and where he is often enabled by his art to bring under culture extensive districts which otherwise

would continue for ever bare of vegetation. No districts of country appear so hopeless of being reclaimed from utter barrenness as those which are subject to a periodical invasion of sand, blown over them by the prevalence of certain winds. The sands on the sea shore, from whence this supply in general originates, by their capillary action attract and preserve in their interstices the water which may chance to be beneath them, or perhaps the soft portion of the sea water itself, and consequently they are always somewhat moist at a little distance below the surface, though the extreme dryness of the surface itself prevents any vegetation from fixing itself upon it. In Holland, England, and other countries where this is the case, it is usual to plant, and to preserve with great care, the sea grasses and sedges (*Arundo arenaria, Elymus arenarius, Carex arenaria,* &c.), which possess long creeping rhizomata, sufficient in some measure to bind the sand, and check its being drifted by the wind. But this expedient is very limited in its effects, and not to be compared with the benefits that have resulted from planting timber in the manner that has been practised on the coast of Gascony, where it was first adopted by an engineer of the name of Bremontier.

"Bremontier's plan," says De Candolle, "is wonderful for its great simplicity. He sows, in the dryest and most shifting sand, the seeds of the broom (*Genista scoparia*) mixed with those of the sea-pine (*Pinus maritima*), and then covers over the spaces that are sown with branches from the nearest pine forests, by which means the sand is, to a certain extent, prevented from shifting. The broom springs up first, and thus serves the double purpose of further restraining the sand, and of nursing the young pines. The latter grow for seven or eight years under shelter of the broom, whose foliage becomes mingled annually with the sand, which it thus partially fertilizes. After this period the pine overtops the broom, and frequently entirely kills it with its shade. In ten or twelve years the rising forest is thinned for the manufacture of tar, and for procuring branches to cover the newly sown districts. After twenty years have passed, a fall of the trees commences for the manufacture of resin. These forests, placed on the dunes (drifting sand-hills) along the sea side, shelter the whole country behind them from the continuous action of the westerly winds, and thus, whilst they themselves yield a supply of an important article of commerce, they protect the produce of the rest of the country. It is highly desirable that this prodigious undertaking, the most splendid agricultural enterprise of our age, should gradually be completed, and thus provide a shelter for the whole district between the mouths of the Adour and Garonne. I regret that the character of this work does not admit of my entering into further detail, and I close this account by stating that I have herborized during a whole day in these forests sown by Bremontier on perfectly dry sand, upon which, before his time, there could scarcely be seen any trace of vegetation."—p. 1236.

It is difficult to estimate the influence which the chemical

action of an earthy substance may be supposed to exert on plants, since all soils contain nearly the same ingredients in various degrees of intermixture. Any botanic garden is sufficient evidence how large a number of different species may exist in the same soil. The various methods adopted for rendering soils more fertile must depend upon the different modes in which each particular soil is observed to affect the plants that grow upon it. De Candolle devotes a chapter to these inquiries, and estimates the effects produced by manual labour, the addition of stones, of sand, of clay, &c. &c., and describes the process and result of manuring with decomposing organized matters. As these details are somewhat foreign to the specific object of his work, we shall not dwell upon them, but pass on to a subject more strictly physiological in some of its details, and of nearly equal importance in the practical results which it involves—we mean the process employed by nature in healing whatever wounds trees may receive externally. It is upon this that the whole success of pruning rests, and we shall the more willingly dwell upon the subject, as it is one which has lately given rise to considerable discussion, it having become a matter of doubt among some extensive landed proprietors of this country, whether the old system of "close pruning" has not been productive of immense damage to our forests, and whether it ought not to be entirely laid aside in favour of another system, which has been termed "fore-shortening." These inquiries appear to have originated from an examination of the effects which are always produced in timber whenever a branch is cut off close to the trunk of the tree; and it is rightly asserted, that wherever this had been done, a complete solution of continuity exists between the old wood and that which had been formed over the wounded surface; and that in many cases, though by no means in all, decay and rottenness has been introduced to a greater or less extent into the very heart of the tree. Where the pruned branch is large, the blemish thus introduced is proportionably great, and must always diminish the value of the timber, even though it should not have caused the introduction of any rottenness. But although such, it must be allowed, are undeniably the bad effects of close pruning, it does not follow that the proposed alternative of fore-shortening is any way preferable to it; and we shall first consider the mode in which all wounds are healed over, and then examine the question whether the damage produced by fore-shortening is more likely to be counteracted by the subsequent efforts of vegetation than those which are introduced by close pruning.

Whenever the stem is wounded by the removal of a portion of the bark, and the wood becomes exposed to the action of the atmosphere,

a double influence is exerted in gradually decomposing its texture: one arises from the union of its carbon with oxygen, as in the ordinary process of decomposition; and the other from the humidity by which it is penetrated, dissolving some parts of the tissue, and in reducing it generally to a soft and disorganized state. These results will of course be very different according to the nature of the wood attacked, and to the length of time that the wound requires to be healed over. As soon, however, as the wood is secured from further exposure to the atmosphere, the damage ceases to increase, though the blemish which has been introduced admits of no remedy. The new wood and bark which form over the wound, are derived from the growth of the alburnum and liber, which gradually extend themselves from its upper edge, and from along each side, till they meet in the middle and then unite and blend together as in the case of grafting. By judiciously splitting a block vertically at the zone which corresponds to that year's growth in which the surface of a pruned branch was covered over by the fresh wood, every mark of the pruning knife will be found on the discoloured surface of the old wound, as fresh as when it was first impressed upon it, and the new wood will have received a reverse impression of this surface as accurately as a counter receives the stamp of a die. Vertical wounds on the surface of the trunk are those which heal the most readily, because their direction tallies with the course of the cambium, which soon forms a tumour at the upper extremity of the wound and down each side, in the manner just described; and this is more readily extended over the wound in proportion as its surface is smoother. Various composts are useful for protecting the exposed surface from the atmosphere, whilst the healing process is in progress: but nothing of an oily or poisonous description should be employed. Whenever, therefore, pruning is absolutely necessary, it is advisable to prune close, in order to reduce the exposed surface to the condition of a vertical wound; unless, indeed, the limb be very large, when it may be more advisable to prune at some little distance from the trunk, lest the blemish which would be introduced into the timber should be so considerable as more than to counterbalance any advantage that would be obtained. There is no direct means by which a transverse section through the wood may be healed over, and if a branch be lopped at a distance from its point of union with a main branch, or with the trunk itself, the exposed surface never heals over, but causes the decay and death of the branch for some distance back, until this is stopped at some spot where the returning sap is in sufficient quantity to produce fresh wood and bark. The system of "fore-shortening" rests upon the gradual decay of the pruned

branch, until it be ultimately killed by the increasing shade of the superior branches, when its fall will take place in the natural way; as in all branches which grow low upon the stem, and are early stifled by the shade of the upper branches, and which slough off, without producing any very marked blemish in the heart of the tree. Here, however, we must observe, that there is no process for "sloughing off" the decayed parts of vegetables which at all resembles that which takes place in animals; but when the branch has become so completely rotten, as to fall off upon the application of the slightest force, it will be found that the new bark and alburnum which are formed round the base of its stump, always envelops more or less of the rotten wood, which forms a rough and jagged surface to the wound. It is erroneous to suppose that those branches which fall off by a sort of natural pruning, resulting from their being killed by an obstruction of the light, leave comparatively little or no trace of their decay in the heart of the tree; but since it happens that those branches which perish early are always proportionably small, when compared with the bulk to which the trunk attains, the blemishes which they leave may easily be underrated, and this we believe to have been the origin of the error which supposes that the blemish introduced upon the natural decay and fall of a branch is, *ceteris paribus*, of less consequence than that which results upon closely pruning it. The danger which attends all pruning may be diminished by paying attention to a few rules, such as cutting the surface quite smooth, cutting it obliquely so as to prevent the wet from lodging upon it, and especially by cutting close to the main branch or stem. The main object is to procure a rapid development of the new wood, in order that the exposed surface may be secured as speedily as possible from the action of air and moisture; and this, we believe, is best obtained by reducing the cut as nearly as possible to the condition of a vertical wound on the stem. All pruning, then, should be avoided as much as possible: but where it is absolutely necessary, it should be performed as soon and as completely as the young plant or branch may bear it with safety.

We have yet to detail the effects produced by poisons on the vegetable structure, and to refer to some of the important practical results which follow from their consideration. The action of poisons on vegetables is analogous to that which they produce on animals. One class is corrosive, and destroys the tissue on which it acts; whilst another class is narcotic, and destroys vitality without producing any decided alteration on the tissue itself. It has been ascertained that nearly all substances which are poisonous to animals, are likewise so to vegetables, though

the intensities of their several actions are different in the two kingdoms; but, besides these, there are many substances innoxious to animals which are destructive to vegetable life. In fact, it should seem that almost every thing that vegetables can imbibe is injurious to them, excepting water, the insipid earthy salts, carbonic acid, and other gases, gums, and mucilaginous substances, and finally, certain animal matters when introduced in very weak solution. It has been supposed that the presence of a nervous system might be assumed to exist in vegetables, from the mode in which they are destroyed by narcotic poisons; but there is this remarkable difference in the mode in which these substances act on animals and on vegetables: on the former they act by "sympathy" upon certain parts with which they have no immediate contact, whilst in the latter they produce their effect only on those parts of the tissue into which they are introduced. In vegetables, also, all poisons exert their action upon the cellular tissue, whilst in the more complicated structure of the animal frame different poisons will attack only particular tissues; which again seems to prove the existence of no more than one single faculty in vegetable life, as we concluded to be the case, from other considerations, in the beginning of this article. It is a curious fact in the action of vegetable poisons, that a plant may be killed by the poison which it has itself secreted, as a viper may be stung to death by its own venom. Hence it has been very generally noticed, that the soil in which any particular plant has grown, and into which it has consequently discharged the excretions of its roots, is rendered noxious to the growth of plants of the same or of allied species, though it be quite adapted to the support of other species. This fact is of the greatest importance in an economical point of view, as the whole theory of the rotation of crops may be considered to depend upon it. The discovery of this important step in agriculture was probably made by the Belgians; at least they have the merit of having developed the theory of it. Formerly it used to be said, that the whole secret of good husbandry consisted in ploughing well, and in manuring well; but to these must now be added the equally important art of so arranging the cultivation of different crops that they may mutually assist each other, and thus enable the farmer to obtain the greatest possible annual return from the same land. The whole theory depends upon the fact, that all plants succeed badly upon lands which have lately borne crops of the same species with themselves, or even of the same genus, or of the same family. This effect is not owing to any exhaustion of the soil that must have taken place during the growth of the previous crop, but arises from a corruption of the soil, by the

intermixture of vegetable excretions given out at the root, which excretions are always more deleterious to plants of the same kind than to others. It is even ascertained that the excretions of some plants are beneficial to the growth of others of a different family; the *Leguminosæ*, for example, improving the soil for the *Gramineæ*. Agriculturists have proposed various theories to account for the beneficial results obtained by a rotation of crops. Some have supposed that one species, by its denser foliage, chokes the weeds which otherwise would spring up, and assists the crop in exhausting the soil; others have attributed the improvement that has taken place to the remains of the previous crop, which they suppose may have served as manure; a third have said, that the roots of different crops extend themselves to different depths, and so extract their nourishment from portions of the soil which do not interfere with each other; and lastly, it has been urged, that plants of different families may possibly derive their nourishment from different materials. It may be true that some of these causes have a certain degree of influence in determining which may be the most proper plants for a rotation, but they can only be considered as of very secondary importance when compared with that which relates to the deterioration of the soil, by its intermixture with the radical excretions of a previous crop. After enumerating some of the collateral circumstances which should direct the judgment of cultivators in selecting such plants as may be best adapted to a rotation of crops in any particular district, De Candolle proposes the following fundamental and physiological principles, which ought to be attended to where complete success is to be expected. *First*, a new crop ought never to succeed another of the same kind, unless under some very peculiar circumstances, as where the soil is annually renewed, or where it is naturally so fertile as to be capable of resisting the inconveniences which ordinarily result from such a system. *Secondly*, a new crop ought not to succeed another which has been raised from plants of the same family. A remarkable exception to this rule occurs in the practice adopted in the valley of the Garonne, where the soil admits of a biennial alternation between wheat and maize. *Thirdly*, all plants with acrid and milky juices injure the quality of the soil, and their remains should never be buried after the removal of a crop. *Fourthly*, plants with sweet and mucilaginous juices improve the soil for others of a different family. The chief of these are the *Leguminosæ*, which are commonly adopted in practice for this purpose.

The great importance of this subject may well excuse our author for having entered somewhat more into its details than a work devoted to vegetable physiology might otherwise have war-

ranted. But botany and agriculture are like two provinces of the same empire, which are separated by a broad river, with theory on the one side, and practice on the other; numerous bridges ought therefore to be constructed across this river, and our author has succeeded in erecting some, and in rebuilding others, on better principles than those which have hitherto been adopted. It now becomes the duty of the agriculturist to take advantage of them, and to study botany more zealously than he has hitherto done, and perhaps than it was possible for him to do, whilst the descriptive department of the science was still restricted within the limits of an artificial system, and its physiology was entirely based upon vague hypotheses.

An Appendix is added to the work, for the purpose of pointing out to those who may be desirous of rendering their assistance towards the further elucidation of the subject, how they may best accomplish this object. There are many points of first-rate importance in the establishment of a correct theory, which are as yet undetermined; so that any one who chooses to enter on this field may soon expect to find ample opportunity for making fresh discoveries. Not only the descriptive botanist, but the chemist, the natural philosopher, the agriculturist, the distant traveller, and the physiologist, are all called upon to lend their aid in determining certain questions within the sphere of their respective observation, and we cannot possibly do better than close this long article by seconding the wishes of our author, that they may be persuaded to listen to his advice.

ART. IV.—*Yurii Miloslavsky, ili Russkie v' 1612 godu.* (Yurii Miloslavsky, or the Russians in the Year 1612.) By M. J. Zagoskin. Second Edition. Moscow, 1830. 3 vols. 8vo.

IT was our intention to have noticed this production at some length, in a former article on Russian novels;* but we then contented ourselves with briefly adverting to it, from a belief that an English translation of it, which had been long-promised, would appear simultaneously with that number of our Review. As all idea of publishing that seems now entirely abandoned, our readers will probably not be sorry to be furnished with the means of judging whether the non-appearance of the projected translation need be matter of regret.† Perhaps the very circumstance of this literary miscarriage here, may excite more curiosity to learn

* See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. viii. pp. 117 and 139.

† To such as are unacquainted with the language of the original—and we are afraid that the number is very large compared with those that have that advantage—the information that translations of this romance have been published both in French and German, may be an acceptable piece of intelligence.

something of M. Zagoskin's romance, than would be caused by the celebrity it has procured for its author in his own country, where it obtained on its very first appearance the almost unanimous suffrages of the public, besides unequivocal marks of imperial favour.

Much of this popularity may, undoubtedly, be ascribed to the particular point of history chosen by the writer as the ground-work of his narrative; for it is one well calculated to have prepossessed the good people of Russia in behalf of a weaker pen than M. Zagoskin's. Few epochs in their annals possess greater interest for them than that when their patriots, Minin and Pozharsky, liberated their country from internal dissension and foreign oppression,—from anarchy on the one hand, and from the yoke of Polish dominion on the other. Such a theme is far better calculated for the meridians of Moscow and St. Petersburg, than for those of London or Paris; and to say the truth, we are somewhat inclined to suspect that the strong popular feeling in this country in favour of the Poles may have had its weight in preventing the appearance of the work in an English dress. We are not, however, deterred by that feeling from fulfilling the intention we had entertained—and but for the reason above mentioned should have long since carried into effect—of making our readers acquainted with the production before us, which, in our candid opinion, possesses sufficient merit to entitle it to a very respectable place among the fictitious literature of modern Europe. If we were politicians, the book might afford us a most tempting opportunity for adding another to the many elaborate discussions with which the public has been favoured on the present unfortunate relations between two nations which have for centuries before and since the period to which this romance refers, been accustomed to regard each other alternately in the light of oppressor and oppressed; but as our ambition at present aims no higher than to furnish an entertaining article to the novel reader, we shall at once put aside all political topics, and proceed to the matter in hand.

The events which M. Zagoskin has taken for the ground-work of his story are important not merely in a historical, but in a political point of view, inasmuch as the results of them are not yet obliterated, although the condition of the two nations is now reversed; and as patriotism is a virtue that seldom observes the golden mean, his countrymen are likely to perceive only a vindication of their present conduct towards Poland,* in those cir-

* It is but fair towards the author to keep in mind that this romance made its appearance several months *prior* to the insurrection—we can no longer call it revolution—of Poland in 1830.

cumstances from which others may possibly draw a very opposite inference. Yet even the friends of the Poles are not more likely on that account to be pleased with a picture that exhibits Poland as a ruthless oppressor in her days of power. Most calamitous was the state of Russia after the death of Boris Godunov: scarcely had the elevation of Shuisky to the vacant throne promised some restoration from the distractions caused by the first Demetrius, when another usurper, who gave himself out as the son of Ivan, again threw the country into a state of anarchy. Moscow was occupied by the Poles, and at this conjuncture, despairing of any other resource, many of the principal boyars agreed to accept Vladislav, or Ladislav, the son of Sigismund III., as their sovereign, on condition of his abjuring Catholicism, and embracing the faith of the Greek church. Among these was Yurii Miloslavsky, a young noble, who, notwithstanding his hatred of the Poles, vowed allegiance to the Polish prince, hoping that his authority would put an end to civil dissensions, and check the insolence of his own countrymen towards the Russians.

At the opening of the narrative we find Yurii and his faithful servant Alexei proceeding on their route to Nishnei Novogorod, whither Miloslavsky is sent by Gonsævsky, the Polish voivode of Moscow, on a mission to the stubborn inhabitants, to persuade them to acknowledge Ladislav as their sovereign, instead of involving their country in still greater disasters by holding out against him, and urging others to follow their example. The travellers have lost their way in a snow storm, and are in imminent danger of perishing, when they discover the body of an unfortunate Kozak, who seems already to have met with the fate they are anticipating for themselves. With some difficulty they succeed in restoring animation, and afterwards, in company with the stranger, whose life they have thus opportunely preserved, are so fortunate as to reach a small solitary inn or *postoyaloi dvor* where they are again exposed to some degree of peril. That this accidental meeting with the Kozak is a most opportune circumstance for Miloslavsky, becomes more and more evident as the story proceeds, since, were it not for the intrepidity and resolution of the grateful Kirsha, his adventures would terminate most disastrously, even before he could arrive at Novogorod. In one sense, indeed, Kirsha may be termed his rival, he being in fact quite the hero of the tale, if not of the history—frequently a more prominent personage than Yurii himself—evidently the author's favourite, who has finished up his character more spiritedly and naturally than those of his other actors—and consequently most likely to be the general favourite with readers.

Before our wearied trio arrive at the *postoyaloi dvor* or inn we

have mentioned, we are admitted to the conversation of the guests who are already housed there, and who, with the exception of one individual seated silently apart from the rest, are discussing over their *braga* the political intelligence just communicated to them by a merchant present, that Moscow has sworn allegiance to the son of Sigismund. Some are of opinion that it is disgraceful for Russia to place a stranger on the throne of her tzars, when she has Pozharzky and so many other native princes and boyars, from among whom she might choose herself a sovereign. In this opinion the party are not unanimous, for one of them exclaims with more of cosmopolitan philosophy than patriotism—" What matters it to us who reigns at Moscow—whether it be a Russian tzar or a Polish korolévitch?" On this the taciturn stranger strikes the bench he is sitting upon with much violence, and accompanies his action with such indignant expression of countenance as to startle and intimidate the whole company, especially as his Herculean form convinces them he is one whose strange humours are entitled to respect. A disagreeable pause hereupon ensues, from the awkwardness of which they are relieved by the arrival of Yurii and his two companions.

" ' From what part is your worship?' inquired the merchant.

' From Moscow, brother.'

' Indeed! from Moscow! And prithee, sir stranger, is it true that the people there have sworn fealty to the korolévitch Ladislav?'

' It is even so.'

' A most worthy example to be set by our capital!' exclaimed the strelitz. ' The good people of Moscow do as they please; but, for my part, I would rather obey Demetrius.'

' Obey whom?' asked the zemsky—' the usurper, the *tutinsky vor*?'

' No matter what you call him, he is neither Pole nor unbeliever; but that Vladislav, that heretic'—

' Hark ye, friend,' interposed Yurii, in a tone of no little dissatisfaction; ' I am not fond of wrangling about such matters; you are at liberty, therefore, to think just as you please of the Polish korolévitch, only beware how you let your opinions out of your mouth.'

' Why so? I pray.'

' Because I myself have taken the oath of allegiance to Vladislav, and therefore will not permit any one to abuse him in my presence.'

Compassion and sorrow depicted themselves on the countenance of the silent stranger. He cast a look of melancholy sympathy towards Yurii, who stood, with his arms quietly folded, an image of generous youthful indignation, with a glance that announced defiance to any one who should be hardy enough to contradict him.

The strelitz looked around at the company, but observing no one disposed to support his side of the argument, held his tongue. For some moments no attempt was made to renew the conversation, till the zemsky, in a very altered tone, and with an air of extreme servility,

asked Yurii—'Will it be long before his Polish highness enters his loyal capital of Moscow?'

'He is expected there,' bluntly answered Miloslavsky.

'Knows your worship for what purpose ambassadors were sent to Poland some time ago?'

'No, they were not sent to Poland,' interrupted the taciturn stranger, in a tone of awful loudness; 'they were sent to Smolensk, which city the Polish king has given up to destruction and famine, at the very time that Moscow acknowledges his son for its sovereign.'

Yurii was visibly discomposed by this speech. 'And what better usage have those dogs at Smolensk a right to expect,' exclaimed the zemsky, 'when, instead of meeting the Polish king with "bread and salt," they refused to open their gates to him?'

'But, *hospodin* zemsky,' observed the merchant; 'Sigismund did not approach them as a guest, but attended with an army, and wished to help himself to their good things, without giving them so much as an opportunity of offering hospitality.'

'What if he did?' continued the strelitz; 'surely when we have submitted to the son, the father is at liberty to take what he pleases. Is it not so, your worship?'

Yurii's face crimsoned with indignation. 'No!' exclaimed he; 'we have not kissed the cross to the Polish korolévitch in order that these foreigners, like a flock of hungry kites, should prey upon Russia, and tear it to pieces between them. No true Muscovite would have lifted his hand in favour of Vladislav, neither would a single voice have uttered the oath of allegiance towards him, had he not promised to preserve to Russia both her honour and her power.'

'But, noble sir,' interrupted the zemsky, 'what is to prevent us from acknowledging the King of Poland as sovereign of Smolensk? A single city is of no such mighty importance: and for the bargain we have made, we might consent to give up not only Smolensk, but Moscow itself.'

'Again I say,' observed Yurii, without seeming to notice the zemsky's speech, 'all Moscow has vowed allegiance to the korolévitch. He alone is able to put a stop to the miseries of our unfortunate country, and if he proves faithful to his word, I for one shall be ready to lay down my life for him. But whoever,' continued he, casting a contemptuous glance at the zemsky—'whoever can express any satisfaction that, in order to rescue our country from utter ruin, we are obliged to call a foreigner to the throne, he is not a Russian, but an alien from our faith—aye, worse than an unbaptized Tatar!' The silent stranger here extended his hand eagerly to Yurii, while his eyes were fixed upon him with a look expressive of the liveliest satisfaction."

After the other guests have departed, and while our travellers and the stranger are sleeping, their slumbers are interrupted by the arrival of Pan Kopætchinsky, an insolent, cowardly Pole, who audaciously insists upon their giving up their accommodation to him. Instead, however, of meeting with that prompt compliance

which he expects as due to him, he only incurs sundry mortifications, among the rest that of hearing some anecdotes of his pusillanimity made public by Kirsha, who has himself been in the same regiment in which this bobadil has been disgraced for his cowardice. There being no other provisions in the inn, the Pole very unceremoniously orders those to be set before him which Yurii had brought. Miloslavsky does not interrupt his banquet, but compliments him on his appetite, and expresses his hope that it will last as long as the viands before him, since he insists upon his making an end of a roast goose which he has attacked. In vain does the Pole entreat and expostulate; Yurii is determined to give him a lesson that he will not soon forget, and poor Kopætchinsky, preferring to have a whole goose lodged in his maw to having a bullet lodged in his brain, contrives to cram down every mouthful.

Having satisfied himself by this odd piece of revenge, which it must be confessed, borders rather too much upon the burlesque, Yurii and his servant resume their journey, leaving Kirsha to follow as soon as he can get a horse with which the host engages to provide him. On being overtaken by the Kozak, they learn from him that Kopætchinsky is determined to have his revenge, for that several companies of Polish cavalry having come to the *postoyaloi dvor* shortly after, he had ordered some of them to pursue Miloslavsky, who he assured them was not only an enemy of the Poles, but was actually conveying a considerable sum of money to the inhabitants of Nishnei Novogorod. The appearance of the detachment sent after them soon convinces them of the accuracy of Kirsha's intelligence. Yurii's horse is shot under him, on which Kirsha dismounts, seats him on his own, and then giving the animal a cut with the whip that sends him off at full speed, remains singly to encounter his adversaries. He manages to escape into a thicket, where he lurks until his pursuers have given over the search; after which he finds his way to a cottage. Although he meets with no one, it is evident that the place is not deserted; he therefore thinks it better to conceal himself behind a kind of partition, and wait to see what circumstances may turn up. Kirsha's good genius seems to have suggested to him how to act on this occasion, since he is indebted to his hiding place for the discovery of sundry secrets, of which he afterwards contrives to make such a clever use as to gain himself considerable honour. Arkhip Kudimovitch, the owner of the dwelling, enters along with an old woman, who brings him a present from the nurse of Anastasia, the Boyar Shalonsky's daughter. She informs Kudimovitch, who seems to be carrying on a thriving trade as a fortune-teller, that Anastasia is pining away in hopeless

love for a youth whom she had frequently seen at the *Spass na Boru*, a church so called in Moscow. This dialogue does not at first promise to be particularly interesting to the listener in ambush; when however he hears the name of Yurii Miloslavsky mentioned, he takes care not to lose a syllable of it. Having despatched her mission and requested Kudimovitch to consult with Vlasevna as to Anastasia's disorder, the old woman next solicits him to instruct her in some of those mysteries which enable him to pick up so comfortable a livelihood. The fortune-teller agrees that she shall assist him in discovering some linen that has been stolen from the boyar's house, and which he has hidden near a barn belonging to a peasant to whom he owes a grudge. Scarcely has he tutored her in the part she is to act, ere the soldiers, who are in pursuit of Kirsha, make their appearance; they are however prevailed upon to depart without searching any further, after pulling the old woman out from behind the partition, where she had been secreted from the unwelcome intruders, without suspecting that she had a neighbour in her asylum. Although it for a while places him in great jeopardy, this incident turns out upon the whole far more advantageous to Kirsha than it is agreeable to Kudimovitch, for the latter is obliged to go along with the soldiers, to show them the way to the main road, while Kirsha being again left quite alone, has an opportunity of decamping without its being known that he had overheard what had passed between the fortune-teller and the old woman.

Having cleared his pursuers, who had suffered their attention to be diverted from him by Kirsha, Miloslavsky inquires his way to the residence of Shalonsky, to whom he delivers a letter from Gonsævsky. Yurii is aware that Shalonsky intends to marry his daughter to the Polish commander, but has no suspicion that Anastasia is his charming incognita of the *Spass na Boru*. After a brief interview, in which the host and the guest are not at all pleased with each other, Yurii retires to recruit himself from his fatigue, and Kirsha again engages our attention.

The Kozak having joined a party of villagers who are celebrating a wedding, there recognizes Kudimovitch and his female confederate, who had agreed that, for the sake of greater eclât, the discovery of the lost linen should be made on this important occasion, when there would be so many witnesses of their skill. The previous mummery, as concerted between them, is duly performed, and inspires the rustics with most respectful awe; when however they proceed to the spot where they are to meet with the linen, it is not to be found. The wizard is quite confounded, as indeed he has some reason to be, from having previously arranged every thing so as to ensure success. To humble him still more in

the eyes of his followers, Kirsha himself declares where the linen is to be found, namely, the spot to which he had taken the precaution to remove it, in order to defeat the pretended wizard's plot.

This and one or two other comic scenes may appear rather too trivial, and to detain the reader too long; still they have their value as sketches of manners, although some portion of their humour is lost to those who are not Russians, owing to the dialogue being in a kind of patois not very easy for a foreigner to understand. The incident we have just noticed, however, leads to something really important in the plot, for the report of the miracle Kirsha has performed soon reaches the boyar's household; and the Kozak is forthwith summoned to try his art, in ascertaining, if possible, the cause of Anastasia's illness, and in effecting its cure. The gossip he has overheard between Kudimovitch and the old dame, stands him here instead of either divination or medical skill. He says enough to convince the young lady that he knows much more; and bids her be under no apprehension, for Gonsævsky cannot quit Moscow, and he will persuade her father that it will be certain death to her to go thither. Her apprehensions for the present being quieted by this assurance, Kirsha's patient suddenly recovers to a degree that appears quite miraculous, and which calls forth the expression of as much gratitude on the part of Shalonksy, as so stern and imperious a nature is capable of. Kirsha refuses, however, to accept any thing beyond a trifling sum of money, and a horse, which he is at liberty to select from the boyar's stud. In the meanwhile he is to defer his departure for three days, during which time he is to be entertained by the *prekashtshik* or steward. Shalonsky has his reasons for wishing to detain him, since he has learnt that he is acquainted with Miloslavsky, against whom he meditates the most treacherous designs. His malice against the youth is still further exasperated by the latter's refusing to comply with his insolent request to drink the health of the Polish king; and he is even about to compel him to do so by main force, when Pan Tishkevitch, a Polish commander, one of the guests at the entertainment, interferes, on which the boyar is obliged to desist from his brutality; and he afterwards suffers Yurii to depart unmolested.

Kirsha, in the meanwhile, who is detained a sort of state prisoner at the *prekashtshik*'s, accidentally overhears a conversation between two assassins, from which he has no doubt but that Shalonsky has engaged one of them, named Omliat, to waylay and seize Yurii before he reaches Novogorod. He is now determined, happen what may, to apprize his benefactor of the danger that awaits him, and with considerable difficulty prevails upon the

prekashtshik to allow him to make trial of the Arabian he has selected. The steed is so unmanageable, that there seems far more danger of Kirsha's being flung from the saddle, than of his attempting to make his escape; besides which, the *prekashtshik* considers his prisoner tolerably safe so long as he has the money in his keeping that is to be bestowed upon him. To the astonishment of every one, except the reader, the Kozak soon renders the animal perfectly submissive, after which he darts off at full speed, telling the *prekashtshik* that he will be all the richer by the three golden *korablenniks* he was to have paid him. He soon falls in with Miloslavsky and his servant; when, after a few minutes' conversation, their discourse continues in the following manner:

"'Pray inform me, Kirsha,' said Yurii, "how you came to get into such favour with the boyar?'

'By meddling in a trade that does not, by right, belong to me.'

'What is it you mean?'

'I will tell you as well as I can, Yurii Dmitritch. When a younker, I was a fisher-boy; had work enough to do all day long, and sometimes all night too, into the bargain, besides being five times on the point of being drowned. But although I had plenty of hardship, I found I was likely to have but very little else; so I joined the Ukraine Kozaks; served our Hetman loyally, was in many a skirmish with the Poles, and fought, not like a coward, against the Tatars. I was frequently obliged to stomach both cold and hunger when there was nothing better to stomach; yet for all this, I could get little to send to the old people at home. I next, therefore, enlisted among the Zaporozhetz, though it was greatly against the will of a pretty damsel whom I had bespoken as a wife. Here I was obliged to put up with a good deal from my brother Kozaks, because I was tender-hearted towards women and children—neither cut off the limbs of unarmed men, nor set fire to houses out of sheer sport, like the rest, when we could find nothing in them to divert ourselves with. Once they were very near burying me alive with a varlet of a Kozak, whose scull I had laid open with the end of my whip, for his scoundrelly insolence. After this escape I dragged on two years among the Poles, where I shed plenty of Christian blood, and saved the life of Pan Lisovsky. With all this, I found myself no nearer to being a rich man than before. At length it came into my head that I would play the conjuror, and, lo! for my first experiment in that way I obtained three golden ships (*korablenniks*, a coin so called) and this capital Arabian, a better than which never was crossed,' added Kirsha, fondly patting the animal, and eying him with a look of delighted tenderness!'

'What am I to understand by all this nonsense?' said Yurii: 'What do you mean by playing the conjuror?'

'Ah, boyar, I am not the only one in this world who plays a part never intended for him, yet it is not every one who gets through it so well as I have done. Would you imagine now that I am turned fortune-teller in good earnest; and if so be you wish to try me, I will

this very instant tell you what it is that occupies your thoughts, and makes you thus melancholy.'

'Thou must be an honour to thy new profession, if thou canst guess the truth.'

'Well then you shall judge of my skill. What if I should say,'—continued Kirsha, looking steadfastly at Yurii,—'What if I should say, a dark-eyed maiden is the cause of your disquietude?' Yurii eyed the Zaporozhetz with astonishment.

'Do not heed this jesting knave,' cried Alexei; 'it is no very great wonder he can guess that, when I blabbed out as much to him myself.'

'Come, what will you give me, Boyarin,' continued Kirsha, without attending to Alexei, 'if I inform you who this fair lady-love of yours is, and where she is now to be found?'

'Prithee desist from your jesting.'

'I am not jesting, Yurii Dmitritch. You used to see her every day at Moscow in the church of the *Spass na Boru*.'

'He has hit it there,' cried Alexei; 'as heaven is my witness, I did not tell him that.'

'How did you know it, Kirsha?'

''Pshaw, that is nothing. Look you, Yurii Dmitritch, you do not yet know whether she returns your love or not: but I do.'

'Is it possible!' exclaimed Milovlavsky, pulling up his horse.

'Yes, Boyarin, she frets about you, even worse than you do for her.'

'Then she is not married?'—'No.'

'But who is she? Where does she live? How have you discovered it all? Tell me, tell me as quickly as possible.'

'And has not your heart already told you that you passed last night beneath the very same roof with her?'

'Then she is the daughter of Shalonsky?—the bride of Pan Gonsævsky!' cried Alexei.

'Betrothed to him, but not yet espoused.'

'The daughter of Krutchena Shalonsky!' exclaimed Yurii, turning as pale as a criminal sentenced to death; 'then indeed all is ended!'

'No, not quite ended yet, Yurii Dmitritch; things often take a strange turn, and if it is destined that you are to marry her—'

'Marry her!—never, never,' interrupted Yurii. 'But perhaps you have been mistaken; yes, my good Kirsha, you must really be so. Can that angel of sweetness, that perfection of loveliness, be the child of Shalonsky?—impossible!'

'Well, but why should we stop here prating? Our horses need better provender than our words; so let us proceed to that village, about three versts off, and I will tell you every thing, after which you will hardly suppose that I am deceiving you.'

Yurii listened with the utmost attention, while Kirsha related what had passed; and the more assured he became that his fair incognita and the daughter of Shalonsky were the same person, the greater sorrow did his countenance express. Not that he was discouraged by the obstacles he foresaw to the union; these might be removed by change of circumstances and by time; neither was he alarmed by the idea that Anastasia

was affianced to Gonsævsky; but the thought of ever calling by the name of father a man whom he regarded with just aversion—of connecting himself by family ties with a base-hearted wretch, a traitor to his country—this converted all his hopes into bitterness and anguish. Were every thing besides to favour his passion, his own principles would henceforth present an insuperable obstacle to its gratification. Could he, as the husband of Shalonsky's daughter, hear of treachery and disaffection to his country without a blush of shame? Could he, as such, invoke the vengeance of heaven and his fellow-citizens on the heads of those rebellious, seditious partisans, who would sacrifice their fatherland and give it up to disgrace? If in renouncing Anastasia he must also renounce happiness—at least an unsullied conscience, a pure and hallowed attachment to the land of his fathers, the conviction of having fulfilled his duties as a member of the state, of not having sullied the name inherited from his parent—this, at least, would suffice to tranquillize him, and ought to confirm him in the resolution of resigning the fondest wish of his heart. But when Kirsha related to him all the particulars of his interviews with Anastasia, when he could no longer doubt that he was fondly beloved by her, Yurii's firmness began to give way.

'Enough, enough!' he exclaimed, in a trembling voice; 'let me hear no more.'

'As you please, Boyarin,' returned Kirsha, looking at him with astonishment.

'Unfortunate being that I am!—could I imagine that the most blissful moments of my life would prove for me the vengeance of heaven. Let me not hear a syllable more.'

'I am silent, Boyarin.'

'Ah! Kirsha, why did you permit me to hear any thing at all? What angel of darkness instigated you——'

'To say the truth, Yurii Dmitritch, I thought my intelligence would have proved rather agreeable than the contrary. Anastasia Timotheevna—'

'No more! Never let me hear that name pronounced again.

'As you please, Boyarin.'

'Never again remind me——, or stay, let me know, once for all, what she said to you. How did she confess her attachment? Does she know that I live but for her—that all else is a blank to me?'

'You should have seen how life returned to her when she was assured of your attachment! You should have witnessed the tears that trickled down her face.'

'Tears!—O heaven!——'

'How she wept and prayed by turns.'

'No more, Kirsha, no more, I beseech you.'

'Ah, Boyarin,' said the Zaporozhetz, who could not comprehend the cause of Miloslavsky's distress, 'wherefore are you so uneasy when you have so much reason to rejoice? In the first place, you have at length ascertained who the fair unknown is; in the next, what is to prevent your wooing her? You are of an honourable family, more than

passing wealthy, young, and comely withal. To be sure her hand is promised to Pan Gonsævsky, but never will the marriage take place. Rely upon it, ere long there will not be a single parish church within the Hetman's jurisdiction, and neither himself nor any of his Polish horde will venture to show their noses out of the Kremlin. All true-hearted Russians are only waiting till they receive succours from Nishnei and other places, and then there will be rare work. By my troth, were they but staunch to each other, they would soon drive out those infidel Poles—aye, even by waving their caps.'

'You forget, Kirsha, that I myself have sworn allegiance to Vladislav.'

'Nay, Boyarin, but if the Polish Korolévitch is to be our sovereign, why does he shut himself up in Krakow? He might at least let us see his face. Let him turn to the true faith, and then, if needs must, let him be our ruler. Instead of this, an army has been sent here, and a Hetman set over us, as if we were the subjects of the Poles. It is evident, Yurii Dmitritch, that Sigismund is playing an odd game with us.'

Simple as it was, this idea had never occurred to Miloslavsky, and although it was more honestly than polishedly expressed, he could not help being struck by its probability.—'Ah, Kirsha,' exclaimed he, with evident delight, 'I should forget all my other disquietudes could I but be assured of the truth of what you say. But, alas! it is all mere conjecture; and I, besides, am bound to observe my vow.'"

Apprehensive that, if informed of the deadly treachery Shalonsky meditates against him, Yurii might be impelled to take summary vengeance on the father, and thereby be compelled to resign all idea of the daughter, Kirsha does not acquaint him with his danger, but hopes to avert it by his own vigilance. His silence, however, is very near being attended by fatal consequences, for while they are stopping at a hut to get some refreshment, Omliat enters and forces his company upon them, as a fellow-traveller to Novogorod. Kirsha keeps a watchful eye upon him, and when they approach a ruined chapel, where, according to the preconcerted plan, the bravo's companions are lying in ambush, knocks the villain off his horse, and secures him. But at Yurii's intercession his life is spared, and they content themselves with gagging his mouth and binding him to a tree. They then strike off into a bye road, till they are out of danger, and shortly after reach Nishnei Novogorod without further adventure.

Arrived at Novogorod, Yurii proceeds to the house of Istoma-Turenin. This boyar, who had formerly been a friend of his father, is not a little surprised at learning the nature of the business that has brought his young friend to Nishnei, and concluding that there is no occasion for further dissimulation, suddenly changes his tone, and expresses his hopes that instead of negociating with them, the Poles will shortly have recourse to more decided measures, and reduce the obstinate Russians to submission. Yurii

is filled with horror at Turenin's hypocrisy and baseness; neither is the boyar better satisfied with what he considers the double dealing, or rather the unintelligible conduct of Miloslavsky. The next day our hero has an opportunity of witnessing the enthusiasm of the inhabitants of Novogorod, who assemble in the great square, where they are addressed by Kozma Minin (the silent traveller of the *postoyaloi dvor*) whose unstudied eloquence prompts them to sacrifice every thing they can spare, for the purpose of furnishing supplies to Pozharsky. We have not room, however, either to extract this scene or the following one where Yurii, as Gonsævsky's envoy, acquaints the principal boyars assembled at the house of Prince Mamstriukovitch, with the proposals offered them. They almost unanimously declare that they will listen to no conditions from the Poles, nor hold any parley with them until they reach the walls of the Kremlin; in which sentiments Yurii agrees with them, and only regrets that he is prevented by his oath from drawing his sword against the invaders of his country. On returning to the street, he finds Alexei waiting for him, who informs him that he has removed his baggage to an inn, being certain that Turenin harbours some sinister designs against him, as he has seen Omliat with one or two other ill-looking fellows enter the boyar's residence. This intelligence is fatally verified almost immediately after, for the bravoes rush upon them, and lay Alexei weltering in his blood.

Some four months after this event, a smart *Yesaul*, at the head of a party of Kozaks, on the high road to Nishnei Novogorod perceives a poor fellow resting himself upon a bank. The good-natured Kirsha—for the Yesaul is no other than our interesting Zaporozhetz, who, we ought to have said, had taken leave of Yurii on their reaching Novogorod—invites him to partake of some refreshment, when, to his astonishment, he discovers, in the pallid features of the stranger, his former acquaintance Alexei. The latter informs him how his master has been murdered; for that he was assassinated there can be no doubt, although no tidings could be obtained of what had become of his body. So far he has a decided advantage over us readers, who are deprived of the opportunity of being so disconsolate, not because we can account for Yurii's disappearance, or remove Alexei's arguments, but because there is full a third of the story still before us, and we are therefore morally certain that the author has taken good care of his hero, for the present at least. Even Kirsha begins to think there is still some hope left, when he hears that Omliat was one of those who attacked them, knowing that his orders were to seize Miloslavsky alive, and convey him a prisoner to Shalonsky. He therefore determines to ascertain the truth at

once, and after ordering his troop to wait for him near a wood, proceeds to Kudimovitch's cottage, as they are now quite close to the village where Shalonsky resides. Partly by coaxing and partly by threats, Kirsha forces an avowal of the truth from his old acquaintance, the fortune-teller, and learns that Yurii is confined in the vaults beneath a ruined chapel in the solitary castle of Teplii Stan, which Shalonsky has occupied for some time past. Hardly has he gathered all the particulars from Kudimovitch, when Omliat and some of his companions, who have overheard the whole conversation, make their appearance. The miserable fortune-teller is soon dispatched, and we this time tremble for Kirsha himself, when we find that they are going to hang him upon a tree without further ceremony. His presence of mind, however, does not forsake him at this terrible crisis, and he offers to show them a treasure concealed in the wood, on condition of their saving his life. He takes care to conduct them not far from the spot where he has left his own men: then drawing a circle on the ground, and ordering them to stand with their faces in one direction, and on no account to turn their heads at any noise, otherwise the spell would be broken and the treasure lost, he contrives to detain them by his pretended ceremonies till he sees some of his troop, to whom he makes a signal, which the assassins suppose to be some part of the incantation. The Kozaks take their aim so well that all are shot dead at the first fire, except the zemsky, whose life they spare on condition of his guiding them to Teplii Stan. As Omliat and his companions are expected to return to the castle that same night, the arrival of the troop excites no alarm, they having taken care effectually to quiet the warder on his opening the gates to the zemsky. Shalonsky and Turenin, who has also concealed himself at Teplii Stan, have just had a long conversation together, and the latter has actually prevailed upon his friend to allow him to dispatch their unfortunate prisoner, when Kirsha and two Kozaks rush into the apartment, and insist upon their conducting them, without daring to utter a syllable, to the place where Miloslavsky is confined. Yurii is forthwith liberated, the two boyars are left in durance in the same cell, and the whole party instantly quit the castle, before any one but those who have been secured is aware of what has happened.

Disgusted with the world, altogether despairing of being ever united to Anastasia, and prohibited from drawing his sword in defence of his country, Yurii determines to take monastic vows. He makes choice of the convent of St. Sergius, of which the celebrated Abraham Palietzin was then the superior. That patriotic ecclesiastic absolves him from his oath of allegiance to

Vladislav, and commands him to show his obedience to the church by taking up arms in defence of his country; forbidding him to return to the cloister so long as his sword shall be required. Miloslavsky hastens to obey an injunction so much in accordance with his most eager wishes, as all that he now looks forward to is an early and honourable death. While he and Alexei are on their way to Moscow, they fall in with a party of armed peasantry at Kudimov, and are taken before Father Jeremias,* an ardent patriot, who has organized a kind of guerilla system throughout that district, where his authority is universally acknowledged. While Yurii is partaking of the good father's hospitality, a Kozak enters with the intelligence that they have had a skirmish with one of the boyars attached to the Polish party, slain him and nearly all his followers, and seized upon his treasures and his daughter, who was with him. In the unfortunate captive who is shortly after brought in, Yurii discovers his Anastasia. As soon as it is known, from the unwary exclamations of her attendant, that she is the affianced bride of the Polish commander Gonsævsky, the soldiers and populace insist upon her being executed without delay. In vain does Father Jeremias endeavour to appease them: the crowd become more clamorous in their demand.

" Yurii observed with horror that the priest's firmness began to give way, and that his countenance betrayed signs of irresolution and alarm. The latter perceived that the disorderly crowd, inflamed with wine and intent only upon vengeance, were becoming quite forgetful of all subordination, and that although his menacing look, and well known Herculean strength, still kept their leaders from breaking out into open violence, it was evident this could not continue long. The cries of the infuriated multitude without, mixed at times with opprobrious epithets applied to the Father himself, and with threats towards his person, increased every minute. His agitation visibly increased also, while he cast a look of compassion, now on the unfortunate Yurii, now on the insensible Anastasia; when suddenly his features became more tranquil, and seizing Miloslavsky's hand, he said to him, so as not to be overheard, ' are you prepared to do whatever is necessary to save this unfortunate maiden?'

' Any thing, any thing, Father Jeremias!'

' If so, she is rescued! Now, my good people,' continued he, addressing himself to those who had forced their way into the house, ' I see it

* This father Jeremias is not a fictitious character; neither is the share here ascribed to him in the warfare carried on by the peasantry against the Poles, at this period, an invention of the author, although contemporary chroniclers have not left any further information as to what he achieved. The good Father was, it seems, destined by nature for military exploits, since he was quite a Sampson in bodily strength; besides which, he almost rivalled the patriarchs in longevity. He took priests' orders in 1600, in the reign of Boris Godunov, and continued to watch over his flock for ninety-seven years, giving up his cure to his son in 1697. Similar examples of extreme longevity are by no means uncommon in Russia.

is of no use to dispute the matter with you any longer, therefore, it must even be just as you insist upon it. Remember, however, that this poor wretch has been baptized as well as ourselves, and that it would bring down a curse upon us all, were we to suffer her soul to perish. Let us carry her as carefully as we can into the church; she will soon recover herself there, and you must allow me time to confess her and prepare her for death; after that, she is in your hands to do with her what you list.'

'A fair request, Father,' said Viètchura, 'no one can object to that. Come then, lads, help me to carry her into the church. But you must, some of you, get out of the place: we are so squeezed up here, that there is no making one's way. Do you go first, Father Jeremias, and we shall not be far behind you.'

In a few minutes the apartment was quite cleared of all, except Yurii, Alexei and Anastasia's *sœnnaya dævushka* (fille de chambre), who wailed aloud in an agony of grief. Notwithstanding the assurance given him by Father Jeremias, Miloslavsky was hardly in a less disconsolate state; he kept pacing backwards and forwards like one distracted; now he seized the hilt of his sword, then again, covering his eyes with his hands, he abandoned himself to utter despair, flung himself upon a seat, and sobbed like a child. Not daring to try to appease him, Alexei uttered not a syllable, but remained as if transfixed to the spot where he was standing. Many minutes had not passed, when the door was gently opened a little way, and an old man of diminutive figure, by whose smooth lank hair and long tail it was easy to perceive that he was the sacristan of the parish, beckoned to Miloslavsky, and when Alexei would have followed his master, whispered to him to remain where he was. Accompanying his conductor through the churchyard, Yurii soon reached the porch. While ascending the steps he turned his head, and beheld a fearful spectacle: all around the external inclosure, fires were blazing on the ground, and cast their glare on the armed figures that encircled them; their furious exclamations and gestures, the savage laughter with which they every now and then pointed to a gibbet, beneath which a fire was also kindled, and a tumultuous crowd assembled,—altogether formed a picture so truly horrible, that Yurii turned away from it with a shudder, and hurriedly followed the sacristan into the church. A solitary lamp was burning before the *ikonostass* or holy screen, and at the altar, beside a desk, stood Father Jeremias, arrayed in his pontificals, and before him the trembling Anastasia.

'Quick, Yurii Dmitritch,' said the priest, advancing to meet him, 'make haste, take your place beside your bride.'

'My bride!' exclaimed Yurii with horror.

'Even so: there is no other way of saving her. Do you not hear what an uproar the people are making? A few minutes' longer delay may cost her her life. Once again, therefore, I ask you, do you wish to rescue her?'

'I do,' replied Yurii, in a determined tone; when Father Jeremias, taking two rings off Anastasia's hand, began the nuptial ceremony. Yurii made his responses with a firm voice, but a deadly paleness was

on his countenance. Big drops rolled from the eyes of Anastasia, her voice trembled, but her cheeks glowed, and her burning hand shook violently in that of Miloslavsky, which was chill and insensible as marble.

In the meanwhile the impatience of Anastasia's blood-thirsty executioners had reached its height.

'What is the meaning of all this, Father? Are you deceiving us?' exclaimed a voice, which was that of Vièтchura. 'Does it take two hours to hear a confession? Had it been for one of us, your worship would have despatched the business in a twinkling. Come, my lads, let us go into the church. A priest may not confess a person when others are present, you know, so that we must make an end of the business at once, whether he will or no.' 'Let us all go in, let us all go in,' exclaimed the rest, and the porch was instantly thronged.

'What is the meaning of all this,' grumbled Vièтchura; 'why, the doors are fast locked.'

'Never mind boys,' exclaimed Materoi, 'give me a hatchet, and I will soon try the strength of their hinges.' On a sudden the doors flew open, and Father Jeremias, attired in his full robes, and darting a look filled with wrath at the audacious multitude, stood before them, like the angel of the Lord. 'Sacrilegious wretches!' exclaimed he, in a tone like thunder; 'how dare ye thus impiously to enter the temple of your God! Impure and profane men, what is it ye require of him who ministers at his altar?

'Father Jeremias,' said Vièтchura in a submissive tone, as he looked at his humbled companions, did not you yourself promise to deliver up to us the bride of Gonsœvsky?'

'And I would still fulfil that promise, were it in my power to give you the bride of that traitor.'

'What then prevents your doing so?

'Because she is not here.'

'Not here! We do not understand you.'

'There is no one here except Yurii Dmitritch Miloslavsky, and his newly married wife. Behold them before you,' added the priest, pointing to Yurii and Anastasia, who, holding each other by the hand, had now advanced to the porch, where they stood beside their protector. 'My brethren,' continued Father Jeremias, without giving the crowd time to recover from their astonishment, 'our holy church hath pronounced its blessing upon them, nor is it for man to separate those whom the Lord hath united.'"

This scene is, we think, very cleverly and effectively managed; and not the less so, because, instead of immediately bringing on the conclusion, these ill-omened nuptials, which fulfil a prediction made to Miloslavsky's mother, that the marriage of her son should be rather like a funeral than a bridal ceremony, give rise to new difficulties and embarrassments. Although Yurii has consented to espouse Anastasia, in order to rescue her from impending death, the monastic vows he has so precipitately taken forbid

him to consider himself as a husband. His widow-bride retires to a convent, of which her aunt is the superior, while Miloslavsky proceeds to join his friends in arms, hoping more earnestly than ever that a soldier's death may terminate an existence which is otherwise doomed to a cloister. We are now carried into the midst of warfare. A decisive conflict takes place, in which Pozharsky routs the Polish troops, and compels such as escape to shut themselves up in the Kremlin, which they afterwards surrender on the 22d of October, 1612. On this day of universal festivity for every Russian patriot, the heart of Miloslavsky alone is sorrowful. Withdrawing from the joy in which he cannot thoroughly participate, he enters the church of the *Spass na Boru*, where he is found by Abraham Palietzin, who reproaches him for giving way to sorrow.

"'Wherefore art thou so sad, my son? What secret sin boweth thee down thus?'

'It is a horrible secret!'

'A secret? Wherefore hast thou thus long concealed it from me?'

'Father Abraham, I am married.'

'Married!' exclaimed Palietzin, 'Married!' repeated he after a pause, during which he had been gazing upon Yurii. 'Why then, unhappy man, hast thou deceived me? And thou hast dared to pollute thy soul by forswearing thyself in the very temple of thy God, and before His presence? Ah, Yurii Dmitritch, how greatly art thou guilty!'

'No, Father, I did not deceive thee. I was not married when I vowed to dedicate myself to a life of celibacy, nor did I ever meditate the breaking of an oath pronounced before the shrine of a holy martyr; how was it possible for me to imagine that so soon after I should call the daughter of my bitterest enemy, Shalonsky, my wife!'"

An explanation now takes place, and Palietzin informs Yurii that as he is only in his noviciate, and has not yet gone through the final ceremonies that cut him off from the world, he is still at liberty to return to it. But even this would avail him nothing, were it not for the providential curiosity of the good Father, who, inquiring what has become of Anastasia, discovers that it is she whom he was that very day to have consecrated as a nun, had he not been induced to defer the ceremony till the morrow, in order that he might be present at the evacuation of the Kremlin by the Poles.

Thus is Miloslavsky suddenly extricated from the apparently insuperable difficulties that beset him; and here we may as well let the curtain drop at once, without stopping to relate his meeting with the poor idiot Mitya, whom he finds expiring in the church, and who assures him that the last hours of Shalonsky

—for the boyar was not actually slain when his daughter was carried off from him—were dedicated to contrition and prayer.

From this mere outline of the plot, our readers will be able to judge how far the work possesses that kind of interest, which arises from the events that form the ground work of the story. It must be confessed that it does not exhibit any extraordinary prodigality of invention, much complexity of intrigue, or great variety of situation. The two first volumes, in fact, are solely occupied with Yurii's journey to Nishnei Novogorod, and his interview with the leaders of the patriotic party in that city; and we are detained chiefly by the adventures in which Kirsha is involved, in which the author has certainly displayed a good deal of cleverness and skilful management; for these, trivial as they at first seem to be—mere vehicles for scenes descriptive of the manners of the times and people,—they are attended with important consequences. Still it may be doubted whether they are not rather too lengthy, and might not very advantageously have been kept down a little, especially as in their present form they seem to have engaged more of the author's consideration than the actual historical events and characters, which are proportionably thrown too much into the back ground. These latter, indeed, are so far from being interwoven into the rest of the story, as to be little more than mere episodes, capable of being suppressed altogether, without either materially altering or abridging the narrative. Instead of consisting in action, the historical interest is chiefly thrown into dialogue, as in the conversation which passes at the *postoyaloi dvor*, given in one of our extracts. Of the Poles themselves we see very little, and Gonsœvsky is not once brought upon the scene, although we think that he might have been made a very serviceable personage, by linking more closely together what is matter of history with the subject-matter of the romance. Of Pozharsky, again, the use that has been made extends to little more than that of his name; which, however judicious on the part of the author, if he felt conscious of a want of power to bring forward this historical personage with proper effect, affords but a negative kind of satisfaction to the reader.

Nevertheless, aware how very difficult it must be to combine such stubborn materials as historical characters and events, with those of mere invention, to reconcile the interest growing out of the former with that we expect to meet with in the latter, we are disposed to make some allowance; neither do we know that we are warranted in demanding from any writer what he does not profess to perform. For our own part, we have been sufficiently well pleased with this novel, as it has pleased the author to give it; nor do we like it the less, for its supplying so many minor

traits of national customs and national feelings, which by the mere novel reader may be considered insipid, if not tedious. To say the truth, in the first portion of the narrative there is scarcely any thing of adventure, save those scenes in which Kirsha is the chief actor; the rest consisting of what, by way of distinction, may be termed occurrences, and of dialogues and descriptions, which, although well drawn and vigorously coloured, contribute little to the real progress of the story. This may be said to be almost confined to the third volume, where the plot begins to thicken, and the events succeed each other more rapidly; so that the interest of the tale increases as it draws near to its conclusion, and is so well kept up, that we are still in the midst of seemingly inextricable perplexity and embarrassment, when but a few pages remain to decide the final issue and the fate of the two lovers.

We are by no means surprised at the popularity this production has obtained in Russia, for there it may be considered as a first rate performance; elsewhere, a somewhat lower rank would be assigned to it,—in this country at least, if not in Germany, for some of the critics there have spoken of it in far more laudatory terms than many of those in Russia itself. One of them indeed, has even gone so far as to assert that it possesses all the excellencies of Sir Walter Scott, without his defects; an eulogium to which, however gratified we have been with it, we cannot possibly subscribe.

Our readers will perhaps bear with us a little longer, while we say a few words respecting Zagoskin's second romance, "Roslavlev, or the Russians in 1812." This is intended by the author to serve as a *pendant* to "Miloslavsky;" both productions being equally national in their subjects, and each of them commemorating a very important epoch in the destinies of Russia. In both instances the people signalized themselves by their patriotism, and the issue of events proved no less fortunate than glorious. Hence there is a certain similarity in the general course of the two narratives, which has caused the writer to be reproached by some for want of originality—or rather of variety, and of selecting a subject too much akin to the one he had previously treated—hinging too much upon precisely the same interests, the same feelings, and the same class of events. To us such objections appear not a little hypercritical, since we do not see why a writer should be more censured for producing two "companion" works, than an artist for painting two companion pictures. Besides that the facts themselves, considered merely as such, and not in relation to their course and final issue, are altogether unlike, the two periods chosen by the author are separated by a chasm of two centuries—no inconsiderable interval in itself, and in the

present instance one in which Russia had risen to unprecedented greatness, and acquired an important influence in the Western world. It cannot, indeed, be asserted, that the national character had undergone a corresponding change; yet although its spirit remained nearly the same, the forms under which it manifested itself were sufficiently altered to afford that æsthetic contrast which the critic requires. "Miloslavsky" has one advantage over "Roslavlev," inasmuch as the distance of time naturally imparts to it a romantic hue, and by rendering the objects themselves somewhat vague and indistinct, leaves the writer more at liberty to draw upon his imagination in the delineation of them, without being taxed with incorrectness. The latter novel, on the contrary, while it recommends itself by a more universal interest, which will undoubtedly obtain for it readers among those who are perfectly indifferent to the revolution that placed the house of Romanov on the throne of Moscow, touches too much upon the "newspaper" events of our times to admit of much poetical colouring, without impairing the main—or what ought to be the main interest of the work. Instead of resigning ourselves without reserve to the novelist, we ask ourselves at every step of the narrative, whether, in such parts at least as are professedly historical, it is conformable with actual record? We seem eager to turn to a file of Gazettes to ascertain whether we ought to be pleased or not, and are more apt to be dissatisfied than the contrary, whenever we fancy that the author has ventured to embellish the truth. Even that terrific scene in which Napoleon and his staff are on the point of perishing amidst the flames of Moscow, loses somewhat of its effect in consequence of this disagreeable scepticism. In fact M. Zagoskin himself appears to have felt the difficulty of satisfying the novel reader and the newspaper reader at one and the same time—of amalgamating fact with fiction. Hence his second novel does not possess the unity of his first. It is rather a series of episodes than a well-organized ensemble, all the parts of which mutually depend on each other. The novel itself may indeed be said to terminate with the second volume, the remaining one consisting almost entirely of scenes, which, however masterly, considered as sketches of national manners in various classes of society, have but a very arbitrary connection with the story that forms the ground-work of the romance. Still we should be sorry to part with these *hors d'œuvres*—nay, should give them up very reluctantly, even were the author to supply their place by what would enhance the reputation of "Roslavlev" as a work of imagination. We hope, however, that this is but the beginning of M. Zagoskin's career in this department of literature; and flatter ourselves that we may yet be indebted to

him for much amusement and information. We hope, too, that at no very distant period it will be in our power to speak of another Russian novelist, who has just risen upon the literary horizon, and to bear our testimony to the merits which seem to announce a distinguished reputation for Lazhetchnikov.

ART. V.—*The* Times, *January 7th*, 1833.

A KIND of demi-official vindication of the Prussian system of commercial policy was published in the number of the *Times* which we have placed at the head of this article. It was principally, we believe, intended as a reply to the remarks we made on that system in Article XI. of our Number for May last year. Such of our readers as take any interest in these matters will probably remember that our article had a twofold object in view—first, to show that Prussia was endeavouring to establish an anti-commercial and anti-social system, by attempting to raise at home products which she might more cheaply and advantageously buy from others; and second, that she was endeavouring to force this system on the surrounding German states; and that in pursuance of this, the most objectionable part of her policy, she had prevailed on some of the sovereigns in her neighbourhood to assign to her the privilege of collecting their customs duties, and even of appointing Prussian officers for that purpose. These were our statements, and we now repeat them. The writer who has replied to us takes no notice of the policy of Prussia towards the other German states. He knows that the facts we stated are incontrovertible; and he prudently enough has left it to others to show how a state that allows its revenue to be collected by foreigners can be deemed independent. In fact, this defender of the commercial policy of Prussia does not say a single word in its vindication, unless his attacks on the British system may be regarded as such. He does not say that Prussia has done well; but that whatever may be her errors, they are outdone by those of England. Although, however, we admit that many parts of our commercial policy are exceedingly objectionable, we altogether deny that it possesses that exclusive character which now belongs to the Prussian system: all the world knows that during the last ten years we have been progressively relaxing the restraints previously laid on importation, while the Prussians have been as constantly augmenting theirs.

The Prussian vindicator complains of our high duties on many articles. But he forgets that our duties must be high, because though the population of England does not differ materially from that of Prussia, her inhabitants must pay at least *ten times as large*

an amount of taxes! The question is not whether our duties are high, but whether they are imposed for the sake of protection, or in order to benefit ourselves at the expense of foreigners. Now, except in a few instances, which are every day becoming rarer, we contend that they are entirely imposed for the sake of revenue. The vindicator complains, for example, of our high duties on tobacco, and we are firmly of opinion that they would be more productive were they reduced; but is this duty, like the Prussian duties on coffee and sugar, imposed in order to force the growth of some worthless substitute at home? No such thing! The apologist should have known that the growth of tobacco in the British dominions is prohibited; and that if we do not import tobacco from Prussia, it is because it is quite inferior to that of Virginia, and not on account of discriminating duties. He also complains of our high customs duty on hops; but he forgets that the hops raised at home are burdened with an oppressive excise duty; and it is no part of sound policy to put foreigners in a better situation than ourselves. The great articles of import into England from Prussia, are corn, wool, timber, and wine. As might be expected, the vindicator is loud in his complaints of our corn laws; and we certainly are not of the number of those who will undertake their defence. At the same time, however, we must say that he has singularly misrepresented, or is exceedingly ignorant, of the operation and influence of these laws. We imported between the 15th of July, 1828, and the 1st of July, 1831, no fewer than 7,263,184 quarters of foreign corn, exclusive of 1,812,905 cwt. of foreign flour. Of these imports, wheat, of which the greatest part was supplied by Prussia, formed 4,620,020 quarters, the average duty paid upon this immense importation being exactly 6*s.* 1*d.* per quarter! The average price of wheat in England during the period referred to, was about 64*s.*, so that the duty was really under 10 per cent. No doubt the duty on foreign corn has been for several months past very high, but this is quite immaterial to Prussia; for our prices are at this moment so low, that though our ports were open at a fixed duty of 6*s.*, we should hardly import a single bushel. We admit, and have contended, that our corn laws are pernicious; but they are so in a far greater degree to the home growers and consumers than to foreigners.

With respect to wool, what has Prussia to object to? We admit it at a duty varying from ½*d.* to 1*d.* per lb.: If this do not satisfy her, she must be very unreasonable.

The timber duty is certainly most objectionable. But the Prussian apologist ought to know that it was supported by a faction in parliament, in despite of the efforts of the government and

the country to get it modified. Can he make the same apology for the existence of any one duty in the Prussian tariff?

The duty on wine, 5*s.* 6*d.* a gallon, is perhaps too high. But it is neither partial, nor imposed to encourage the wine manufacture here. On what pretence, therefore, do the Prussians object to it?

The vindicator says that brandy is a considerable article of export from Prussia. It may be so; but we venture to affirm that though the duty on brandy were reduced to 5*s.* a gallon, or wholly repealed, not a drop of Prussian brandy would come into England so long as we are not excluded from France. Prussia may complain of our duties on corn and timber; but when she sets about objecting to our duties on brandy, tobacco, and beer, she is interfering with what concerns her as little as our duties on tea. Even of some of the great northern articles, such as hemp, flax and bristles, on which our duties are either nominal, or moderate in the extreme, we get but little from her. Russia can, and does, supply them, and many others, on lower terms; so that the entire repeal of the duties on them would not really be of the least advantage to Prussia.

The Prussian apologist objects also to our navigation laws, and with as little reason as he objects to our tariff. We treat Prussian ships exactly as we treat British ships, and as we treat the ships of all other countries, with which we have reciprocity treaties. We conceive it necessary for the purposes of defence to prohibit vessels built abroad, unless captured during war and legally condemned, from obtaining the privileges of British ships; and we extend this rule to others. If this be a hardship on the Prussians, it is also one on our own merchants, who are obliged to use the dearer ships. But we deny that there is any hardship in the case. And we have no doubt that the vindicator knows as well as we do, that Prussian ships are unable to come into successful competition with British ships; so that our law has either no influence on them, or none that is material.

We think we have sufficiently repelled the attacks on our commercial policy, made by this defender of Prussia. We are ready, however, to admit, that in many respects it is objectionable, and we are most anxious to see its defects removed, and to have it rendered more in accordance with the liberal spirit of the age. But its defects afford no vindication of the policy of Prussia. Our charge against that power is, that while England has been for several years relaxing her restraints on importation, and lowering and sometimes repealing the duties on most foreign products, she has been pursuing quite an opposite system; and that to enforce her anti-social policy in the north of Germany, she has,

partly by cajolery and partly by influence of a less resistible sort, prevailed on some of the smaller powers to adopt her tariff, and to allow the customs duties within their dominions to be collected by Prussian officers! Let the Prussian vindicator show that this is not the fact; and then his pathetic complaints about our unreasonable duties on herrings and small beer may be listened to. It is something worse than ludicrous to attempt to vindicate the policy of Prussia by referring to the example of the United States! Is Europe to be told, and by a diplomatic agent too, that the king of Prussia is the President of the Germanic body; and that if Bavaria should recede, as she ought, from the Prussian system, she is to be coerced like Carolina? If the mysterious allusion to the United States do not mean this, what does it mean?

We are truly sorry that Prussia should have identified herself with this miserable policy. It is now renounced in England, in America, and even in France. So intelligent a government as that of Prussia ought not to have taken the exploded errors and pernicious absurdities of the prohibitive system under its protection. And still less ought it to endeavour to propagate its pestilent heresies by measures subversive of the independence of other states, and which cannot fail to lead to serious difficulties.

ART. VI.—*Römische Geschichte*, von B. G. Niebuhr. *Dritter Theil.* (Niebuhr's Roman History, Vol. III.) 8vo. Berlin, 1832.

PRECISELY five years have elapsed since our critical labours were directed, for the first time, to this most remarkable work of the present century. Though one of our most distinguished scholars had already, in a leading journal, done justice to the high merits of Niebuhr, attention had not been sufficiently attracted to the subject, and we stood almost alone in the critical world as the frank recognizers of the justness of his views and the soundness of his reasonings. In the interim, the appearance of Messrs. Hare and Thirlwall's excellent translation has afforded the means of judging to a more numerous class of readers; and we are now in frequent enjoyment of the pleasure which must ever be felt by a generous lover at seeing the charms and the merits of the object of his affections more and more acknowledged every day, and receiving continual marks of homage. Niebuhr's fame may now be regarded as placed beyond the reach of danger: even his most startling hypotheses and conclusions will gather strength by trial; and though Micali, in Italy, has appeared as his rival in the portion of his work which treats of the ante-Roman times, and a distinguished traveller of our own country threatens to overturn the fabric he has erected, we confess that we are without fears

for the result, and have no doubt but that it may be said of the Roman history as of the Roman people, that

> Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
> Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
> Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
> Ducit opes, animumque ferro.

We have deemed it not unbecoming thus to express our continued and firm conviction of the justness of Niebuhr's views, and our gratification at seeing the number of his admirers daily augmented, at the moment when for the fourth, and unhappily the last time, we are preparing to give an account of his labours in the field of Roman history. It also adds much to our gratification to transcribe the following testimony to his merits from one of our most distinguished contemporaries, who has lately made the *amende honorable* to his illustrious *manes* in the most ample manner.

"A work which, of all that have appeared in our age, is the best fitted to excite men of learning to intellectual activity; from which the most accomplished scholars may gather fresh stores of knowledge; to which the most experienced politicians may resort for theoretical and practical instruction; and which no person can read as it ought to be read without feeling the better and more generous sentiments of his common human nature enlivened and strengthened."

It is almost superfluous for us to say that these sentiments have our most hearty concurrence. They express the truth, and nothing more than the truth; and in the whole compass of literature there is not a work, the perusal of which will invigorate our moral feelings and enlarge our political views to the same extent as that under consideration. How wide the difference, for example, between Niebuhr and Gibbon! We rise from the perusal of the Decline and Fall of Rome with feelings of disgust and aversion to our species, when we see even their best actions ascribed to the meanest and most ungenerous motives; while the History of early Rome sets before us men as they really were; some acting from the noblest, some from the basest, the great majority from mixed motives. The effect produced by the whole is pleasing and consolatory; for we see that the image of God is not totally effaced, and that history presents a sufficient number of characters whom we may safely admire and praise. Some of these shall soon appear on the scene.

We could almost fancy that Niebuhr had Gibbon and Hume in his eye when he wrote the following passage in the commencement of the present volume:

"It is a common and a paltry piece of malignity, on the part of the enemies of the memory of great men and great actions, to place the

occasion of these actions in ordinary causes, and as opposite as possible to the nobleness of their views; just as down to this very day, in defiance of all conviction, it is pretended that Luther was moved to the reformation by the envy of the brethren of his order, by the Dominicans, and by the project of marrying his nun. Such falsehoods must be vigorously attacked and exposed whenever they show themselves, since it is impossible to extirpate their germs, which are rooted in the very lowest part of human nature—the propensity to degrade."

Might we not say that this was intended for Hume, whose character of the illustrious reformer every one must recollect? Luther's character, by the way, has had but little justice done to it in this country; the extravagant eulogiums of bigots and enthusiasts in religion are rather injurious to it than otherwise. Dr. Lingard, as he was in duty bound, has taken care that it should possess no moral dignity; and Mr. Hallam hints pretty clearly that he was mad, at least north-north-west, though, when the wind was southerly, he might be able "to tell a hawk from a handsaw." But in the beautiful and philosophic fragment of the late Sir J. Mackintosh on the history of England, Luther's character, in common with every other, has been amply vindicated. Ere we quit this subject, we will observe what an awful warning the fate of Hume holds out to the historian. Notwithstanding the charms of an exquisite style, views and reflections of the finest philosophy, insight the most profound into the human heart, his character as a historian is irrecoverably gone, because he was negligent of truth: he sacrificed all to paltry party-prejudice, and he has received his reward. Gibbon was too wise to withdraw himself from the restraints of truth: his historical veracity is, we believe, unimpeachable, though, like all others, he was subject to error, and has occasionally fallen into it. His sneers at religion and his indecency have brought on him the most degrading of punishments, by subjecting him to the emasculating operation of Mr. Bowdler. This last most calamitous fate, Niebuhr, thank heaven! need not apprehend, though it has been hinted in a certain quarter that he is not undeserving of it, as having sitten "in the seat of the scornful." *His* pages would, we apprehend, be rather tough food for the young scions of pious families, and no process could ever make it suitable to their tender digestion; but we can assure them that when they shall have arrived at sufficient knowledge (and that is no small quantity) to be able to understand him, they may read him without apprehension, at least as far as their moral feelings are concerned.

The death of Niebuhr was naturally a subject of very general and sincere regret among the friends of learning, and, like that of so many other great men, is generally ascribed to a peculiar cause,

that his end might not be like that of the common race of man. We are told that the eventful days of July, 1830, when, to use his own words, "the madness of the French court broke the talisman which kept the demon of the revolution in bonds," preyed upon his spirits in a most extraordinary manner and eventually caused his death. That Niebuhr did view that glorious event with great apprehension, there can be no doubt, as we have his own words for it, and his language is so exaggerated as almost to indicate a mind diseased. He speaks in his preface dated on the 5th October of that year, of the "ruin which menaced his property, his dearest possessions, and his happiest ties;" adding that "unless God sent some miraculous help, we had to look forward to a period of destruction similar to that which the Roman world experienced about the middle of the third century of our æra—to the annihilation of prosperity, of freedom, of civility, of knowledge." What can be the meaning of this *Jérémiade?* and what were the peculiar evils which afflicted the Roman empire at the period specified? for on looking into history we cannot discern any very great difference between that period and those which preceded and followed it, unless it be that at that time the purple became the prize of murder in the hands of Maximin the Thracian herdsman, and Philip the Arabian freebooter. But murder had already appeared frequently in the palace of the Cæsars, and the empire had already been publicly set up to auction by the prætorian guards. Did Niebuhr, acute and observant as he was, not perceive the progress which moral and political knowledge had made in France in the forty years which had elapsed since the outbreak of the first revolution, when the slaves burst their fetters and rushed into all the wildness and extravagance of unchecked licentiousness? and could he expect the destruction of "freedom, civility and knowledge," which had outlived that catastrophe, from those who nobly rose and expelled the ignorant and incapable fanatics, who would fain reduce them to that state of thraldom which has now become matter of history? Or shall we say that Niebuhr meant the fourth, or rather the fifth century; that his apprehensions were of a different kind, and that he had in view a crusade of the eastern barbarians against the liberty and civilization of the West? This was an event far more likely to occur; for that liberty and civilization have any serious danger to apprehend from *la jeune France*, is what we cannot easily bring ourselves to think; and those among us who fancy that a noisy set of clubbists and anarchic journalists, who prate *ad nauseam* of movement and republics, speak the sense of the French people, are just as much in error as they would be if they viewed

our brawling radicals as the organs by which the feelings of the British nation make themselves known. In truth the French people, that is, all who have any thing to lose, have a wonderfully small inclination for a republican scramble; and they are acute enough to see that the parliamentary leaders of the *mouvement* are not the men who, if they had let loose the demon of revolution, would have the power or the ability to reduce him to obedience. We will go even farther, and say, that we doubt if the love of war and lust of conquest, which are so generally regarded as attributes of the French nation, really form a part of their character. For when, till now, had the people a voice in the matter? The French people surely did not covet the ruinous wars which the unjust ambition of our Edward III. brought on them—the people never called for the Italian wars of Charles VIII., Louis XII. and Francis I.—they never urged Henry IV. or his successor to war—to the theatrical despot who had the audacity to say *l'état, c'est moi!* who would have dared to speak of the people as having a voice in matters of state? He who fancies that the French people were anything more than conscripts and taxpayers from 1792 to 1814, must go study history anew; and now that the people—that is, the *propriétaires*, the merchants and the manufacturers—*have* a voice in the matter, where are the symptoms of the war-mania? Perhaps, if we looked a little nearer home, we might find a *people*, not merely a king and a noblesse, whose history shows them to be lovers of the excitement and the private gains of the belligerent state.

To return from this slight digression. The real cause of Niebuhr's early dissolution we believe to have been a simple one, namely, excessive mental exertion, acting on a frame originally not remarkably robust. More than twenty years ago, he thus expressed himself on the effect of different occupations on the bodily health.

"The Roman history also shows that military greatness leads to the utmost length of life, since there is nothing so invigorating as the accurate development and realization of fertile ideas, which is granted to the general in its very highest degree; moreover, restlessness and strained passion waken up his most internal powers; uniformity lames him not. Thus also lives the poet, deep and young. The statesman of antiquity lived thus, the very opposite of the minister of our times; the scholar also is exhausted by his work, seldom enlivened."

Again, he tells us of the great state of exhaustion consequent on his labours on the new edition of his first volume, and when to these we add the loss of his valuable library, one of the greatest calamities that can befal a man of letters, we surely need not ascribe the death of Niebuhr solely to uneasiness respecting the consequences of the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty in France.

The present volume commences with one of the most important events in Roman story, namely, the passing of the Roman Reform Bill, as we may very justly denominate the Licinian Rogations, a measure which raised the state from the depths of misery and set it on the path of glory, power and empire. We deem our time and labour not ill-bestowed in developing and laying before our readers the origin, nature and progress of this important measure; for, strange as it may sound in the ears of some of our sages of the present day, the illuminators of Political Unions, who never mention antiquity but with contempt, and deem its wisdom to be but folly, we consider the history of ancient Rome to be that from which an English statesman may derive most benefit, because it is the history of a people, not the catalogue of the caprices and excesses of a despot; and because in it we have almost the only evidence, except that of our own history, of constitutional and bloodless resistance to, and reformation of, long-standing abuses. The very measure which we are about to consider will most clearly display the folly of a blind and obstinate resistance, on the part of a dominant party, to change and innovation, and show how utterly groundless are the evils which are so confidently prophesied to be their inevitable consequence. In truth, nothing but good can be the result of gradual and natural development, either in the moral or the physical world; it is only when development is checked, or when it is hurried on too rapidly—as was the case at Athens, whose greatness was therefore only meteoric—that any evil can ensue; and had Roman development not been checked, as it was at a period long subsequent to that of which we write, the stagnation of despotism might have been deferred for a season.

It may not be needless to give a brief sketch of the composition and previous state of the Roman people, as we fear that even now many persons have not clear ideas on these subjects, and without having such, the Roman history, especially the constitutional portion of it, must appear altogether enigmatical and almost chaotic to the eyes of one who would derive from it lessons of political wisdom.

The Roman people originally consisted of three tribes, each of which derived its origin from a different national stock. They dwelt on the hills where Rome afterwards rose, and were the owners of the circumjacent lands to a moderate distance. These tribes were originally independent of each other, but they eventually coalesced and formed one state. Commerce and other occasions drew to Rome many persons from places far and near, and these, under the name of clients, lived beneath the protection

of the Roman citizens, who, from this relation, acquired the name of Patres or Patricians, names perfectly synonymous at all times, though a difference has been erroneously supposed to have existed. Gradually, conquests over the neighbouring states brought a considerable portion of their inhabitants of all ranks to Rome, where, under the name of the Plebs, they formed a constantly increasing portion of the population; for, as the Plebs were akin to the surrounding Latins, they freely admitted them into their body, while the Patricians, being divided into a fixed number of houses, and forming a close corporation, gradually diminished in number. The latter were called the Populus, in contradistinction to the Plebs; the government was entirely in their hands; they alone had a right to enjoy the public lands; and there was no *connubium*, or right of intermarriage, between the two orders. Such were the Populus and the Plebs of Rome—two nations, as it were, within the walls of one town.

As the Plebs formed the infantry of the state, and was the chief instrument by which it acquired territory from conquered towns, the kings were in the habit of making assignments of a portion of the acquired lands to the Plebeians, in small lots and in full property; when the last king was expelled, the Patricians, to secure the support of the Plebeians, divided the crown lands among them in a similar manner. But when all fear of the banished tyrant was removed, and the Patricians had gotten the government completely into their own hands, they ceased to pay the tenth which they had paid in the time of the kings, as the rent of the public lands, of which they had the exclusive possession, and threw the whole burthen of the taxes upon the Plebeians, now greatly reduced both in numbers and property, in consequence of the loss of the ten regions beyond the Tiber, which had been conquered by the Etruscans. The consequence of this was a lamentable state of poverty on the part of the far larger portion of the Plebeians, who became overwhelmed in debt, the principal creditors being the Patricians, either in their own names or in those of their clients. At the same time the Plebeian nobility and gentry were justly indignant at their total exclusion from public office, to which they considered themselves entitled by birth and by property.

This state of things led to the celebrated secession to the Sacred Mount, in which the Plebeians menaced, if their grievances were not redressed, to break off all connexion with Rome, and to form a separate people. The Patricians were strong in themselves, and in the number of their clients, and they formed an alliance with the Latin nation. They then made proposals of

peace to the Plebeians, and as they prudently offered to cancel all debts, to give force to the Valerian law, which had been made for the protection of the Plebeians, and, moreover, agreed to the establishment of the tribunate; they separated the interests of the lower from those of the higher orders among them, and peace was made without any regard to the grievances of which these last complained. Some time after, an Agrarian law was introduced by the consul Sp. Cassius, and though the Patricians contrived to have its author put to death, the law was passed, and became the foundation of future efforts on the part of the tribunes in favour of their order. After a good deal of struggling, the Plebeians succeeded in forcing the dominant order to consent to an uniform system of legislation for the whole state, for hitherto each order had had its own laws and rights. The magistrates named Decemvirs were appointed, and an uniform code compiled; at the same time the nation was made one by the admission of the Patricians and their clients into the Plebeian local tribes, and the chief magistracies were laid open to the two orders indifferently. The Patricians, however, still managed to keep the supreme power pretty much in their own hands. More than half a century passed in unavailing efforts on the part of the Plebeians for the recovery of their just rights. Still, however, a discerning eye might see that the advantage would eventually be on their side, for the *connubium*, which had been conceded to them, was every day attaching members of the Patrician houses to them by the ties of consanguinity, and the clients and freedmen who had been admitted into the tribes, becoming detached from their obligations as the families of their patrons died off, naturally regarded themselves as a portion of the Plebs; and thus that body of trusty retainers, on whose arms the Patricians had hitherto so much relied in their contests with the rival order, was diminished every day, and its weight thrown into the opposite scale.

At length came the Gallic calamity, which levelled for a season the whole strength of Rome. To purchase the departure of these formidable enemies, it had been necessary to take out the gold which was consecrated to the gods on the Capitol, and one of the first acts of the government, after the departure of the Gauls, was to impose a double tribute on the people in order to replace it. The romantic tale, by the way, of Camillus's victory, is a plain fable; for if the Gauls had been cut to pieces, and the gold recovered, there would have been no necessity for the imposition of a tribute to replace it. Besides paying this heavy tribute, the people had to rebuild their houses, to replace their farming implements, and to procure draught-cattle and seed-corn. Of

money there could be little or none remaining, for as the Roman copper money of those days was nearly as ponderous as the iron specie of the Spartans, and the people had had but six and thirty hours to leave the city after the defeat at the Allia, all must have become the prize of the conquerors. It was therefore necessary to borrow, and in order to attract money-lenders to Rome, the rate of interest was raised above the ten per-cent. established by the Twelve Tables. These bankers, being of course foreigners, were obliged to select patrons among the Patricians, to whom, as was the custom, they paid a per-centage on their gains; and as it was consequently in the patron's name that all their transactions were carried on, the Patricians have come in for perhaps more than their just share of odium in history, they being supposed to have been solely those merciless creditors of whose atrocities we read. Their chief guilt lay in their imposing the tribute to replace the sacred gold too soon, and their manœuvring to prevent a censorial regulation of property, in accordance with the actual state of each person's circumstances. For as the tribute was levied, not according to what a man really had, but according to what his name was affixed to in a former census-roll, the produce of which property was frequently received by some former creditor, and as he had both to pay the tax and to support his family, he had no resource but to add interest to capital, and thus go on getting more deeply involved every day. As the Roman law of debt was uncommonly rigorous, and the Patricians and their wealthy clients employed it in all its severity, the sufferings of the unfortunate Plebeians attained the utmost point of endurance; the spirit of the whole order was quite broken; their gentry grew indifferent about all the public offices, and Rome was on the very point of sinking into a wretched oligarchy, and of forfeiting all her claims to future glory under the sway of the short-sighted Patricians, when two men appeared, who changed her fate, and in hers the fate of the future world. We need hardly name C. Licinius Stolo and L. Sextius Lateranus.

"Revolutions," says our author, "which are brought on by general distress, in attempting to remedy it, usually destroy the foundations of a permanent free constitution, and after horrible convulsions have almost always ended in despotism: it is the noblest glory of the Roman people, a glory in which no other can vie with it, that twice in its history such an excitement gave rise to a higher and more durable state of legal freedom. That which elsewhere was a death blow to liberty, was at Rome a cure for the internal disorders of the republic, and raised its constitution to that state which, considering the perishableness of every thing human, is perhaps like a similar stage in our individual happiness, the most desirable of all: it stopped only one step short of that perfection,

after which every further change is an inroad of corruption and decay, even though it may be long unacknowledged as such, nay, may be regarded as an advance and an improvement."

We will now first consider the three Rogations, and explain their nature; and then give an account of the contest between the Conservatives and the Reformers.

I. The first Rogation proposed, that instead of the military tribunes, with consular power, an office which had been instituted after the Decemvirate, and to which the Plebeians had been eligible, but from which they had been constantly excluded, consuls should be chosen as heretofore, but with this important difference, that one of the consuls should always be a Plebeian. The object of this law was to put an end to the perpetual state of discord and uneasiness which was the consequence of the embittered feelings produced by every election, at which the Plebeian gentry saw themselves thwarted and baffled in their honourable ambition, by the arts and influence of the rival order.

The objections which were or might be made to this bill by the Patricians, Livy, as was the practice with the ancient historians, has embodied in a speech, which he puts into the mouth of one of the unbending family of the Claudii. They consist, as usual, of sneers at the two reformers, and insinuations of their motives not being so pure as they would have them supposed to be; there is, of course, some talk about the wisdom and piety of ancestors, and some *twaddle*, as it must have appeared to all men of sense on both sides, about the auguries, the holy chickens, and so forth; and the whole is wound up by putting a case, so little likely to occur, that it might almost be called an impossible one. Altogether, the speech bears no inconsiderable resemblance to some of those harangues against reform which we have heard within the walls of St. Stephen's. The historian adds an observation which we apprehend will hold good in the case of some of our modern Claudii, namely, that he spoke more from anger and hatred than from any hope that he had of success.

The main objection of Claudius was this. Suppose, in some season of great public danger, such as formerly occurred in the war with Porsenna, and lately when the Gauls took the city, that L. Sextius, the tribune of the people, was to stand for the consulship along with the great Camillus, and some other patrician, Sextius must be chosen, while Camillus, the greatest man in Rome, would have to encounter the chance of a repulse. This apparently plausible objection we have called an impossible case, for can we suppose the people to be so devoid of sense as, in time of imminent danger, to choose an ordinary Patrician in preference to the greatest man of the day?

Livy makes no reply for Licinius to this speech of Appius; but Mr. Niebuhr, justly observing that there are readers who are ready enough to fancy that what is unanswered is unanswerable, makes, in the person of the tribune, a most eloquent discourse, replete with political wisdom. He then, in his own person, proceeds in the following terms to show that none of the supposed ill consequences ever did occur.

"All this might Licinius have said, without possessing the spirit of prophecy: thus must Livy have spoken from his soul, if he had deemed oratorical discussion suitable in this place. For the subsequent history of Rome assures us, that, with infinite blessings, not one single disadvantage arose from this law. The Decii, who gave themselves as sin-offerings for the entire people, were Plebeians; they were Plebeians who first checked, then vanquished Pyrrhus; a Plebeian subdued the Gauls of Italy; a Plebeian annihilated the Cimbrians and Teutones, the peasant-general from the farming cottage; a Plebeian consul saved Rome from the confederates of Catiline; Plebeians were the Catos, the Gracchi, and Brutus. Scipio the Great was, doubtless, a Patrician, and he towers above his own nation, as Hannibal does over all nations. The Æmilii, the Valerii, the Sulpicii, the Fabii, and other families of the Cornelii besides the Scipios, counted among them men who belonged to the first in the republic. Their statues stand peaceably by those of the great Plebeians: on the deeds of each, the other rose to new heights. All gradually degenerated in the possession of supreme power, and in the command of soul-ruling wealth. But the Municipia gave youthful vigour to the people with new families; the Patricians, with the exception of a few houses which shine so much the more brightly, became so thoroughly corrupt, as Catiline's conspiracy, the heads of which, himself, Lentulus, and Cethegus, were all Patricians, exhibits them; hence, Cornelius Severus designates it by the horrible name of the Patrician Crime."

The reader will doubtless call to mind the fine passages in the eighth satire of Juvenal, about the Decii and Marius, to which our author makes allusion, and which he has transferred to his notes. We have only to guard against the error of taking, like the poet, the word Plebeian to signify the lower order, a sense which it undoubtedly bore in his days, but which assuredly was not its meaning in the time of Licinius. It cannot be too frequently impressed on the mind of the reader, that the great distinction between the Patricians and Plebeians was a difference of origin, and that though the latter ranked among them a much larger number of poor, chiefly in consequence of the injustice of the Patricians, their upper ranks were not inferior to those of the rival order in birth or in wealth, as is proved by their demanding and obtaining the *connubium*. England offers no parallel to the Patricians and Plebeians of Rome; the most exact one which history presents is the position of the Protestants and Catholics of

Ireland. Would that the latter were the equals of the Roman Plebeians in wisdom and moderation!

II. The second Rogation was the celebrated Agrarian law, and though not more important in reality than the preceding one, it is far more frequently spoken of, and has been much more completely misunderstood. In fact, nothing has been more common than to suppose that the Licinian law limited landed property to five hundred jugers, taking the surplus from the rich and giving it to the poor. And need we wonder at the common herd of readers taking up this notion, when it has been adopted and defended by such men as Machiavel and Montesquieu? A most delectable doctrine it is, no doubt, to levellers and radicals of all descriptions: to those who can so calmly propose such flagrant robbery as the extinction of the national debt,—who, through blind hatred of the Church, cannot or will not discern, that if they could succeed in their patriotic efforts for what they term the total extinction of tithes, they would be only increasing the rental of an odious aristocracy; it is a doctrine well suited to Whitefeet legislators and to unprincipled demagogues, but which common-sense rejects, and of whose reduction to practice, history, thank heaven! offers no instance. The nature of the Roman public land, and of the Agrarian laws, is now made so clear and manifest, that it can only be misunderstood by design.

The Rogation respecting the public land, and the *enjoyment (possessio)* of it, is thus stated by our author.

"The public land of the Roman people shall have its limits marked out. Pieces of land which private persons have usurped from it, shall be reclaimed for the republic; those in which the right of property is disputed shall be sold, that the law may decide between private persons.

"Every possession which is not larger than this law allows, which is not acquired by violence, not stolen, not pledged, shall be protected against every third person.

"Every Roman citizen shall be entitled to enjoy for his advantage by possession, provided he does not exceed the measure set by this law, all newly-acquired public land, if it is not left in the possession of the original owners, or divided among the commonalty (*i. e.* the Plebeians), in property, or a colony founded on it.

"No one may possess more of the public land, in arable and plantation land, than five hundred jugers, nor feed on the common pasture more than one hundred head of large, and five hundred of small cattle. Whoever transgresses this regulation shall be sued on a fine by the Ædiles before the people; and he shall forfeit the quantity of land which he has possessed contrary to law. So also those who extend their stock of cattle without permission.

"The possessors of the public land shall pay to the republic the tenth bushel of their corn-land, the fifth of the produce of their plantations

and vineyards, and so much a head annual grazing-money for both the large and small cattle which they have on the common pasture.

"The censors shall sell, for a lustre each time, to the highest bidders, the annual income reserved to the Roman people from the public land. The farmers of the revenue shall give security to the republic for the fulfilment of their engagements. In case of unforeseen losses the senate may forgive them the sum which they owe. The produce shall be devoted to the pay of the army.

"The farmers of the revenue shall agree with the possessors for that portion of the produce of their possessions which they are authorized to demand on behalf of the state. No beast can be turned out on the common pasture without being registered by them and keeping-money being paid; whatever is thus withdrawn from the tax is forfeited to the republic.

"The possessors of the public land are bound to employ freemen as labourers on their ground, in a rated proportion to the extent of their possession."

It was farther proposed, that what individuals possessed over and above the legal five hundred jugers, should be divided among the Plebeians, in lots of seven jugers, as property; that Triumvirs should be appointed for carrying the law into effect; and that it should be sworn to by both orders.

Such then was the celebrated Licinian Rogation respecting the public land, as it has been traced out and put together by Mr. Niebuhr. Its nature and equity will appear from the following considerations.

Five hundred jugers, says Mr. Niebuhr, are equivalent to about 490 Magdeburg Morgen, or to 70 Roman Rubbj, that is, about 280 English acres, the Rubbio being about four of our acres.* Now, as Mr. Niebuhr ascertained during his residence in Italy, a farm of 70 rubbj is considered a very handsome tillage farm in the Agro Romano at the present day, which generally brings in about 20 scudi a rubbio to the *mercanti di campagna*, as the persons who take them are called, and gives them a large return for their capital. The farms of the present day are in general immensely large, but there are smaller ones in the more fertile situations, such as the vale of Aricia, which pay from 60 to 70 scudi the rubbio, and in this way Mr. Niebuhr thinks the patricians of ancient Rome may have let to their clients small portions of the part of the domain which was in their possession. That the 500 jugers which, be it remembered, were all arable and plantation land, formed no paltry farm, is plain, when we recollect the right attached to it of feeding cattle on the common pasture, the extreme fertility of the soil in the South, and the frugal habits of the people; to this we must add that the law set no limit whatever to

* See Foreign Quarterly Review, No. XXI. page 43.

the *acquisition* of *property* of any kind, but only regulated the *possession* of the domain, the public property. Five hundred jugers would, just at this very time, be considered a very large estate in Attica, where the paternal estate of Alcibiades was not quite 300 plethra or 120 jugers, that is about 67 acres; yet Alcibiades was immensely rich, and the very same might be the case with a Roman citizen, who, exclusive of the property which he might purchase within the limits of the Roman territory, might hold large estates in Latium, Etruria, or any where else that the public relations of the state would allow him to purchase.

Next we are to consider the rent claimed by the state from those to whom it gave permission to occupy its public land. This we have seen was a *tenth* of some, a *fifth* of other produce; it was in short, if we may use the obnoxious word, neither more nor less than *tithe*—a mode of levying rent which we find in use from China to Italy. We have already noticed in our last article that it was the state of things in India, where the sovereign is the owner of the soil, to whom the ryot who cultivates it gives a certain proportion of the produce as rent, which rent, exactly answering to the Roman *vectigal*, was leased out to the zemindar, who corresponds to the Roman farmer of the revenue. The sovereign always retained the power of resuming the land, though the exercise of this power, unless a very clear case was made out, might justly be considered a very great hardship, as the ryot had a prescriptive right to the possession of his farm, which descended from father to son for perhaps centuries, and could alienate it when he pleased. In China, at this very day, the land-tax, which is a tenth or tithe, is received in kind by the government, and is conveyed along the canals and rivers in boats to the several towns where it is to be laid up. The story of Joseph in the Bible shows that the case was similar in Egypt, for it was from the fifth which was paid in kind to the Pharaoh, that the corn was accumulated during the seven plentiful years, which the king sold to the people in the years of famine. The moderation of the demand of the Roman government will appear from a comparison with what was exacted in other states. As we have just seen, the Pharaohs exacted a fifth; the Syrian kings demanded from Judea a third of corn; the Hindoos pay from one to three quarters; Carthage, previous to the first Punic war, demanded a fourth, after that war a half from her African subjects; the Byzantine emperors would appear to have exacted from their eastern subjects the same proportion of the crop that the kings of Syria had required, for these countries felt an extraordinary relief when conquered by the Arabs, whose habit it was to demand but a tenth, and this will account for the very flourishing state of that part of the east down to the tenth century.

The demand of a fifth, *i. e.* two tenths of the produce of vines, olives, and fruit trees, was as moderate as that of a tenth of the corn, for there was no outlay for seed, and the culture of the trees was attended with far less expense. Hence the Syrian kings, who demanded a third of the corn, required a full half of the produce of that kind; in Italy, at the present day, the *metayer* who gives his landlord a half of the corn, frequently gives him three fourths of the wine which he makes. The last Licinian Rogation now demands our attention.

III. By the third Rogation it was ordered, that in the cases of outstanding debts, all the interest which had been paid should be deducted from the capital, and the balance be paid in three years by equal annual instalments. That this law was not strictly just, according to the letter, and to our modern ideas on the subject, is not to be denied, and it would be a bad precedent for a commercial people like us to follow. But Rome was not a commercial state, and this measure must be judged by ancient and not by modern maxims of polity. Yet even in modern times the great Sully did not hesitate, in his efforts to restore the ruined finances of France, to deduct from the debt contracted by the state with the Traitans in the time of the League, the usurious interest which had been paid, and to fix a moderate interest on the remainder; and this was not perhaps so hard as our own reductions of the interest of the national debt, which, from the manner in which a great part of the stock is situated, though they have the appearance of a voluntary acceptance on the part of the public creditors, are yet to all intents compulsory on a large number of them. Of this, no doubt, there would be no reason to complain, if our Traitans, who lent on such usurious terms during the war, were the actual creditors, as was the case in France; but they have in general long since cunningly transferred their stock, and the present holders have given fair value for it.

In Greece and Italy, usury was viewed with as much abhorrence as it was in the early Christian church, or is at the present day by the followers of the law of Mohammed, and it was generally held that the state had a right to interfere between debtor and creditor. That however the person who introduced a measure of this kind should be perfectly free from blame, it was necessary that he should himself be a loser, at least no gainer, by it. Solon, we know, lost ten or fifteen talents by his own measure for the liquidation of debt, and though, from all we can learn respecting the character of Licinius Stolo, we have no reason to suspect him of making any great personal sacrifice, we may be quite confident that he was personally no gainer by it. His marriage with the daughter of such a man as Fabius Ambustus, and the well-known

story of his being fined under his own law for occupying too much of the public land, prove him to have been a man of fortune, at least a man in easy circumstances, a fact indeed sufficiently evidenced by the people choosing him for their advocate; for the Romans, who were questionless "a wise and understanding people," never trusted their affairs to any but men of good property and good character, well knowing that it is only from such that political integrity can justly be expected. Athens acted differently, yet even *her* Cleon did not derive his support from a tax levied on the Thetes. It would be well if we ourselves were to keep an eye on the practice of the Romans of the days of Licinius Stolo.

Were a law respecting debt, like that of Licinius, to be passed in modern times, it would be productive of great misery; for if the interest already paid was to be deducted from money lent several years before, on mortgage for instance, in most cases there would be little or no capital remaining: in some the debtor and creditor might have to change places. But in Rome no such evil was to be apprehended, for the chief sources of modern debt were wanting there. Rome had no foreign trade of any consequence, so there was no borrowing on bottomry, or anything of the kind: there was no borrowing to pay legacies or to complete purchases; there was no extravagance, consequently no running in debt with tradespeople; all the debts of Rome were the result of sheer distress, and were mostly of that usurious character, to which, as our author very justly observes, "nothing but the superstition of legality would extend the protection of law." The object of Licinius and his colleague was to protect personal freedom, and to preserve to the state those citizens who, by the existing law of debt, might be sold beyond the Tiber, or reduced to slavery. And the loss of the creditor was not by any means so great as one might be apt to suppose. At Rome, the usual time for which money was lent was the cyclic year of ten months: if at the end of that period the debtor was unable to pay, he had either to look out for some other money-lender, from whom he usually had to borrow both the capital and interest, or to make a new arrangement with his original creditor, adding, we may suppose, the interest to the capital. As no interest had been paid, the creditor could by the law hardly lose any portion of his original capital: if the interest had been added to it, he undoubtedly could not claim that portion of his debt; and as two years were given for paying back the capital, he lost one year's interest on two-thirds, two years' interest on one-third of it, and the whole of the interest for the years in which he had been adding interest to principal; so that at the end of the two years he would stand exactly as he did at the time

the debt was originally contracted. All things considered, we surely cannot call this an unjust law.

The rate of interest forms the subject of a separate disquisition, in which our author first refutes two absurd hypotheses, according to one of which it was 100 per cent. per annum, according to the other but 1 per cent.; and then shows that in what was called the uncial rate of interest, the unity was the *as* of capital, a twelfth part of which, or one ounce, was the annual rate allowed by law at this time. The year was the cyclic, and not the civil one; $8\frac{1}{3}$ was, therefore, the rate for the year of ten months, and 10 for that of twelve months: when, therefore, in the year 403, the rate was reduced to half an ounce, the annual rate for the civil year became 5 per cent. The cause of the preceding erroneous ideas was the supposing that the interest was paid monthly in those days, as it was in the times of Cicero; and this Mr. Niebuhr shows to be unfounded, for there is not the slightest allusion to monthly terms in the early history; on the contrary, years are invariably spoken of in all the laws and proposals on the subject of debts. The terms fixed for the payment of portions left by will, which were three cyclic years, also indicate annual terms. It was also the custom in the sale of olives, grapes and wine, to give ten months' credit. An imperfect passage of Festus may, by a very simple and natural completion, be brought to prove that an ounce was the annual rate, the year being cyclic. The fact of the interest having been at one time a twelfth of the capital, also results in a curious manner from the rule regulating the penalty of the offending party in cases of divorce. The woman, if guilty of great impropriety, lost a sixth part of her dower; if of a lesser degree, an eighth: the man, if the offending party, was in the former case obliged to pay the dower down, instead of in three annual instalments; in the latter in terms of six months, that is, in half the time. Supposing then that the one was to lose as much in interest as the other in capital, it is quite apparent that the interest must have been a twelfth of the capital; for in the case of immediate payment the husband lost in interest $\frac{1}{3}+\frac{2}{3}+1=2$, which multiplied by $8\frac{1}{3}$, gives $16\frac{2}{3}$, that is, a sixth of the capital; in case of payment in six, twelve and eighteen months, his loss would be $\frac{1}{3}+\frac{1}{2}+\frac{2}{3}=1\frac{1}{2}\times 8\frac{1}{3}=12\frac{1}{2}$ or one-eighth of the capital; and thus one party would gain exactly as much as was lost by the other. On the whole, we think it quite clear that the *unciarium fœnus*, the uncial rate of interest of the Romans, was an ounce in every *as* for the cyclic year of ten months, that is, $8\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., equivalent to 10 per cent. for the civil year of twelve months.

Having thus shown at some length the nature, and proved the

justice of the Licinian Rogations, we now proceed to the very instructive account of the manner in which the firmness of the tribunes triumphed over the obstinacy of the Patricians.

"All those things for which men have an immoderate desire, namely, land, money and honours, being at stake, the Fathers were in consternation," says Livy, and a hard contest was therefore naturally to be expected. Fortunately for the tribunes, the ancient league which had subsisted with the Latins, Hernicans and Volscians had been dissolved after the Gallic invasion; so that the Patricians had not, as in the case of the Secession, allies whom they could summon to their aid, if they wished to put the matter to the test of arms; and the seventy-five years which had elapsed since the time of the Decemvirate had greatly diminished the number and the attachment of their clients. Force being, therefore, out of the question, the plan, by means of management, to get the bills rejected by the Plebeians themselves, was the only feasible course. The hopelessness of the majority of the people, to whom the Licinian Rogations must have at first appeared wild and chimerical, and likely to prove the ruin of their authors, was all in favour of the Patricians. Some would, therefore, be willing to declare against those who asserted the rights of their order, in hopes of getting thereby milder treatment from their Patrician creditors, or of gaining the favour of some men of influence: others might be terrified by threats into voting against the measures designed for their benefit. The reform might doubtless thus be staved off for a time, but the really wild and chimerical persons were the Patricians themselves, who fancied that, in opposition to numbers, reason, justice, and we may perhaps add property, they would be able to retain the exclusive possession of rights injurious to the community at large. But mankind is ever the same, and we have ourselves witnessed a contest still more unavailing of the few against the many.

Licinius and Sextius proposed their Rogations for the first time in the year 378. Had they passed the tribes and then been rejected by the curies, the matter would in all probability have come to a feud and a secession. To obviate this danger, the Patricians used their influence so successfully, as to gain over the eight colleagues of the patriotic tribunes, who interceded and prohibited the reading of the bills by the secretary. Licinius and Sextius were thus foiled for the time, and became the objects of their opponents' ridicule; but they waited patiently to the end of the year, and when the day came for appointing military tribunes for the ensuing year, they forbade the election. The contest was continued for five years: every year Licinius and his colleague were re-elected, and they would only permit the ap-

pointment of military tribunes in cases of external danger; the state was generally under Interreges. But every year the advantage was evidently more and more on the side of the reformers; the justice and feasibility of their measures became daily more apparent, and the number of their supporters increased; friends of the bills were chosen tribunes in each succeeding year, and in 382 the whole college was unanimous. The Patricians, now deprived of the means of stopping the Rogations by the tribunitian intercession, had recourse to the measure which must bring matters to an extremity—the venerable Camillus was named Dictator.

On the very day on which the tribes were to vote on the bills, Camillus began to levy an army. With violent threats he ordered the people who were beginning to vote to leave the Forum, and on their not complying, directed the lictors to disperse them by force. But the days of dictatorial omnipotence were gone by; the tribunes calmly proposed a Rogation to impose on Camillus a mulct of 500,000 *ases* if he should act as dictator. The storm could not be resisted, and Camillus, by the advice of his more sensible and prudent friends, gave way and abdicated. An account noticed by Livy says, that he did so out of reverence for the auspices, and not through fear of the exaction of the mulct; but this was evidently a Patrician fiction. To appease the tumult, P. Manlius, a man connected with the Plebeians, was appointed Dictator.

"The Senate of a degenerate aristocracy," says Niebuhr, "is usually, in a case of conflict with the oppressed class, wiser than the bulk of their order, who can have little or no share in the great and deceptive advantages: a body which has to provide against difficulties, and has had experience of the consequences of unbending obstinacy, is inclined to lend an ear to equity: he who has nothing to lose is most vehement in calling on the government to act with vigour, and to concede nothing. In the Roman senate this better wisdom was the more prevalent, in consequence of a number of Plebeians having seats in it, and several of the leading Patricians being connected by marriage and affinity with the other order: such were M. Fabius Ambustus, the father-in-law of Licinius, and P. Manlius, whom the Senate called to the dictatorship, to still the popular ferment. So decided a mediator of peace was he that he nominated C. Licinius Calvus, a Plebeian, related to himself and to the legislator, for his master of the horse."

Another measure of great importance was introduced and passed just at this time, namely, that the number of the keepers of the Sybilline books should be increased to ten, one half to be of the Plebeian order. As this was a Greek, and not a Sabine religious office, and consequently had nothing to do with the auspices, the Patricians had no pretext to refuse the Plebeians a participation in it, and their admission to it was an acknowledgment that they had an equal interest in the fates of the nation. So far

all was well; but now an attempt was made to disappoint, as in the case of the Secession, the Plebeian gentry of their hopes of office. The senate expressed their willingness to pass the bills relating to debt and the public land, provided they were not to open the consulate to the Plebeians. As the Dictator now offered no hindrance, the people, with their usual thoughtlessness and ingratitude, began to vote on the two Rogations which immediately concerned themselves. The tribunes then incorporated the three Rogations in one, that they might have *all or none;* for had the Patricians been able, by accepting these two Rogations, to separate the interests of the poor Plebeians from those of their gentry, the latter might have given up all hopes of attaining to the consulate, at least for many years. This conduct of the tribunes Mr. Niebuhr compares to what has before now taken place among ourselves, where the Commons, when on ill terms with the Crown, have incorporated obnoxious measures with a money-bill, in which of course the Upper House could make no alteration, and so must either pass the unpalatable measure, or deprive the crown of the supplies. "You must eat if you will drink," said Licinius to the people, and he and Sextius would consent to be re-elected only on condition that the people would persist and carry all the Rogations.

In the year 383 the affair came to a conclusion. It is very unfortunate that, from the conception which many of the best writers of antiquity had of the nature of history, while whole pages are devoted to the description of battles which led to no results of any importance, political proceedings of the utmost moment are related in a few sentences. This is peculiarly the case in the present instance, this portion of the work of Dionysius, who *did* attend to these matters, having been lost; and Livy, who is almost our sole authority, was, from his aristocratic feelings, little inclined to dwell on the disagreeable theme. This much, however, is to be collected. In the aforesaid year the three Rogations were proposed to the assembled tribes, and fully accepted by them. The sanction of the senate and the curies alone was wanting to their becoming the law of the land; prudence counselled the renunciation of a useless resistance, fallacious hope persuaded to make one more bold effort. Camillus was again invested with the powers of the Dictatorship against the people; for it was fondly expected that, by effecting a levy and leading the army beyond the mile round the city within which the tribunitian power could operate, he would be able, in a sham assembly of the centuries, to abrogate the laws passed by the tribes. But the dictatorial power, like every other power which rests on opinion only, displayed its intrinsic weakness by ventur-

ing to engage in a contest with that public opinion to which it owed its existence. The tribunes threatened, nay, even gave orders, to arrest the dictator on the forum! Camillus gave way, the laws were passed in all due form, and L. Sextius Lateranus was chosen the first Plebeian consul; but Patrician folly would still show its feebleness, and the curies refused their assent to the nomination. The rage of the people now broke forth anew; according to the account of Livy, who was perhaps anxious to soften matters, "the matter *nearly* came to a secession of the people, and other terrible threats of civil contests;" but Ovid, who in his Fasti has a right to be regarded as a historical authority, expressly says, that there *was* a secession;—"the people took arms and seceded from the Fathers, and Rome herself was in fear of her own strength," are the words of the learned poet. The secession was of course to the Plebeian quarter, the Aventine Hill. But Camillus himself was now a-weary of this continued state of civil contention. In his capacity of dictator he mediated between the orders; the Patricians agreed to offer no opposition to the election of the Plebeian consul, the Plebeians consented that the city-prætorate, an office of curule dignity, should be appropriated to the Patricians. Camillus vowed a temple to Concord, his son was chosen the first prætor, the curies gave their assent to all the elections of the year, and, as it would appear, the new laws were sworn to by both the orders.

These contests on the Reform Bill of the ancient Romans are not without a resemblance to what has lately taken place among ourselves, and had the Roman history been studied by some of our Patricians more attentively than ancient history in general is studied among us, the foolish attempts at stopping a measure which every man of sense must have seen to be inevitable, would perhaps not have been made, and so much not have been done, by those who certainly did not contemplate any such effect, towards dissolving the *préstige* of the inherent power of the House of Peers. But history ever proves that with mankind in general nothing but actual experience will be of real efficacy; in vain do her pages display the causes and the consequences of political madness and folly, her warnings are unheeded; we think there is something peculiar in the case before us, which makes her lessons inapplicable to it; we rely on the chapter of accidents; we dream of *reactions;* fancy that people are not so serious as they say they are; in short, we act in such a way, that history has the same specimens of political blindness and folly to record of all ages and all countries. In reality, however, we must say that our nature is to blame: the sweets of power are so seducing, that we never can expect the exclusive possession of them to be foregone without

an obstinate, even though a hopeless, struggle. The Patricians of Rome did not cease, for five and twenty years, from their efforts to get rid of the odious reform bill. The narrative of these efforts is full of instruction; but before we treat of them, we must notice the pretty tale which the oligarchs made of the origin of the measures of Licinius Stolo, and which has come down to our own days as a portion of genuine Roman history.

The tale runs thus. M. Fabius Ambustus, a Patrician, had two daughters, one of whom was married to Servius Sulpicius, a Patrician, who was consular tribune for the year 378; the other to C. Licinius Stolo, the Plebeian. It happened one day that the younger sister went to visit the lady of the military tribune, and as they were chatting of one thing or another, Sulpicius came home from the Forum. The lictor, as was usual, struck the door with his rod to announce the approach of the master; the younger Fabia, unused to any thing of the kind in a humble Plebeian abode, exhibited symptoms of terror, and her sister laughed at her ignorance. This and other circumstances which strongly evinced how much higher a rank her sister occupied than herself in society, sunk deep into the mind of the wife of the Plebeian, and when next she saw her father she could not conceal her uneasiness from him. To console her, he assured her that before long she should see the same honours in her own house, and forthwith he and his Plebeian son-in-law, associating with them L. Sextius, began to concert measures for opening the way for the Plebeians to the highest offices of the state.

Against the probability of this narrative it is suggested, that it seems rather strange that the daughter of Fabius Ambustus, who had been one of the military tribunes of the year 374, but four years before, should have been ignorant of the mode in which the approach of a magistrate to his house was announced. Again, all she could have desired was to be on an equality with her sister, which was simply to be effected by her husband being created a military tribune; and as this office was open to the Plebeians, (though the Patricians had of late contrived to exclude them in general from it,) and in the two immediately preceding years there had been Plebeians among the military tribunes, in such case the attainment of that dignity could not have been a matter of any very great difficulty to the son-in-law of Fabius Ambustus. But mayhap she wished to eclipse her sister, and therefore aspired to the Consulate for her Plebeian lord? But since the capture of the city, the Consulate had never been spoken of, and under far more favourable circumstances the attempts of the Plebeians to obtain it had been frustrated; how, then, could it have entered the conception of a vain, ambitious woman? though a far-sighted man

might regard it as the ultimate object of a keen protracted contest. The whole tale is, in short, an evident fiction of the beaten party; the merit of having first detected its falsehood belongs to Beaufort.

A period of great political tranquillity followed the victory of the commons. There were no wars, possibly from the reason given by Livy, namely, that the senate did not wish to give the Plebeian consul an opportunity of acquiring military distinction. It is a coincidence, curious enough to be deserving of notice, that as our Reform had the cholera in its train, so the Reform at Rome was succeeded by a pestilence, which swept away a great number of people, among whom was the Roman Wellington, the conqueror of the Gauls, the great opponent of the Reform Bill. Party spirit did not operate to deprive him of his just fame; and his memory was transmitted to posterity as that of the second founder of Rome. After four years had elapsed in external tranquillity, the Patricians thought they might make another trial of the terrors of the dictatorship against the Licinian law. The haughty and resolute L. Manlius was made dictator, for the ostensible purpose of driving the nail to mark the year, on the right side of the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus on the Capitol. He instantly began to levy an army against the Hernicans, but the tribunes saw what he was at, and forced him to resign.

"Even had a firm hand assured the benefits promised by the Licinian laws, still time alone, and the gentle force of custom, could have made a lasting peace between two orders, which had passed from an immemorial state of pride on one side, and mortification on the other, to a condition of equality. The blindness of the Patricians would not let them perceive how idle their efforts were to win back the privileges they had lost; these efforts must have become dangerous to them before the republic could enjoy internal tranquillity in a state of freedom." These just remarks of our author are borne out by the subsequent history. The Patricians did not cease to struggle till terror assailed them. They even rejoiced at defeats and at invasions of the territory, if they gave them an opportunity of imputing blame to their adversaries. Thus, when in the year following the dictatorship of Manlius, war actually did break out with the Hernicans, and the Plebeian consul Genucius was defeated and slain, the Patricians made no secret of their joy. Such, they said, were the consequences of transferring the auspices to those who were not entitled to them; men might be insulted with impunity, not so the immortal gods. Declamation of this kind, however, had no effect with the people, and the victory of the Plebeian consul Pœtilius, in the year 390, deprived it of all force. The following year,

matters, it is said, were near coming to extremities, had it not been for a war with the people of Tibur. It would appear, however, that the danger was greater than Livy intimates, for there is strong reason for supposing this to have been the sedition which M. Popillius, the Plebeian consul, appeased, by hurrying, without changing his dress, from the sacrifice which he was offering as Flamen of Carmenta, to the Forum, and calming the excited people by his persuasive arguments. "Thus were the Plebeians, in the highest offices, guardians of peace, if the oligarchs only kept from disturbing it." The year 394 exhibits the odious character of the oligarchs in a very strong light. The Patrician consul, M. Fabius, had been defeated by the Etruscans; in this extremity the Consul Popillius named a Plebeian, C. Marcius Rutilus, the consul of the preceding year, to the dictatorship. The discontent of the Patricians at this nomination was extreme, and though the Etruscans had advanced as far as the Salinæ, near the mouth of the Tiber, they refused the dictator the means of forming an army. But as in the case of the great Scipio, when he was thwarted in a similar manner by a base faction, the people now came forward voluntarily, and gave C. Marcius all the means with which the most complete law could have furnished him. The senate, it would appear, in which there were now a good many Plebeians, showed a better spirit than the curies, for a senatus-consultum must have preceded his bringing the matter before the centuries, and as he triumphed on his return from his glorious campaign, without the authority of the Fathers, *i. e.* without the consent of the curies, it is probable that this was also with the approbation of the senate. But as, in an assembly in which two hostile parties nearly balance one another, the majority, which will always be the side into whose scale the "waiters on Providence," who are sure to be found in it, throw their weight, will be very fluctuating, so it need not surprise us to find in the very same year the senate, with the oligarchs, in a renewed effort to upset the Licinian laws. The chances were now much greater in their favour than they had been in the preceding years, for the bond of alliance had again been formed with the Latins and the Hernicans, and their aid, it was thought, might be reckoned upon in case of the commons taking to arms.

The consular elections were held by interreges; no votes would be taken for Plebeian candidates; the tribunes long resisted this, but at last the eleventh interrex was enabled to declare the two Patrician candidates, who had the greatest number of votes in their favour, duly elected. He had even the hardihood to add, that as, according to the Twelve Tables, the last resolution of the people was decisive against all more ancient laws, so in this case was the

election of the Patrician consuls, which he had forced on the people, abrogatory of the Licinian law. Thus, for a time, did the oligarchs triumph; and when we recollect that this was the twelfth year since the passing of the Licinian law, we may form some idea of the obstinacy and tenacity of purpose which characterized them. Next year, the two Patrician consuls who held the elections thought themselves bound in honour to maintain the advantage gained by their order, and they refused to take any votes for the Plebeian candidates; the tribunes and the independent part of the commons, seeing that the consuls were resolute in their determination to maintain the system which had been entered on, left the ground, and then the consuls completed a mock-election by taking the votes of the clients. Such was the patience of the people, that the Patricians were able to carry the elections their own way a third time. But the resistance was secretly gaining strength, and for the five succeeding years, though there was no war of the slightest importance, a dictator was annually made, evidently for no other purpose but to hold the elections. T. Manlius, when dictator, having expressed his determination rather to let the consulate go out of use, than have it shared with the Plebeians, the tribunes would not suffer him to hold any election at all; he had to resign, and the obstinacy of the two parties brought the state again to the eleventh interrex. At last the senate had the good sense to order that the Licinian law should be observed for peace-sake, as the historian says, for which, therefore, they were entitled to little gratitude. The Plebeian consul was C. Marius Rutilus, who had been the first Plebeian dictator. The following year, a Patrician dictator vainly essayed to gain a victory for his order, but, when he failed, two interreges succeeded, and the two consuls were once more Patricians; but the next year the superiority was on the side of the Plebeians and justice. "Nay, so great was the power of inflamed public opinion, that C. Marius Rutilus, the same who had first brought into his order the honour of the dictatorship, was declared eligible for the censorship, and the Patricians, though they strove might and main against it, were forced to recognise him as the duly-elected censor."

One might expect that the contest would be now at an end. But not so; the very next year the dictator L. Furius Camillus carried the elections again in favour of the Patricians, and that in the most audacious manner. For in the face of an old senatus-consultum, which forbade the re-election of curule magistrates, and without any regard to decency or propriety, he nominated—himself! and a Patrician colleague, by means, of course, of forced votes; and the Patricians, ignorant and short-sighted, gave a most cheerful consent to this violation of law and decorum. It is curi-

ous to see how the aristocratic Livy, who had certainly a very faint conception of the real state of things in those days, represents the matter. His words are — "L. Furius Camillus being nominated dictator, and having appointed P. Cornelius Scipio master of the horse, restored to the Fathers the pristine possession of the consulate. On account of this merit he was himself created consul with great favour of the Fathers, and he named Ap. Claudius Crassus his colleague." How very laudable does his conduct appear by this mode of representing it! Certainly there *are* two ways of telling a story, and in a certain honourable assembly of our own we have daily instances of it. The faction, however, did not stop here; for Ap. Claudius happening to die in his consulate, though there was actually a Gallic war at the time, the senate would not only not have the vacant place filled up, from which it is likely, by the way, that they could not have kept a Plebeian, but they had not even recourse to the old device of appointing a dictator, and Camillus remained sole consul. This shameless proceeding probably alienated many who had hitherto supported the faction, and Plebeian consuls were chosen for the three succeeding years; but in the years 405 and 407 the rule was again broken through. This, however, was the last effort of the oligarchs; the utter hopelessness of their attempts to abrogate the Licinian law, and the danger of irritating the people too much, were now too apparent to be neglected; the contest came to a complete termination, and the amalgamation of the two orders advanced rapidly. We hear no more of feuds and secessions after this.

There are two circumstances which occurred during this time which are deserving of our notice; the one, the fining of Licinius Stolo for transgressing his own law! the other, the mode that was adopted for liquidating the debts of the people.

"In the same year," (393) says Mr. Niebuhr, "C. Licinius Stolo was condemned under his own law for possessing a thousand jugers of tillage land: one half under the name of his son by a sham emancipation. A melancholy example of the irresistibility of avarice, even by those whom honour should guard most securely against it, when once the heart stands open to it! It also shows that the greatest blessings frequently are assured by hands which are not perfectly clean, and that it may happen that the best cause is maintained by such persons, because the men of stainless character, out of indolence, neglect their duty."

In the year 403, one of the excellent Valerii, a name ever to be held in honour, being consul along with C. Marcius Rutilus, the distinguished Plebeian, the state of debt came to be duly considered, and the consuls made the people choose five commissioners (*quinqueviri mensarii*), two Patricians and three Plebeians,

for the purpose of making a proper arrangement respecting it. On this occasion the state came forward, for perhaps the first time in history, to assist the debtors by a loan. Tables were set in the Forum, at which the commissioners sat, and any debtor who came before them and showed that he had sufficient property, received, on entering into the requisite securities, from the funds which the treasury had placed at the disposal of the commissioners, as much money as he required to discharge his debt. If he preferred transferring his property, it was valued and handed over to his creditor. By this simple procedure, as the historian observes, a large amount of debt was got rid of, not only without injury, but even without complaint on either side; and we may observe how wealthy the treasury, which was in a manner empty a few years before, must have now become in consequence of the state's having come into the receipt of the rent of its lands, which had been so long unjustly withheld. As so much property changed hands in consequence of this regulation, a new census was become absolutely necessary. The consul C. Marcius Rutilus, the first Plebeian dictator, he in whose first consulate the uncial rate of interest had been established, was also created the first Plebeian censor; and though in this very year the efforts of the Patricians, in the matter of the consuls, were not without effect, they struggled in vain against his appointment to the censorship.

We have thus, at some length, explained the Licinian Rogations, and narrated the interesting and instructive history of the contest which they produced between the two orders. Every one must perceive how strictly accordant to justice they all were; and the account of the fruitless and foolish struggles of the Patricians to maintain the old system of abuses and injustice will show the blindness and selfishness of oligarchy, and the wisdom of that first of political maxims—Give way in time to the popular voice when it has reason on its side; for in case of resistance the people will be certain to triumph eventually, and to get even more than they originally demanded. From the Roman Reform Bill good, and great good, resulted, but it would be chimerical in us to expect benefits of equal magnitude from our own. Rome was a young, an agricultural, and a conquering state: our situation is the very reverse. What we have chiefly to expect is the removal of all just ground of popular complaint, that the people may plainly see that the blame of the sufferings and privations which they may have to endure cannot be fairly charged on the government, or on the higher ranks of society. The evil under which we suffer, and we fear long will suffer, is excess of population, not excess of taxation, sinecures, or any of the fancied evils, the removal of which, political empirics

assert, would make the whole body sound and healthy. In England this evil is clearly perceptible, but in Ireland it is awful, and those who boast of the eight millions of the Irish people would show more sense and humanity if they wished there were but half the number; for what can poor-laws, or any other laws, effect in a country where there are three men bidding for one man's work? The rich may be made poor, but we much doubt if the poor can ever be made comfortable. In fine, though legislative enactments may diminish to a certain extent the evils to which the lower orders (the use of this term we observe has been protested against) of society are subject, we fear they never can entirely remove them.

One more short extract shall be our last from this admirable work. It relates to the celebrated Goethe, concerning whose literary merits there is such a difference of opinion in this country, and shows that Niebuhr thought of him like his countrymen in general. In a note written in the summer of 1829, he thus expresses himself:

"Our fathers, ere we, who are now old, were born, recognized in Götz, and the other poems of a young man who was of the same age as Valerius in his first consulship (twenty-three), the poet who towers far above all whom our nation numbers, and who never can be excelled. Goethe has enjoyed this recognition for more than half a century; already the third generation of grown men looks up to him as the first man of the nation, without a second and without a rival, and children hear his name, as formerly among the Greeks they did that of Homer. He has lived to see our literature, mainly on his own account, acknowledged and honoured by foreigners; but he has outlived in it the age of poetry and of youth, and has remained solitary and alone. May he nevertheless, rejoicing in his everlasting strength, long abide cheerful amongst us, receiving from us, as old men, the homage which, as boys, we rendered him! May I be enabled to offer him this history complete, on which he has bestowed his favour!"

This third volume carries the history down to the end of the first Punic war. The various Samnite wars, and that against Pyrrhus, are handled in a masterly manner, and it is quite evident that the author had personally inspected the several theatres of war; hence his narrative has a degree of clearness and consistency not elsewhere to be found. There are *lacunæ* in his narrative of the Punic war; more especially we miss some account of the origin, previous state and power of Carthage, which undoubtedly would have been given, had he lived to prepare this volume for the press himself.

It has been edited, since his death, in a most conscientious manner, by a pupil of Niebuhr named Classen, under the direc-

tion of the able professor Von Savigny, and another learned friend of the deceased. A well-written and highly interesting preface informs us of the state in which Niebuhr's manuscripts were found, and of the manner in which the editor performed his task. From this preface we learn, that we have no farther contributions to our knowledge to expect from the manuscript remains of Niebuhr. A copious index to the third volume completes the work.

We would recommend our English translators to divide the present volume, which in the original contains 732 pages of text alone, into two, and to add a full and complete Index to the entire work.

We here take a reluctant leave of Niebuhr, who has opened a new world to our view, and in doing so we think we cannot conclude better than by adducing the testimony of one of our most elegant and accomplished scholars to his merits. We mean Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. In the preface to his admirable edition of Thucydides, a work which does honour to our literature, and holds forth to Europe a model of the manner in which the apparently humble labour of editing the master-works of antiquity may be made subservient to the promotion of valuable knowledge, and to the furtherance of the best interests of man, by the introduction of profound and elegant essays, conveyed in sound vernacular language, and not in barbarous Latin,* Dr. Arnold thus speaks of Niebuhr's Roman History.

"The former (the History of Thucydides) indeed, like every other ancient history, is chiefly indebted for the light thrown upon it by the extraordinary work of Niebuhr; a work which may justly entitle its author to the merit of having done for history what Bacon did for science. Niebuhr has not so much written a perfect history himself, as he has pointed out the true means by which it may be written; he has taught us to seek for our materials from the most multiplied sources,—from laws and from mythic poems,—from the annals, traditions, governments and usages of the most distant times and countries: he has given us an example of learning as boundless in its range as it is minute and accurate in its observation: of a grasp of mind that can at once comprehend and analyze the principles of the constitutions of different people; and of a quickness and precision that never allows him to overlook a line capable of being turned to any account, or to misapprehend the meaning of a single word in a single sentence, while the contents of volumes are at the same moment in the process of intellectual digestion within his mind. But besides all this, he has rendered an essential service to Grecian history in particular, no less than to Roman, by being

* The first Appendix to the first volume is one of the most beautiful essays we have ever read. We trust that ere long the library of no British scholar will be without a copy of Arnold's Thucydides.

practically the first writer who developed the original relations of the nobles and of the commons to each other, and the first composition and gradual advance of the latter to an equality with their former masters."

In a note Dr. Arnold adds—

"Niebuhr's religious opinions have been regarded by some persons in this country with great suspicion. I mention this, not with any intention to defend those views of the Old Testament history which have given rise to the feeling against him; but simply to protest against classing him, as some seem inclined to do, with Gibbon, Voltaire, and other real enemies of Christianity. We may be perfectly justified in regarding a man as an unsound guide in matters of opinion connected with the Scriptures, and yet by no means justified in feeling alienated from him as from one who had abandoned or forfeited his own personal interest in the faith and hopes of a Christian. And it so happens that I have been informed, on the most unquestionable authority, by one who knew Niebuhr intimately, and is himself as earnest and sound a Christian as any man living, that Niebuhr is a sincere believer in Christianity."

To these sentiments, which do equal honour to Dr. Arnold as a scholar, a philosopher, and a divine, we cheerfully yield our most cordial assent.

ART. VII.—*Le Manuscrit Vert.* Par Gustave Drouineau. 2e édition. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1832.

AMONG the various eccentricities of the modern literature of France, it is surely a sign of improvement that religion is no longer the mark for the disdain and vituperation of the higher class of her writers. Long before the late revolution, the belligerent scepticism of Voltaire and his followers had ceased to be fashionable in that country. A sort of neutrality was established between the school of Deism and that small portion of society which may be called the religious world of France, distinct from the adherents of mere court-superstition. Both might occasionally unite their forces against the government, which they regarded as a common enemy. As every year of political vicissitudes brings with it some additional lesson of the inefficacy of moral systems not founded on spiritual doctrines, the characteristic of many of the more recent writers seems to be a kind of "*rapprochement*" towards some species of faith—a sort of reluctant, half-scornful, half-timid advance towards an accommodation with Christianity: as if the mind were disposed to yield to persuasion, yet remained by pride and habit in the ranks of unbelief. Besides, the excesses of the vulgar always produce a sort of reaction in the minds of the mass of superficial reasoners. The multitude of Paris and other great

French towns is probably neither more nor less irreligious in 1833 than it was in 1825. But the removal of the enforced observances of the Restoration has encouraged it, on some occasions, to acts of coarse insult and license against the decency of public worship: and these have produced the natural result. The warfare carried on by the populace against the crosses has undoubtedly been as effective an auxiliary in promoting a respect for religion, as the cannon of Lyons and the fusillade of Saint Méry in rousing the doubtful and timid to a sense of the necessity of social order.

The work now before us exhibits strong marks of this peculiar tendency of the public mind. Regarded as a romance, it is an extravagant assemblage of unnatural characters and improbable events; but such is the popular style, to which an author, if he seek for readers, is now obliged to conform himself. But considered with respect to its moral and object, it would appear a singular production in any time or country, and most especially so in France of the nineteenth century. The hero of "*Le Manuscrit Vert*" is a devoted believer—a confessor, and almost a martyr, in the cause of religion, and uniting with the zeal of an anchorite the political ardour of a patriot of the liberal school. He promulgates and defends his opinions in all companies, regardless alike of sneers and defiance: preaches temperance to *roués*, consistency to statesmen, and celestial love to the nymphs of the *coulisses*. The whole interest of the book lies in the simple narrative of his struggles with the world, and in the strong opposition between his character and that of the worldlings with whom he is brought into contact. We do not hesitate to style it a work of unusual interest and pathos: full of meaning and passionate thought, attractive in spite of the strongest improbabilities of situation, of an imperfect style, half-formed on the bad model of M. de Balzac and his imitators, and of much trivial sentiment and observation on matters unconnected with the main object of the romance. This tragic Spiritual Quixote resists the solicitations of impure passion in the first fervour of his youth; when circumstances have rendered that passion legitimate, he resists it alike, because he dares not connect himself with a woman whose principles are incompatible with his own, although the idol of his first love, and possessed of all attractions of person and fortune. After such exertions of virtue, it is almost needless to add, that he is equally proof against the temptations of ambition, of unworthy friendship, and of false honour. Yet after a youth spent in unceasing privations, the conclusion of the tale leaves him unrewarded, except by the testimony of his own conscience; alone in the world, reduced to poverty, tarnished in reputation (at least according to the false estimate of a vicious society) and grown old before

his time through chagrin and suffering. Nevertheless, although poetical justice is thus denied him, the reader is left no less powerfully impressed with the sense of his superiority to his more fortunate competitors for the world's favor, than if success and popularity had been falsely represented as the consequences of religious uprightness in the corrupt circles of a modern metropolis.

But what is the religious system, in behalf of which our sympathy is invoked for the sufferer? Immanuel is indeed a believer; but our author studiously avoids connecting the faith of his imaginary hero with that of any distinct sect or class of worshippers. His convictions and his eloquence are enlisted in the cause of an ideal, philosophic Divinity, a beautiful but vague conception, the God rather of a Platonic enthusiast, than of a sincere and humble Christian. The author would probably say, that to have made a religious hero attach himself to the service of any special creed, would have been an appeal to narrow and sectarian feelings on his behalf. It may be so; but since not history only, but daily experience also, teaches us that the severest sufferings are cheerfully submitted to by the devotees of any peculiar faith, however absurd and unreasonable its articles may appear to us, while no resignation, no self-sacrifice ever attests the sincerity of the mere Theophilanthropist; we cannot divest ourselves of the feelings of incredulity with which we regard the imaginary character thus set before us. The mere names of Pascal, of Gardiner, of De Rancé, connected with their brief histories, which are so familiar to every bosom, excite even the impassible sceptic to a transitory glow of sympathy. But the high wrought philosophy of the young Parisian,

> . . . . . with a mind against its natural bent
> Tortured to strong devotion . . . .

who calmly reasons with his Atheist mistress, while he rejects her passionate advances, on the beauty of virtue and the commands of an unknown Deity—appeals so imperfectly to our imagination, as to leave room for a certain importunate sense of the ludicrous.

It is true, however, (as M. Drouineau himself desires us in his preface to remark,) that we are presented with a sort of corrective to the latitudinarianism of the hero in the character of his Mentor, a Catholic priest. This personage is an Ultramontane of the newest edition, after the fashion of Demaistre and Delamennais. His conversation seems to consist chiefly of paragraphs out of the journal (*L' Avenir*) conducted by the latter eloquent writer. (The doctrines which it supports, by the way, have been recently condemned in a pastoral letter of the Pope) Nevertheless, although this worthy ecclesiastic is a model of virtue and friendship, he can

hardly be said to shine in argument. His spiritual persuasions serve rather as a foil to the more enlightened opinions of his pupil. He is, in fact, introduced rather as a type of the past, than as a model for the existing generation.

What then is to be the final result of all this longing after novelty, these restless hopes of amendment, this dissatisfaction alike with existing dogmas and existing scepticism, which are so powerfully manifested in these volumes, and indicated by a thousand circumstances in the present state of France? Our endeavour is rather to characterize, if we can, the symptoms of this peculiar crisis of a great national disease, than to venture on any rash predictions as to the future forms which it may assume. We have before us a pamphlet intituled "Two Sermons on the religious state of our epoch, its evils and remedies (par Antoine Vermeil 8vo. 1832.)" They are the work of a Protestant minister of Bordeaux, who takes a similar view of the spiritual wants and condition of his countrymen. "This want," he says, (the want, namely, of religion, or at least of some strong conviction in the room of systematized doubt,) reveals itself in the tendency of all minds, in the agitation and uneasiness of every heart. Men do not believe, it is true; but they no longer plume themselves on their incredulity. They are not pious; but they have ceased to ridicule and denounce piety in others; and even as to themselves, they no longer laugh at its absence, but rather regret that they have it not. Notwithstanding all our levity and carelessness, we feel in secret that something is wantiug to us. Positive interests no longer suffice us. While we still demand every day from society some great political event, and from literature some strong or rather convulsive excitement, we no longer turn away disdainfully, as heretofore, from religious questions; we even feel some pleasure in hearing them agitated. We listen, with a concealed satisfaction, to modern philosophy, while she repudiates the materialism of the last age. We follow with curiosity the progress of new doctrines; anxious (although unwilling to allow it) to find in them something which may fill up the void of our hearts and consciences, which may detach our interest from mere temporal questions, and give us, by arresting our doubts, power over our passions, tranquillity in suffering, confidence for the present and security for the future."

Although not strictly connected with the subject of our preceding observations, we will extract the following remarks of this writer, on the causes which prevent the faith which he himself professes from exercising that beneficial influence which might have been hoped from it, amid this general longing for spiritual regeneration:

"Its hopes" (those of Protestantism) "are well founded, and its rights

are incontestable, for it has in its favor its principles of tolerance and free inquiry, and above all, the accordance of its doctrines with the Scriptures. But perhaps, in order to fulfil its mission, it stands in want of renovation and revival in some of its forms; *and above all, it must avoid, even while it renders its faith more and more evangelical, that spirit of retrogression, of exaggeration and exclusiveness, which invariably shows itself wherever life is renewed within its bosom.*"

Whoever has studied the recent history of many of our sister churches abroad will feel the truth of this observation. The rationalism of German divines is much talked of in this country, as one cause of the stationary position which has so long been occupied by the hosts of the reformation. But surely this is not the only enemy that works unintentional mischief in the camp. Such scenes as were witnessed, a few years ago, among the churches of Switzerland, must have no small influence in deterring the observant sceptic from an approach to Christianity. The partizans of exaggerated opinions consider all those, who do not adopt them in full, as completely out of the pale of orthodoxy, as actual unbelievers; they combine and associate together by means of emissaries in distant countries, and endeavour everywhere to excite an exclusive spirit, to create a sort of tacit schism in the bosom of every national church. We are far from justifying the hasty and violent measures which were adopted in some places, where magistrates made common cause with the clergy against these busy agitators. But we cannot wonder if the effect produced by those unfortunate *tracasseries*, in many who witness them, is to confirm their irreligious prejudices, or to make them prefer the peaceful, apathetic tolerance of Romanism, such as it now is in the more enlightened countries of Europe.

It is curious to remark how much even the most Christian among French writers are in the habit of regarding religion, not with a view to its personal influence on individual man, but rather as a social principle, an element of a political system. This tendency seems to arise, naturally enough, from the absence of that inveterate religious feeling which education alone can give. Unaccustomed to give any part of his attention to such topics at an early age, while politics, on the other hand, are the very element in which his reasoning powers first learn to exert themselves, the earliest thought of the Parisian, when his meditations are turned at last to the most important of all subjects, seems to be, not how the matter stands between God and his own heart, but what may be the effect of Christianity on the mass—not whether it is true or false, but whether it will serve, or no, as a principle for "reconstructing society." Catholicism is to be rejected, (according to such writers as M. Drouineau) not because it teaches to wor-

ship, instead of God, the creatures of human invention, but because it begins to dwindle into a mere set of forms and observances, and thereby to lose its influence. Protestantism—not because its dogmas are untrue, its belief too much or too little—but because it is "*froidement stationnaire.*" The new attempt to reform Catholicism in France, or the church of the Abbé Chatel—not because its doctrines and sentiments are as lukewarm as those of Laodicea, but because it is a "Catholic quasi-legitimacy," an effort to bring the church to the support of the state with somewhat more of decent reserve in the connection. Whoever has read the works of Chateaubriand will recognize this habit of looking at Christianity as a painter looks at his canvass—not as a real and living principle, but as a means of producing effect.

We know of no authority to which we can refer our readers with more satisfaction, in confirmation of our views on this subject, than to an excellent sermon lately published by the Rev. Hugh Rose, Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge, with some introductory observations respecting the state of religion in France, and more especially regarding the sect of the Saint-Simonians. We have found no notice of the opinions of this clique of politico-economical fanatics so accurate, in so short a compass, and at the same time so impartially just in its estimate of the great talent shown by their writers, not so much in constructing their own theory, as in pointing out the defects of the present state of society, and reducing its past history to a bold and comprehensive system. There is a fantastic tale of Hoffmann, of which the hero is a musical virtuoso. He is thoroughly acquainted with the theory of his art; criticizes all the peculiarities of the modern school with wonderful justice; points out the latent causes of its deficiencies; and astonishes his hearers by the accurate analysis which he gives them of their own sensations of pleasure and pain arising from peculiar tones. He hints, moreover, that he is in possession of the true secrets of some famous deceased performers, as well as of the actual instruments with which they had wrought such miracles. The curiosity of his hearers is strongly excited, and one of them is at last favoured with a separate interview, in order to be initiated into these abstruse mysteries. The virtuoso takes down from his study wall a genuine Cremona of ancient date—the very instrument, as he declares, to which Tartini had once given life—takes it in hand with reverence, and produces nothing but a most horrible compound of dissonant extravagances, without the least approach to any kind of harmony—while he questions his astonished pupil, with much solemnity, as to the effect produced on him by these wonderful tones, the quintessence of all music. Is there not something in the madness of this

"Fanatico" which reminds us, not of the Saint Simonians only, but of many other soi-disant reformers of society, who raise our expectations by eloquently demonstrating its vices, and destroy them again by the glaring defects of the systems which they propose to substitute for it.

As for this renowned association, its extravagances, and the gross impurities with which its youthful leaders have lately soiled the moral character which its doctrines had previously borne, have sunk it for the present low enough in public estimation. But we are much mistaken, if many of its economical dogmas are not deeply rooted in the popular mind, both of France and England; and if its invocations to the human sense of religion, however misapplied, do not find an echo in the breasts of thousands whose fathers have reared them in ignorant contempt of all faith, and who are now vaguely endeavouring to seek it out for themselves. Both will probably bear fruit; the first, in fomenting revolts against the rights of property, which may produce evil for a time, but must prove ultimately inefficacious, being directed against the common habits and instincts of mankind; the last, let us hope, in preparing the way for the gradual readmission of Christianity into the heart of a society which has rather outwardly rejected it from mistaken pride, than from being dead inwardly to its preserving influence. But of this, as of the other tendencies of the busy Spirit of the age, we can but say in the words of the old German rhyme—

"Ist's Gottes Werk, so wird's bestehn,
Ist's Menschen Werk, wird's untergehn!"

ART. VIII.—1. *Du Rabbinisme, et des Traditions Juives.* Par Michel Berr (de Turique). Paris. 1832. 8vo.

2. *Résumé de l'Histoire des Juifs Modernes.* Par Léon Halevy. Paris. 1828. 18mo.

THE days have gone past, we hope for ever, when no Christian writer dared to speak of a creed differing from his own in any terms but those of contemptuous reprobation and horror; when theologians seemed to attribute such weakness to their holy religion that they feared it would be injured if the claims of any other were fairly investigated; and when to hint that belief in the Koran or the Talmud did not afford *primâ facie* evidence of obstinacy and perversity, was a crime little if at all inferior to Atheism. No better system could have been devised for strengthening the incredulity of the infidel, increasing the doubts of the sceptic, and weakening the confidence of the true believer; but it was naturally patronized by that large majority of men who find it easier to dog-

matize than to reason, and who apply odious nick-names to save themselves the trouble of refutation. "We have not so learned Christ." Far from searching the different religions spread over the globe with an anxiety to discover nothing but abominations and absurdities, we feel more anxious to search out their latent truths and their concealed merits: the aberrations of the human intellect gratify not our pride, fill us with no unholy triumph; when we read of superstitions, we exclaim not "Thank God! we are not as other men;" such feelings we leave to the Pharisees of Christianity, and sighing over the frailty of our nature, try to find under the clouds of error and the veil of superstition some principle of good. There be those that would limit the dominion of truth to Christendom, to the Protestant nations, to a favourite sect, or even to a single chapel; we assign no limits to its empire: we find it to be sure frequently corrupted, defiled, hidden beneath a crowd of human inventions, and we acknowledge revelation to be necessary to its full development; but we still find it wherever we search; for, with Victor Cousin, we believe that "no privileges, no castes exist in human nature."

It would be an easy matter, after the good old fashion, to present our readers with a portraiture of Judaism at once ridiculous and revolting. The Talmud would suffice to supply a score of volumes substantiating all the charges that the enemies of the Jews have urged against them since the first foundation of Christianity. It gives false and degrading notions of the Supreme Being; it inculcates anti-social principles; it prohibits the free exercise of reason; it invests the Rabbins with a plenitude of power, such as no priesthood ever possessed; "it makes void the commandments of God by its traditions." Hence some of the ancient polemics would at once conclude, that the Jews, who profess to believe the Talmud, must of course be liable to all these imputations. But belief is not quite so logical a process as such reasoners try to prove it; there is what Paley well calls an *otiose* assent to articles of belief—an assent somewhat like that given to the history of Nadir Sháh, or the descriptions of Pekin, which produces no practical effect on life or conduct. But persecution and disqualification frequently change this dead letter into a living spirit; the dogma which was nearly lost in the dust of ages comes to light when unwisely assailed by violence or by obloquy; the article which had sunk into oblivion is raised by its enemies into a principle of action. There never was a people in whose history this truth was more fully manifested than the Jewish; but unfortunately, the seasons of persecution that brought out all that was pernicious in their creed were much more numerous than those in which they were permitted to display its better qualities.

"In tracing," says Berr, "the doctrines of Judaism during the later ages of the first Temple, the entire duration of the second, and subsequently after the dispersion of the Jews amongst the nations of the earth, we shall see them successively become elevated and degenerate, noble and degraded, with light and darkness, justice and oppression, civilization and barbarity, and generally according to the progression of society and the march of the human intellect."

On the confession of the most enlightened Jews themselves, and on the assertion of all who have investigated the subject, it may fairly be assumed that Judaism is now a system very different from that which Moses established for the chosen people. We deem, however, that, even in its present low estate, we can discern the elements of regeneration; and in the world around us we see manifest signs of an approaching period when these elements shall operate for improvement. Two of these cheering symptoms are before us: one, the tract on Rabbinism by a French Jew, the title of which is prefixed; and the other, a little work called "The Genius of Judaism," written, we believe, by an enlightened English Jew,* which has just made its appearance here. From both of these we shall endeavour to collect a statement of those circumstances which induce us to believe that a great and beneficial change in the moral and social condition of the Jews is in rapid progress, and, unless checked by something external, will at no distant day be completed.

Before we can thoroughly appreciate the importance of a reformation, we must know something of the system which is to undergo the process of change. There have been many portraitures of Judaism from the days of the Buxtorfs to those of Chiarini:† they all, and especially that of Eisenmenger, merit the praise of learning, research and accuracy; but they were all designed for controversial purposes, and consequently dwell more on the evil than on the good. A rapid historical sketch of the rise

* Report attributes this work to the elder D'Israeli: we regret that it is only in a hurried note we can notice a different portraiture of Judaism, in its high and palmy state, by D'Ismeli the younger. We allude to that singular emanation of creative genius, "the wild and wondrous tale of ALROY." The subject is one which in earlier days fired our own literary ambition, and we feel therefore sincere delight in seeing the visions that flitted before our youthful fancy more than realized. It is, however, a work utterly at variance with the cold rules of western criticism, for it is truly the very *beau idéal* of orientalism. Massive grandeur, luxuriant magnificence, fancy absolutely prodigal of its wealth, are the most characteristic features in this singular production; but to these eastern qualities it adds a deep and intimate knowledge of the human heart, both in its greatness and its littleness, which has been derived from the purest philosophy of the west.

Objections have been made to the style of the work, which, we think, must be attributed to the ignorance of the critics; like the subject it is purely oriental: the best Arabic writers, and among them the author of the Koran, introduce metrical forms, and even the ornament of rhyme, when they have to treat of passionate, that is, of poetic subjects.

† "Theorie de Judaisme." See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. vi. p. 527.

and progress of Judaism, as contradistinguished from Mosaism, will enable the reader to form some accurate notions both of the evils to be remedied, and of the means that may be made available for their cure. The professors of Judaism acknowledge a traditional law equally binding with the laws recorded in the Pentateuch, and they trace the origin of this "*lex non scripta*" back to the days of Moses. Such a claim to antiquity has been ridiculed by most Christian writers, and yet we have no hesitation in acknowledging its probability. Many of the regulations contained in the Mosaic code were applicable only to the peculiar modes of life adopted by the Israelites in the desert, and were therefore virtually repealed when the conquest of Canaan was completed; many circumstances, apparently as important as those for which regulations were provided, had not been noticed by the inspired legislator. It was natural for a people whose laws formed an essential part of their religion to consult the sacerdotal caste, the authorized depositaries of their faith, respecting these omitted cases. The decisions of the priests thus gradually formed a code of traditions supplemental to the written law, just as the *Sonna* has grown up round the *Koran*.

The age of the Babylonish captivity produced a great and striking change both in the political and religious condition of the Jews; it was a period when revolutions convulsed the entire of central Asia, revolutions which we hold to have been essentially connected with some great struggle between rival creeds. This is not the place to enter on a comparison between the age of Cyrus and that of the Sassanides; or to show that in both instances the change of the Persian dynasty was attended by a still greater change in the national faith. It is enough to remark that to this period the preaching of Zerdusht or Zoroaster is ascribed by all the historians of the west, while the traditions of the east connect that reformer with the prophet Daniel. Living in the midst of these terrible convulsions, the Jews acquired a new stock of ideas and feelings, which may be clearly traced in the writings of the later prophets. To name one out of many, we find the immortality of the soul forming for the first time a prominent article in the Jewish creed. A new series of traditions was manifestly necessary to connect the new modes of thought and action with the ancient legislation of Moses. Two powerful causes operated against the purity of this adaptation; the love of power on the part of the Rabbis or doctors of the law, which led them to multiply cases of conscience for the purpose of extending their own authority; and the bitter persecutions to which the Jews were subjected by the monarchs of Syria and Egypt, which led to the adoption of anti-social principles and made hatred of

the Heathen an article of faith. The regulations were onerous, "they laid burdens on men's shoulders grievous to be borne;" the doctrines inflated Jewish vanity, taught them to boast "we have Abraham to our Father," and led them to view the Gentiles at once with contempt and detestation. Hillel and his followers made vigorous but vain efforts to resist these dangerous novelties; they were conquered by the ignorant and fanatical disciples of Shammai, whose doctrines accorded better with the interests of the Rabbis and were more flattering to the vulgar passions of the populace. It adds not a little weight to the historical verity of the New Testament, that the accounts it contains of the state of the Jews at the period of Christ's ministry are in perfect accordance with the preceding descriptions, which we have derived exclusively from Jewish writers. After the fall of Jerusalem and the subsequent dispersion of the Jews, the traditional law was collected into a code called *Mischna*, or the "Repetition;" sullied as this part of the Talmud is, from the causes we have already specified, we must still confess that it contains much sublime morality, many striking recommendations of universal charity, and the germs of liberal principles that required only favourable circumstances for their full development. We cannot say the same of the commentary called the *Gemara*, or Supplement; it cannot be better described than in the words of Berr:

"The language, the doctrine and the intellectual character had equally degenerated. Intolerance and darkness rising from without, brought by degrees intolerance within. A subtile and punctilious spirit had usurped the place of liberal and elevated interpretations; partial and even intolerant maxims, a moral code too strictly severe, a language formed from a confused mixture of the degenerated Oriental tongues; a Hebrew which, without being primitive, had still preserved some faint traces of its purity. Nevertheless some glimmerings of light appear even in the *Gemara*, and there occur in it passages "few and far between" worthy of the *Mischna*, as in that work there may be found traces of approaching degeneracy."

The birth of Islamism and the fanaticism of Mohammed's early followers hastened the decadence of the Jewish schools and synagogues in the East; but they were soon revived with more than their former brilliancy in western Europe. Under the Moorish dynasty in Spain, the Jews not merely enjoyed protection, but were among the chief ornaments of that brilliant and intellectual court. Maimonides, a name of which the Jews are justly proud, laboured to simplify the articles of the national creed, the most efficient but far the most difficult step in the purification of a national faith. The most efficient, because an absurd dogma escapes notice among a crowd of other doctrines

more or less irrational, but is at once condemned when placed in juxta-position with the simpler doctrines contained in every creed: the most difficult, because to vulgar minds the doctrines most shrouded in mystery are always the most pleasing. The school of Cordova was the most celebrated of the Jewish academies; during its brief but bright existence it had done much and designed more for the reformation of Judaism. The epoch did not appear distant, when refined and purified it would have melted into Christianity; but, how true are the words of Æschylus:

> "O mortal, mortal state! and what art thou?
> Even in thy glory comes the passing shade,
> And makes thee like a vision fade away.
> And then Misfortune takes the moisten'd sponge
> And clean effaces all the picture out."

The protection conceded by Mohammedans was refused by Christians;—the disciples of Him, at whose advent was proclaimed "peace on earth, good will towards men," deemed that holocausts of slaughtered victims were acceptable offerings to the God of Mercy. The era of the Crusades came; would to God that the annals of the period formed no part of the history of Christian nations! Persecution again checked the course of reformation; and the Jews were taught to hate the very name of Jesus by the conduct of those who called themselves his followers; to this period belong the "Toldoth Jesu," and other libellous treatises on Christianity; works which were themselves the natural offspring of persecution, and were yet made the pretext for its continuance. We are freed from the necessity of dwelling on this calamitous age, because it is quite enough for our purpose to say: compare the Jew of Cordova, under the reign of the Mohammedans, with the Jew of the same country after the establishment of the Inquisition.

The Protestant Reformation wrought a great but not a decisive change in favour of the oppressed Jews; indeed the theological controversy which prepared the way and smoothed the path for Luther's efforts, arose from Reuchlin's efforts in their behalf. We allude to the generous and successful exertions made by that excellent scholar and worthy man, to save the Jewish writings from the flames to which they were consigned by priestly bigots, on the suggestion of the renegade Pfeffercorn; a struggle that can never be forgotten, from the torrent of ridicule with which Hutten overwhelmed Reuchlin's opponents, in the immortal "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum.*" Under the Reformed Churches the Jews have been partially tolerated, and their privileges gradually increased; but as yet there are some Protestant nations, among which England must unfortunately be

reckoned, in which they do not enjoy the full privileges of citizens. We say unfortunately, because we think our brief summary has shown, that in every period when the Jews were oppressed, the principles of evil in their creed became prominent and active; but whenever they enjoyed security and protection, the counteracting principles of good began to work a moral regeneration.

The Jews were not ungrateful to the Reformation: in the early part of the last century they became the most zealous supporters of the Protestant succession; and it is notorious, that when the Jacobites threatened a run on the bank, the Jews, not only of England but the continent, sent in large supplies of bullion to support the credit of the British government.

In the year 1753, the Pelham administration, with a laudable desire to reward Jewish loyalty, and encourage the accession of such a wealthy people to the subjects of the British crown, introduced a bill for the naturalization of the Jews into the House of Lords: it was supported by Sherlock, bishop of London; Secker, bishop of Oxford; and Hayter, bishop of Norwich; three names of which the ecclesiastical annals of England may be justly proud, and it passed through the upper house without opposition. Its reception in the lower house, when first brought down, was on the whole favourable; but the commercial jealousy of some merchants in the city, the resentment of the Jacobites for the efficacious check given to their machinations by the Jews, and the obstinate prejudices of those who prided themselves on preserving the folly of their ancestors, and calling it wisdom, roused a formidable resistance which the ministers should not have ventured to encounter. Appeals were made to the passions and prejudices of the multitude; "no Judaism" became a signal as efficacious as "no Popery" thirty years after; petitions poured in from every quarter; but the ministers, strong in rectitude of principle, resolved to proceed. In this determination we deem that they were wrong; for the phrase which Montaigne used in speaking of the reformation of the Calendar was perfectly applicable to the trifling privileges conceded by the bill.

"Pope Gregory has found out an evil which hurt nobody, and he has applied a remedy which does nobody any good."

Sir William Northey led the opposition; he was an obstinate blockhead, whose head was filled with all that was absurd or useless in ancient and modern literature. In the first paragraph of his speech he contrived, however, to state the principle on which all intolerance is founded, and to give the essence of all the speeches that have been delivered against religious freedom ever since.

"I hope some of the gentlemen who are advocates for this bill will rise up and inform the House what terrible crime the people of this kingdom have committed; for I must suppose that they have been guilty of some heinous offence, because we have of late had some sort of bill offered every year to parliament for depriving them of their birthright; I say depriving them, sir, for the communication of a privilege is, in so far as that communication reaches, a taking it away from those who had before the sole right to it."

The Rev. Sidney Smith, in that unparalleled work of wit and argument, "Plymley's Letters," has stated the same principle in better terms:

"You may not be aware of it yourself, most reverend Abraham, but you deny their freedom to disqualified sectarians, upon the same principle that Sarah, your wife, refuses to give the receipt for a ham or a gooseberry dumplin; she values her receipts, not because they secure to her a certain flavour, but because they remind her that her neighbours want it: a feeling laughable in a priestess, shameful in a priest; venial when it withholds the blessings of a ham, tyrannical and execrable when it narrows the boon of religious freedom."

But for our knowledge of the prevalence and strength of this feeling, we should perhaps have been surprised to find among the most clamorous and reckless opponents of Jewish emancipation, men notorious for any thing rather than their attachment to Christianity. But even infidels wish to enjoy the luxuries of persecution; and as a naughty boy feels angry if you refuse to grant him the privilege of worrying kittens, so men of vulgar and depraved minds feel indignant when prevented from insulting and spurning some class of their fellow creatures with impunity. We see at this very moment the planters of South Carolina contending for their own unrestrained liberty, and at the same time for the unmitigated slavery of their negroes. "I wish I were free, I wish I were free," said an Irish radical to us some months ago. "And are you not free?" we replied; "cannot you do as you please?" "Aye," said he, "but I cannot make you do as I please!" And we have the honourable member for Oldham one day proposing the apotheosis of Tom Paine, and the next declaring his readiness to become a martyr for Christianity. The strange inconsistencies of that singular man would assuredly form a strange chapter in the history of human nature:

"Each hour a different face he wears,
Now in a fury, now in tears,
Now laughing, now in sorrow;
Now he'll command, and now obey,
Bellows for liberty to-day,
And roars for power to-morrow."

And yet it is easy to show that there is one principle which gives

uniformity to all his aberrations, and consistency to all his discrepancies, that is, intense selfishness,—the true key to the conduct of every brawling demagogue that has kept a country in a state of agitation since the world was created.

The ministers persevered and the bill was carried; a general election was at hand, and the opposition unhesitatingly availed themselves of the popular clamour to drive their political rivals from the hustings. It is not beyond the memory of the present generation, that a party made use of a similarly disgraceful advantage; in the days of Percival, that man whom nature designed for a methodist parson, but whom cruel chance made a prime minister, the yell of "no Popery" was raised throughout the kingdom, and the nation led to believe, that the Pope with an army of cardinals was about to storm St. Paul's, and a certain Scarlet Lady about to change Westminster into Babylon. Verily, we may say of religious folly, what the French nobleman did of the volume he read through, deeming that he was reading through a series, "*il se repéte quelquefois.*"

Some very characteristic anecdotes are related of the scenes enacted on the passing of the bill; we extract the following from the Hardwicke papers in the British Museum:—

Extract of a letter from Dr. Birch to the Hon. Philip Yorke.

London, June 23, 1753.

"The post office has I presume transmitted to you a sheet upon the true nature of the Jews' Bill, of which Mr. Webb tells me, he designs likewise to give the public a right notion, by reprinting it with proper remarks, having obtained Mr. Basket's consent, who is the proprietor. The clamour against that act is now evidently designed to influence the election next year; and the rage of the people is ungovernable. The Bishop of Norwich was insulted for having voted for it, in several parts of his diocese whither he went to confirm; the boys of Ipswich in particular calling out to him for circumcision, and a paper being fixed to one of the churches, that the next day, being Saturday, his lordship would confirm the Jews, and the Christians the day following."

From the same to the same.

London, September 29, 1753.

"The Jews' Bill is likely, among many ill consequences, to have one good effect, in relieving the next parliament from the oratory of Mr. Sydenham, whose declaring for that bill has rendered the city of Exeter implacable to him; though to acquit himself of Judaism, he dispersed printed papers, justifying his attachment to Christianity, and urging as a proof of it, his travelling on Saturdays when his business required it, and his strict observance of Sundays."

The member for Bristol, as Horace Walpole tells us, offered to prove that he was not a Jew, in a more rational way than the worthy member for Exeter; but we must refer to his Memoires

for the anecdote. Dr. Birch gives us also some account of the reverend pamphleteers of the period, who might easily be paralleled in our own;—we regret to add, that having read the pamphlet described in the following extract, we consider it deserving of even greater reprobation than the writer has bestowed upon it.

London, October 20, 1753.

"Mr. Tucker acquainted me in a letter received yesterday, that his friends have advised him to add a second letter. On the other side, there was published this day se'nnight a pamphlet of an hundred pages in 8vo., sold for sixpence, or distributed gratis, under the title of 'An Answer to the Considerations on the Jews' Bill.' It is ascribed to Romaine; and has all the distinguishing characters of that writer, impudence, buffoonery, virulence, and insincerity. It asserts 'that the Jews have no God, no king, no country, and never act upon any higher principle than self interest; that the present set of —— (I presume he means bishops), is the only one since the time of Christ that would have countenanced so antichristian a measure.' It cites with great triumph an anecdote, as it is called, out of Raguenet's 'Histoire de Cromwell,' of the Jews having sent over several Rabbis to make private inquiry whether he was not their Messiah; from which Romaine, this pamphleteer, deduces several consequences, particularly that the Jews suppose that the character of their Messiah will be like that of the accomplished villain, Cromwell. The chapter pretending to show from Scripture authority that we ought to have no commerce with that nation, is not to be matched out of the Church of Rome for falsification of the doctrine of the New Testament."

It is well known, that in consequence of the popular excitement, the parliament were forced to repeal the bill in the following year.

Other nations outstripped England in the march of liberality; in America, in Holland, in Prussia, and in France, the Jews were admitted to the privileges of citizens, and have proved by their subsequent conduct that they were well entitled to the favour. The Jewish regiment in the Prussian service was the one that acquired most glory in the memorable battles of Ligny and Waterloo.

In the year 1829, Mr. Robert Grant, the present member for Finsbury, brought in a bill for the emancipation of the Jews, but withdrew it after it had made some progress, chiefly because it was deemed imprudent further to shock the prejudices of those who had been so deeply offended by the concession of emancipation to the Catholics. The speakers against the measure, with one exception, rested their arguments on expediency. The only individual who brought religion into the debate was a Mr. Trant, one of those persons of whom it has been well said, "if it is a case of hatred we are sure they will defend it by the Gospel, if it

abridges human freedom they will find precedents for it in the Revolution."

The measure is now about to be brought forward under more favourable auspices, and we have little doubt of its success. Opposition, however, is said to be threatened from a quarter whence it could not reasonably have been expected, we mean from the members of "The Society for Converting the Jews." We trust, that to preserve the consistency of inconsistency, these worthy individuals will make the honourable member for Oldham the mouth-piece of their sentiments. We should have laughed at this mingled display of folly and assurance, did we not remember that a similar society for converting the Irish Catholics for some time deluded the people of England into the belief that there was no necessity for granting emancipation, for that the Irish were becoming Protestants by hundreds and by thousands, and that a change in the law would hinder the glorious work of conversion. But the British Reformation Society proved to be a complete failure, and the Society for the Conversion of the Jews is not one whit better;

> "The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
> And these are of them."

In the "Genius of Judaism," a work of which it is impossible to speak in terms of too great praise, the causes which must for ever operate against the conversion of the Jews by external agency, are fairly and forcibly stated. Our limits only allow of a brief extract from this most seasonable little work;

"For the Hebrew, reared in the faith of his fathers, there are insuperable difficulties in abjuring his ancient creed, which lie not in the way of him who has received the water of Christianity. The Jew has to annul what he adores as the dictation of the Creator himself, a code of perpetual obligation, and "everlasting," while the Christian has only to preserve his own possession. The elder religion clings to one revelation, while the younger enjoys a happier inheritance in two. The Christian exults in the completion of that Judaism which the Hebrew contemplated as perfect at its divine institution. The enlightened Christian should not, indeed, persecute his ancient brother, since Christianity and Judaism rest on the same foundation; nor is the faith of either in danger from the other, since the apostolical narratives are not more authentic for the Christian, than when at Sinai the Lord "came in a thick cloud," and the people saw that "God talked to man."—A single step only divides Judaism from Christianity, but Heaven has interposed, and for "the son of the covenant," that step no human effort shall pass; though, like the Talmudical wall which divides heaven from earth, that step is but a hair's breadth.

"The Society for Converting the Jews" has now existed nearly a quarter of a century—will its managers furnish us with a list of the converts made in England that have not subsequently aposta-

tized?* They may be very easily counted. But though we do not anticipate any good result, but rather the contrary, from the exertions of this society, we are by no means void of hope for "the fallen house of Jacob." The elements of regeneration exist in the bosom of Judaism; they have made themselves manifest whenever opportunities were afforded for their free development. From internal efforts we hope, and history warrants us in hoping every thing; from external meddling we anticipate no good, and we fear much evil. When the Jews no longer feel themselves stigmatized as a degraded class, when they are allowed to become the citizens of a free state, the usurped power of the Rabbins will be perceived, the follies of the Talmudic legends discovered, the degrading nature of their present superstitions known; then, and then alone, can a genuine reformation commence. A change to be beneficial must be founded in knowledge, and knowledge can only be obtained when no restraints are imposed upon investigation. In France the Jews can no longer be distinguished from their fellow citizens, and the French nation has dropped the term "Jews," as recalling the memory of former degradation. A friend of ours who was lately at Bordeaux having asked to be shown the Synagogue of the Jews, was instantly corrected, and told to call it "the Temple of the Israelites." Such conduct is at once in accordance with the principles of true policy and true Christianity; to unite all men of every denomination in the bands of brotherhood, is, and ought to be, the peculiar characteristic of a religion which was divinely announced as establishing "Glory to God in the Highest, on earth peace, goodwill towards men."

ART. IX.—*Briefe aus Paris, zur Erläuterung der Geschichte des sechzehnten und siebzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von Friedrich von Raumer. (Letters from Paris, Illustrative of the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By Frederic von Raumer.) 2 vols. 12mo. Leipzig. 1831.

WE have already introduced Raumer to our readers, and can have no need to recall to their recollection his instructive and interesting History of the Hohenstauffen Emperors, and the period, so important to Europe, during which they reigned. Upon this second occasion of bringing him before the British public, afforded by the present publication, it may be desirable to

* We well remember the reason assigned by a worthy old clergyman in Dorsetshire, remarkable for his shrewdness, for declining to subscribe to this society. "Gentlemen," said he, "Jesus Christ himself failed to convert that stubborn people by his preaching or his miracles; and where He failed, it would be too much to expect that you will succeed."

preface our account of it, with some few details respecting the author.

Friedrich von Raumer is of noble birth; his father was employed in the civil service of Prussia; and the son, after acquiring distinction at the university of Berlin, held several successive appointments in the public service, in which he acquitted himself so satisfactorily, that the Prime Minister Hardenberg received him not only into his office, but into his own house, there, by daily intercourse, the better to fit him for the discharge of the more important functions of the financial administration. Raumer soon perceived that the high official duties, the path to which seemed opening to him, must engross the energies, mental and physical, of the whole man; and unwilling to abandon his favourite historical pursuits, he requested of his patron and of his sovereign a professor's chair at a Prussian university, instead of one of those exalted posts, for the attainment of which the one half of mankind is ready to tear the other half to pieces. The request was reluctantly granted. In 1811, at the age of thirty, he began his professorial career in the chair of History, at Breslau; in 1819 he was called to Berlin to occupy that of Political Science, which we believe he still holds; enjoying amongst his learned brethren, as well as in the larger circles of the capital, the high celebrity he has acquired as an historian.

This reputation, far from lulling our author to sleep under the shade of his laurels, has, it should seem, stimulated him to further activity. He has long been meditating a History of Europe during the last three centuries, and preparing for his task with the extraordinary industry and judgment for which he is so distinguished. The materials, we understand, are now collected and sifted; the first three volumes are written, and in their progress through the press, whilst the remainder are proceeding as fast as the writer's, we fear, rather delicate health will allow; and we trust it may not be very long ere we have the satisfaction of offering some account of this work to the British public.

The "Letters illustrative of the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries" consist wholly of that portion of the materials for the history of those centuries which the author collected from MSS. at Paris—perhaps we might say, of so much of the very large appendix to his forthcoming work. Of a publication so novel in kind, it seems necessary to relate the origin, as given us by—we know not whether to say—the author or the editor. Raumer visited Paris in 1830 for the express purpose of exploring the MSS. in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, in search, as well of additional matter for the history of the Hohenstauffens, as of original matter for the new history he was then meditating.

And although during his visit the revolution of July occurred, concerning which this indefatigable writer has published another series of letters, descriptive of the events which then took place, he did not the less devote the allotted time to the MSS., fairly dividing his hours, as he tells us, "between the past and the present." In the library he revelled amidst MSS. nearly unknown to preceding historians; and such of his extracts from these as he deemed most interesting, he determined forthwith to publish. The difficulty lay in the "how"; and we must explain his views in his own words. The letters are addressed to the celebrated Ludwig Tieck, in the first of which he says:

"The detached and insulated extracts were neither capable of being wrought into a connected historical work, nor could I (save at great length, and a disproportionate expense of time,) annex the requisite fillings up and elucidations. In consequence, I adopted the idea of parcelling out my stock into a series of letters, which, indeed, scarcely half deserve that name, but offer other advantages and conveniencies. As, for instance, that I may begin and end according to the quantity of matter, and, by writing to you, can address myself to a reader whose accurate knowledge of history will enable him, without further explanation, to understand and arrange everything in its proper connexion with what is already known. At all events, you will see, in my thus dedicating these letters to you, a proof of old and faithful friendship—although none such be needed!"

* * * *

"As I have, for the most part, closely followed the MSS., even to the sacrifice of a flowing style, I have, to spare room, only added the words of the original language in cases of importance and difficulty."

The materials thus appropriated, and consisting chiefly of extracts from the correspondence of French and a few Italian diplomatists at different courts, are divided and arranged according to both Geography and Chronology. The first letter, already cited, serves both as a preface and a dedication. The following ten relate to German affairs, including Denmark. The next ten are allotted to Spain; then two to the United Provinces, twenty-four to France, three to Italy, twenty-six to England, and seven to miscellaneous subjects. Of such a heterogeneous mass of matter, to give any thing like an analysis or abstract is manifestly out of the question. The most superficial reader of history must be sufficiently aware of what subjects the extracts refer to, from the knowledge of the period they embrace, to wit, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, including the great religious wars in Germany and the Netherlands, the grandeur and decline of Spain, the rise of the United Provinces, France from Francis I. to Cardinal Richelieu, and England from Henry VIII. to Charles II. Of the collective character of the extracts, it will be enough to say that they are, for the most part, exceedingly

curious. Many are of general interest, as throwing new light upon points long involved in obscurity, or made darker by controversy, or as affording instructive and entertaining illustrations of the known characters of historical personages; whilst others will, it must be owned, appear indifferent to all but the especial historical student. The only way in which we can give our readers a correct and fair notion of these volumes, is to select some one of the most interesting points that Raumer has investigated, and, alternately translating and abstracting, lay before them what he has thereupon brought to light. The first that presents itself, is the fate of Don Carlos, son of Philip II. of Spain.

As we are not writing to Ludwig Tieck, we doubt it may be expected of us to add some little of the explanation he did not require, and we shall, therefore, begin by briefly stating what is known, and what has been conjectured, concerning the unfortunate Spanish prince. The certain facts respecting him are merely these: that when he had barely attained the age of thirteen, a marriage was arranged between him, and Elizabeth de Valois, daughter of Henry II. of France; that a few months afterwards, Mary of England dying, Philip II., who had then scarcely seen two and thirty summers, took the French princess to himself as his third wife; that during the Netherlands insurrection Carlos fell under his father's displeasure or suspicion, was imprisoned, deprived of arms, and watched with great apparent apprehension of his committing suicide; and, that in this captivity he died.

Philip II. was, perhaps, the very *beau idéal* of intolerant bigotry. In the eyes of contemporary Protestants, he was a sort of *avatar* of the embodied spirit of cruelty and persecution; whilst even to moderate Catholics his intolerance was repugnant, and to all Europe, setting religious considerations aside, his vast possessions, his seemingly boundless power, and his grasping ambition, rendered him an object of dread. Any action of such a monarch that could be regarded under two aspects, was not likely to be contemplated under the most favourable by foreign historians; and Don Carlos's fate has been conceived and related accordingly. Protestant writers have generally represented the prince as an enthusiast for liberal opinions in religion and politics, who opposed the baneful influence of the Duke of Alva, wished to be appointed Viceroy of the Low Countries, in order to befriend the oppressed Netherlanders, and was, therefore, either put to death by his father's express command, or by him delivered over to the Inquisition, to be dealt with, according to the tender mercies of that tribunal, as a heretic. French writers, detesting Philip as an enemy to France, but not as yet impassioned

for such notions as the Protestants imputed to Carlos, sought a more romantic cause for his misfortunes. They represent him as ardently enamoured (at thirteen!) of his stolen bride, and persevering in his hopeless passion after she had become his step-mother—as tenderly, though innocently, beloved in return by the French Princess, both before and after her marriage—and as abhorred and murdered by his father, through the outrageous jealousy of a suspicious old man (of forty!) with a young wife; which jealousy further prompted Philip a few weeks later to poison his unhappy queen.* This last version of the story, as the most pathetic, has been generally adopted by poets and novelists, and the two combined have afforded to Alfieri, and to Schiller, the subject of their splendid tragedies of *Filippo II.*, and *Don Karlos*. Spanish historians, on the other hand, depict Don Carlos as deformed in person, vicious in disposition, and weak, if not disordered, in intellect. They ascribe his imprisonment to the double, but thoroughly paternal motive of restraining and of correcting his follies and excesses; and state that he died of a malady, brought on, intentionally or unintentionally, by alternations of immoderate abstinence and as immoderate intemperance.

Can it be necessary that we should here pause to comment upon these contradictory statements? Need we direct the reader's attention to the plain, straight-forward probability of the Spanish accounts? Accounts too, given by men who, if they had no access to Philip's cabinet, to his conferences with his most trusted counsellors, or to that more secret cabinet, the recesses of his own mind, where alone his most important resolutions were taken, were yet thoroughly, often personally, acquainted with the character and conduct of Don Carlos; and public report, be it remembered, is generally indulgent to heirs. Need we compare these accounts with the private or the public romance of Philip's enemies? A few words upon the subject may, however, be allowed us. That a prince, esteemed at his father's court half-witted, or half-mad, should have thought himself capable of ruling and tranquillising an insurgent province, is certainly very possible; but who would be at the trouble of seeking any other motive for the royal father's refusal to intrust such a son with such a charge, except the natural one, of his real unfitness for it, and the certain evils that unfitness must produce to that province? For, be it observed, Philip, however tyrannical, seems to have been honest in his bigotry. He appears to have really believed that he was doing his best to save his subjects' souls, by inflicting tortures on their bodies; and he re-

* It should be stated, that the Prince of Orange, in his Apology, distinctly charges Philip with the murder of his wife as well as of his son.

peatedly prayed for grace and fortitude to prefer the loss of his realms to power obtained by reigning over heretics or misbelievers. As to the love tale, the supposititious ardent and lasting passion of a school-boy for a princess whom he had never even seen, is too absurd even to laugh at; and, with regard to the fair bride herself, we suspect that there are few princesses, who, placed in her situation and permitted to choose for themselves, would not prefer a reigning king, in the prime of manhood, to a boy-heir, who could not in the course of nature expect to ascend the throne in less than thirty or forty years. But without further discussion, let us now turn to Raumer, and see what additional light is thrown upon this mysterious transaction, or rather how far the plain Spanish statement is confirmed by his extracts from the letters addressed by the French ambassadors at Philip's court to the brother and the mother of the young queen.

The first extract he gives, is, however, from another source. It is taken from a relation by the Venetian Badoero, written in 1557, when Carlos was only twelve years' old, and gives an account of him from which either a lofty or a savage character, perhaps a mixture of the two, might have been prognosticated. He says, amongst other things, that he had an *animo fiero*, which Raumer, to our surprise, renders *stolzer Sinn*, or proud spirit; proud is undoubtedly one meaning of *fiero*, but fierce is another, and considering that the instances adduced are the young prince's liking to see hares roasted alive, and his biting off the head of a lizard that had bitten his finger, there is, to our mind, little doubt as to the sense in which Badoero used the word. Charles V. is herein represented as much pleased with his grandson; and so he might well be, though it is certain that he was perfectly aware of his faults, and charged Philip not to let the Netherlanders see him until he should be better behaved.

In 1561, Guibert, the French ambassador, announces to Catherine of Medicis the hopeless state of the prince's health. In November of the same year we find him, still far from well, sent to study at Alcalà, with Don Juan of Austria, and the Prince of Parma; and learn, still from Guibert, that the Queen of Bohemia had written to Queen Isabel, as, in compliance with Spanish custom, we must henceforward call Elizabeth de Valois, to propose a marriage between her daughter, the Archduchess Anne, and the Prince of Spain; a proposal which Isabel did not encourage, because she wished to unite her step-son to her own sister. At Alcalà, Carlos, who had now, in May, 1562, completed his seventeenth year, and whose passions of all sorts were alike unbridled, in stealing out by some unfrequented way to visit the pretty daughter of a gardener, fell down stairs and dangerously injured his head. His life was long despaired of; St.

Sulpice, a new French ambassador, writes on the 10th of May that he is to be trepanned; and some Spanish historians relate that Philip effected his cure miraculously, through the personal intervention of a peculiarly holy image of the Blessed Virgin. It should seem that the cure scarcely extended to the mind; for Raumer finds in a letter, dated January, 1565, consequently when the prince was twenty, and addressed by Hopper to Cardinal Granvelle, (almost the whole of whose correspondence is extant,) the following curious expression.

"There is nothing to be made of Don Carlos. He believes all that is said to him; and were he even told that he was dead, he would believe it."

Having thus shown the opinion early entertained of Carlos, Raumer turns to Isabel, one main point of the inquiry being the probability or improbability of any thing like an illicit attachment between the queen and her step-son.

In February, 1562, Guibert writes to Queen Catherine; 'King Philip continues to love his consort more and more. If others say to the contrary, that is all bugbears (*épouvantaux à chenevières*) and lies; rather the consideration and influence of your daughter have tripled in the last three months, and her husband appears serene and contented.' * * * In June, 1564, St. Sulpice writes, 'the Queen of Spain is good and handsome, and not less joyous and satisfied at her lord's return, than she was troubled at his journey and long absence.' * * * In August, 1565, he writes to Catherine: 'The king and queen received each other (after her journey to Bayonne) as affectionately as can be imagined, and each tried which could show the other most honour. At Sepulveda they inhabited one house, ay one very small room, and remained together there till five o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. Then they travelled five leagues together, and reached Segovia the day following. Prince Carlos rode three leagues to meet them, approached the queen on foot, and laboured (*travailla*) to take her hand and kiss it; nor did she neglect to return his salutation.

'I can assure you, madam, that the queen your daughter lives in the greatest contentment in the world, through the perfect kindness which the king her husband more and more shows her. He daily makes confidential communications to her, and is so friendly in his behaviour, that nothing more can be desired. Moreover, the king has received such favourable reports of her virtuous conduct during the whole journey, and is so satisfied therewith, that he always loves, esteems, and honours her.'

Then come accounts of the queen's wish to marry Don Carlos to a French princess, of a relapse of the prince's malady, and of the king's anxiety concerning his health, both corporal and mental. After all this, St. Sulpice, in September 1565, relates a conversation between Isabel and Carlos, than which, assuredly, nothing can be less like love on either side. He says:

"The king and queen repaired to a country house, whither the prince came after his recovery. As he was one day driving out with the queen and her ladies in the park, in a carriage drawn by oxen, he remained a long time silent, when the queen asked him, where he was with his thoughts? He answered, More than 200 miles hence. And where is that, so far off? asked the queen further. The prince rejoined, I was thinking of my cousin." [Meaning, probably, the archduchess, his marriage with whom was in negotiation.]

Having thus shown that Isabel was reasonably happy with Philip, as happy, probably, as most queens, and that her step-son neither made love to her, nor was jealously excluded from her society, Raumer proceeds to the more eventful period of Carlos's history. On the 19th of January, 1568, another French ambassador, Fourquevaulx, writes thus:

"The 14th instant, the king sent orders to all the churches and cloisters in this town, commanding that at all masses, and all canonical hours, prayers should be offered up, imploring God to grant him counsel and inspiration relative to a plan which he broods in his heart. This has given all the curious at court something to talk about, and I am not quite certain whether it refers to the prince. True it is, however, that long before his journey to the Escurial, the king had not spoken to him, great discontents prevailed between them, and the prince could not conceal the rancour he nourished in his heart against his father. Far from it, he indiscreetly said, 'Amongst five persons to whom I bear most ill will, the king is, after Ruy Gomez, the first.' To the charge of this last he lays whatever thwarts his wishes.

"It is well known that at Christmas he did not receive the communion, or obtain any share in the jubilee, because he would not renounce his hatred and forgive, wherefore his confessor would not give him absolution. Hereupon he applied to other theologians, but received the same answer. There are even people who say, that he meant to do his father an ill turn. But however that be, the king went last night into the prince's room, found a loaded pistol in the bed, and committed him to the charge of Ruy Gomez, the Duke of Feria, the Prior Antonio, and Don Lope Quichada, with express orders that he should speak to no living soul, save in their sight and hearing.

"I understand further, that Don Juan of Austria has absented himself since Saturday, and know not whether he shuns the king or the prince. But he was with the former at the Escurial till the preceding Saturday, and after the return went as usual to him, in company with the prince. The king took no notice of the latter, but spoke very kindly to the former. Now, perhaps, it was jealousy, or mistrust lest Don Juan might have betrayed his secrets, so seized the prince, that he insulted him as they left the king: perhaps he was influenced by other motives; suffice it, since that evening Don Juan is not seen, and the whole court talks of nothing but the prince's arrest."

The next despatch, dated the 5th of February, contains Philip's account of the transaction to Fourquevaulx. This must of course be considered as a partial statement, but is nevertheless import-

ant, both as showing the light in which the king wished to place his conduct, and because the ambassador, writing confidentially to his own sovereign, neither expresses nor insinuates the slightest distrust of the account. Philip said that the prince was deranged; that he had long hoped time would restore his intellects; but that now, despairing of his recovery, he felt it would be the ruin of his realms and subjects to bequeath them to the rule of Don Carlos, and had, therefore, resolved to place him under restraint. The envoy then proceeds to tell what he hears, from other quarters, of the freak that had finally determined the prince's arrest. Speaking of Don Juan's visit to the Escurial, Fourquevaulx relates:

"Carlos became so jealous and dissatisfied, that on the evening of the 17th of January, when the king returned with Juan,* he contrived to lure the latter to a retired part of his residence, passing through eleven doors, which he shut behind him. At length, reaching the appointed place, he would have shot Juan with a pistol, which the latter wrested from him, and betook him to the king. Philip came to no determination at the moment; nay, the next day, when I had an audience, he appeared to me of as cheerful countenance as usual, although he was already resolved to lay hand on his son that night, and no longer to endure or conceal his follies and more than youthful excesses. The last, as before said, was to kill Don Juan, either with his own hand, or by causing Lcava,† one of his attendants, who was hidden behind some tapestry, to shoot him, but heaven withheld the Duke from entering that room.

* * * * * *

"The king took away his papers, and as Carlos is wont to write down all his thoughts, Philip has thus learnt to know the 10,000 fantastical and extravagant dreams that float in his brain. But he had never thought of attempting anything against the lives of the king and queen, as was the current tale at court.

* * * * * *

"It is intended to proceed legally against the prince, and declare him incapable of ascending the throne; whereby, with God's help, the children of the queen shall hereafter reign. But how great soever the advantage she derives from the prince's degradation, she is wise enough to show no joy thereat, but to submit herself wholly to the will of the king her lord, till he forbade her weeping. She wept two days over her step-son's misfortunes."

Whether the queen had wept two days before Philip forbade her tears, or persevered in weeping two days despite his prohibition, is not quite clear; but we think it incontrovertibly certain that the French minister attributed her tears, either to pure

* Does this contradict the former statement? And if it does, are we to suppose that the ambassador had since obtained better information, or that he writes court gossip?

† Probably Llava.—*Editor.*

kindness of heart, or to hereditary dissimulation. We do not indeed, mean to say, that had he considered them as indications of a guilty attachment, he would have disinterestedly informed the queen mother of France, that her royal daughter required advice better to disguise her criminal sentiments, leniently as Catherine dealt with such frailties, but we do think he would have written in a different tone; and we further think that had there existed any court tittle-tattle, either as to such an amour, or as to any jealousy on the part of the king, (then a man of about forty,) he would probably have said something of the handle which the queen's very virtues gave to the malice of her enemies. No such idea appears to have passed through the brain of the envoy; who in his next despatch, of the 18th of February, thus proceeds with his account of Carlos.

"The prince is still confined to his room, and watched. He eats very little, and unwillingly, and sleeps almost none, which can nowise serve to amend his understanding. He grows visibly thin and dries up, and his eyes are deep sunk in his head. They give him nourishing soups, aud capon broths, (*presses de chapon*,) in which amber, or other strengthening things are dissolved, that he may not quite lose his strength and decay."

In letters written during March and April, Fourquevaulx narrates some acts of folly or madness on the part of Carlos; an offer of his grandmother, the queen-dowager of Portugal, to come and nurse him, which Philip had civilly declined; and some endeavours on the part of the different Spanish states to investigate the cause of the heir-apparent's captivity, which Philip had checked, whereupon he observes:

"This, sire, is because the king, through his wisdom, has brought things to that pass, that nobody in this realm dares to scrutinize his actions, or resist his commands; but every one, willingly or unwillingly, obeys him, and all, if they love him not really, yet seem to do so."

On the 18th of May, Fourquevaulx reports that Carlos has been allowed to take the sacrament, and that hopes are thence entertained of his restored sanity, and early release, adding—

"Notwithstanding these rumours, sire, I have learned from one who knows whatever is going forward, and more of the prince's concerns than most who talk of them, that the communion was allowed by the theologians in order to refute the opinion of many who fancy the prince belongs to the sect of Sacramentarians, whilst in truth he mortally hates them. Those theologians said further, that the communion may be administered to insane persons during lucid intervals; and this was done by the prince. But in truth no hope exists that he ever should become rational, or capable of the succession, for his understanding grows daily weaker, and his release is not to be counted on."

Some details of interference by the emperor in behalf of

Carlos, rejected by Philip, close Fourquevaulx's account of the unhappy prince, born to be the heir of realms on which, according to Spanish boast, the sun never set; for unluckily the letter announcing his death is missing. Its loss Raumer had not leisure to investigate, but argues, that no conclusion should be drawn thence against Philip, both because any crimination of him would be contrary to the general tenor of Fourquevaulx's communications, and because the French court has never shown such an inclination to favour Philip as could sanction the idea of a letter having been suppressed on account of its inculpating him. Moreover his subsequent despatches agree in tone with the preceding. We have an extract from one a week later, viz. the 1st of August, in which he says—

"Yesterday I presented my compliments of condolence to the queen upon the loss of her step-son, to her and hers a very profitable loss. She wishes that a most especial compliment of condolence should be sent. The mourning and funeral solemnities are conducted as though Carlos had been king."

Raumer next gives us extracts from Philip's own account to his officers of state and foreign ambassadors of his son's death and his parental regrets,—from an anonymous Italian, who explicitly charges Carlos with insanity and treasonable designs,—and from the narrative of Antonio Perez at Paris, which last is apparently the source of all the tales of Philip's jealousy and Carlos's generous sympathy for the Netherlanders. This narrative, Raumer holds to be, self-evidently, of no authority; and again, it may, perhaps, not be amiss if we so far explain, what he assumes as known, as to say that Antonio Perez, ex-secretary of state and love-confidant to Philip, (in which last office he is said to have proved false, and to have rivalled his master in the good graces of the princess of Eboli,) had been by that master tyrannically persecuted, had escaped from Spain, and was living under the protection of Philip's personal enemy, Henry IV. To this generous monarch he probably imputed sentiments base as his own, and therefore, when at his court he concocted the libellous narrative in question, he might imagine that he should best promote his future interests by abundantly indulging his revengeful desire of blackening his quondam sovereign's character.

Raumer concludes his production of documents relative to this subject with despatches concerning the end of Queen Isabel, who died two months after her step-son in premature child-bed. He first extracts the details of her supposed poisoning from an anonymous relation, immediately following, in the collection of MSS., the relation of Carlos's fate by Perez, and which he ascribes to that ill-used, and therefore ill-disposed Spaniard. He then takes from Fourquevaulx an account of her pregnancy and

its accidents, and gives two letters of the 3d of October, one to Charles IX. merely announcing the queen's death; the other addressed to the queen-mother, and far more detailed. Herein Fourquevaulx says that Isabel's health had been materially deranged by medicines administered when she was erroneously supposed pregnant; the consequence of which was extraordinary suffering when a real pregnancy ensued, ending in the untimely birth of a daughter, and her own almost immediate death. He adds—

"The king, her husband, had visited her in the morning, before dawn, when she spoke very sensibly and very Christianly, and took a last leave of him, so that never princess showed herself better and holier. She commended to him their daughters, your majesties' friendship, peace, her household, together with other words which deserved admiration, and must have torn the heart of a good husband, such as was the king. He answered with like constancy, promised to fulfil all her requests, and added, that he did not believe her end to be so near. He then returned to his apartment, as I am assured, very sad and anxious."

All the ceremonies of religion had been gone through in the night, before the king's visit to his dying wife: after he had left her, the ambassador, who had hurried to the palace on hearing of her danger, was admitted to her chamber, and received her last remembrances to her own family, and her assurances not only of her resignation to her early death, but

"that no happiness on earth had ever afforded her such contentment as the prospect of going to her Creator. * * * She died so easily that we cannot point out the moment of her yielding up her spirit; yet once more she opened her eyes, clear and bright, and it seemed as they would have given me some charge, at least they were fixed upon me."

In her answer to this letter, Catherine asks for additional details in a way that might look as if, judging of others by herself, she imagined her daughter might have had foul play; but Fourquevaulx had nothing to add to his former report: and the Cardinal de Guise, who bore to Spain the sympathetic regrets of the royal mother and brother of the deceased queen, thus writes on the 6th of February, 1569.

"King Philip answered to my compliment of condolence, that he had found no better means of consolation than that which your majesties had employed, namely, the recollection of the simple and excellent life of his consort, and of her very Christian and happy end. All her servants, ladies, and maidens knew how dearly he had always loved her, and how kindly he had treated her; and the extraordinary sorrow he felt for her loss bore thereto an equally public testimony. Hereupon he praised her qualities and virtues in all ways, and said, were he to choose him a wife, he should wish to find such an one."

Raumer thus concludes his letter upon Carlos and Isabel:—

"If I compare all the documents here produced with the narrations

and investigations already known, I see ample matter for a long critical disquisition. But as the object of all these letters is merely to lay open unknown sources of information, leaving to others, or reserving for another opportunity, the use to be thereof made, suffice it here to adduce the following positions, as proved or susceptible of proof:

"1. Carlos was, from the first, infirm in body and ill-disposed in mind. This last evil was, by the violence of his passions, aggravated even to madness, although periods of reason and repentance intervened.

"2. In moments of violent passion the hatred which he undeniably cherished against his father, may have brought forth thoughts and expressions tending towards his death. It is nevertheless hard to say how far purpose, reflection and the power of combination can be herein assumed.

"3. Carlos was at all events incapable of governing, and sufficient grounds existed for keeping him under strict watchfulness.

"4. He and the queen died natural deaths, and never did the slightest affair of the heart occur between them."*

Having thus exhibited, as fairly and briefly as we could, the nature of the historical matter collected by Raumer, and his mode of using it in the present singular publication, we shall deal less ceremoniously with the remainder of the two volumes, merely selecting here and there extracts either illustrative of character or in themselves curious. The first two shall relate to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or, as the Germans more picturesquely term it, the "Blood-wedding." St. Goar, the French ambassador in Spain, in a letter dated the 12th of September, 1572, gives Catherine of Medicis the following account of Philip II.'s behaviour on receiving the news of this frightful event:—

"On the evening of the 7th, King Philip, by a courier of Don Diego's, received the tidings of St. Bartholomew's night. Hereupon, contrary to his nature and wont, he has shown as much or more joy than at all the good fortune or success he has ever met with. He assembled his whole court, and said that he now saw your majesty was his good brother. The next day I had an audience of the king, when he (who never uses to laugh) began to laugh, displaying the highest delight and the greatest satisfaction. * * * He extolled the resolution in itself, and the long dissimulation of so great an undertaking, saying that the whole world could hardly conceive how you could, so exactly at the right time, contrary to all appearance and the hopes of so many excellent, peace-loving persons, effect your purpose, at a moment when the one party was nearly extinct from fear of an unsuccessful war, and the other was already preparing to satisfy their ambition and insolence. But God had chosen your majesty as a defender and bulwark against the misery about to break in through the means of so many tyrants, who had conspired against the honour and the laws of kings.

* The same view of the question has been taken by the biographer of Don Carlos in the *Biographie Universelle*, and by the authors of the recent *Histories of Spain*, published in Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, and the *Library for the Diffusion of Knowledge*.

"Philip further ordered ecclesiastical processions and Te Deums; he even commanded all the bishops, each in his own diocese, to hold such processions and thanksgivings, to the especial honour of the King of France. He has everywhere distinctly expressed his opinion of the transaction, and testified his displeasure towards those who sought to persuade him that the whole had happened unpremeditatedly, and not through deliberation."

This may suffice to show the depth—the inconceivable excess of Philip's intolerant bigotry. The other document is yet more horribly curious. It is a letter written by Charles IX. during the massacre of his unresisting subjects upon St. Bartholomew's day. It is dated the 24th of August, 1572, and addressed to his ambassador at Rome; and his majesty, as Raumer tells us,

"after much insignificant matter, says—'By your despatches of the 29th of July and 2d of August, I see that his Holiness is determined, only upon the conditions already proposed, to grant the dispensation for the marriage of the King and Queen of Navarre, and that Chavigny will hardly be able to procure a better or more favourable answer. Wherefore, considering how much the peace and welfare of my kingdom depended upon this marriage, did I, upon good advice, resolve to complete it last Monday. All my subjects have testified the greatest joy and contentment thereat, as I inform his Holiness through your nephew M. de Branville. You must therefore suddenly, and before his Holiness learns the motive of M. de Branville's journey, request an audience, present him, watch over the interests of my service, and especially see to possess his Holiness of my straightforward and upright views. At the end of your last letter you tell me that his Holiness will give my cousin, the Cardinal of Ferrara, an explanation touching the benefices that have fallen vacant at Rome: with respect to this, I trust to your usual care. By the way (*au demeurant*), I may tell you, that last Friday, as the admiral went home from the Louvre, he was shot at from a window by some hitherto unknown nobleman or soldier, and wounded in the arm; and this last night it has happened that the members of the House of Guise, together with more noblemen and gentlemen, (upon certain information that the friends of the admiral held them to be the authors of his wound, and meant to revenge him,) put themselves in motion against that faction. Thereupon a great tumult ensued, the guard at the admiral's house was overpowered, and he himself, with many of his party and religion, killed. Moreover, in several other parts of the town, people have been massacred, as M. de Branville will tell you more circumstantially. And so I hope the Holy Father Pope, considering the reasons your nephew lays before him, will make no further difficulty in granting me the dispensation, or absolution, which is all I have to write to you just now."

And this was written by the king who, upon that by-gone night, had given the word to begin the massacre; who had seated himself at an open window of his palace, not merely the better to hear the shrieks and groans of his butchered subjects, but to take

deliberate aim at such as the murderers drove within reach of his post, like game at a French hunting party, or a modern English *battue!**

Of the extracts concerning England, the most important relate to James I., of whom Raumer entertains the worst possible opinion, and in whose vices and misgovernment he sees the origin of Charles's difficulties and misfortunes. But an analysis of his views upon this part of English history will find a more appropriate place, when his history of the last three centuries shall be before us. The despatches from the French ambassador in Scotland, during Mary's reign, are curious, but throw little light upon the disputed points in her life. Her own correspondence, during her captivity, with the French ambassadors at Elizabeth's court, shows the constant system of intrigue carried on by her and them, as well with conspirators as with some of the English ministers, if they do not positively implicate either Scottish queen or Gallic diplomatists in plots for Elizabeth's assassination. But none of these, detached from the rest, would be very interesting, and we shall therefore select for insertion a letter from Mary to the Duke de Guise, written after her condemnation,—in which it is remarkable that she seems to think more of herself as a Guise, than as a Stuart, hereditary Queen of Scotland; one from Elizabeth to Henry IV. of France; and a challenge from the English ambassador in France to the Duke of Guise. In November, 1586, Mary thus writes.

"My good Cousin!—I bid you, whom I best love on earth, farewell, since, in virtue of an unjust sentence, I am about to die, in such fashion as, God be praised, none of our family, and still less of my station, ever did before. Do you thank God thereof, for upon this earth I was useless to his and the church's cause; but hope that death shall prove my steadfastness in the faith, and my willingness to die for the maintenance and restoration of the Catholic church in this unhappy island. And although never yet executioner dipt his hand in our blood, be not you, my friend, ashamed for this; for the judgment of heretics and church enemies, who have no right over me, a free queen, is honourable before God, and profitable to the children of the church. Did I belong to the former, this blow should not light upon me. All of our house have been persecuted by that sect, as your good father, together with whom I hope to be received into mercy by the just Judge.

"I commend to you my poor servants, and the payment of my debts, and entreat a pious foundation for my soul, not at your cost, but after

* Those who adopt Dr. Lingard's opinion that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was unpremeditated, at least by Charles IX., may perhaps think this letter corroborative of their views. For our own part, besides the proof in St. Goar's despatch of such not being the light in which the affair was represented by His Most Christian Majesty to Philip, we must confess that the careless cold-bloodedness of this account, would, to us, be still more inconceivable upon this, than upon the more received supposition.

the manner that you will hear from my disconsolate servants, the witnesses of my last tragedy. May God bless you, your wife, children, brothers and cousins, and above all, our head, my good brother and cousin, and all his! The blessing of God, and that which I would bestow upon my children, be upon yours, whom I no less commend to God than my son, the unhappy and deceived!

* * * * *

"God give you grace to endure through life in the service of the church! Never may this honour depart from our family, but men, like women, be ever ready (setting aside all other worldly considerations) to shed their blood for the upholding of the faith! As for me, I hold myself, on father's and mother's side, born to make the offering of my blood, and I have no purpose to degenerate. Jesus, who was crucified for us, and all holy martyrs, make us by their intercession worthy freely to offer up our bodies for his honour! *Fotheringay, Thursday, 24th Nov.*

"They have taken away my canopy, thinking to degrade me. Since then, my warden came, and proffered to write about it to the queen; that having been done not by her order, but upon advice of certain counsellors. I showed them on that canopy, instead of my arms, my Saviour's cross. You will hear the whole matter. Since then they have been gentler.

"Your affectionate Cousin and perfect Friend,

"MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND, DOWAGER QUEEN OF FRANCE."

Elizabeth's letter to Henry has no date, and though evidently written during the civil war, its remonstrances are too vague to afford us any means of ascertaining the occasion that called them forth. Here it is. Raumer says the French is difficult to translate; we wish he had given it us in the original, suspecting, as we do, that he must have occasionally mistaken the sense.

"My very dear Brother!—The learned have debated whether the sight or the hearing merit the preference. Had I been present at the disputation, and the examples been such as now lie before me, I should have declared for the sight. So should I have seen the commissioners who had greeted you, not have heard their evil tidings, which report you exposed to the dangers of a battle.

* * * * *

"Should God in his mercy grant you the victory, this is (I swear to you) more than your negligence (*nonchaillance*) deserves. How are you so ill-advised as to believe that the best *Liguist* could conceive anything more advantageous to his party than that gain of time upon which their whole weal depends, but which robs you of all you aim at? * * * You are too slow to do yourself good; you like better to hazard something than to bring it to an end. But each should be done in its due season. Neither had I ever ventured to write thus to you, did I not see herein a help against anger. But your ambassador hath too much trust in my power to overcome your passions, and in this hope hath prayed me to express to you forthwith my displeasure at the far too great patience you show towards your enemies. I hope you may have a little left for your

friend. Did not mine age count upon excuse of my boldness, I had not run into so many words; but persons of my sex prate more than the wise. Pardon my faults and follow my counsels, that proceed from a heart which ceases not to pray God that his hand may everywhere lead you to victory."

The challenge is headed by Raumer, "Ompson, English ambassador in Paris to Henry Duke of Guise, May, 1588." Now, to the best of our recollection, in the year 1588 Sir Edward Stafford was still English ambassador to the court of Henry III., and by what combined efforts of French orthoëpy, orthography and calligraphy, Stafford can have been transformed into Ompson, we are utterly unable to conjecture. The achievement is, however, we doubt not, altogether a French achievement; though we must confess our surprise that a German, of Raumer's research, knowledge and general accuracy, should not have perceived and corrected the blunder. And upon this occasion we cannot forbear remarking, that, to judge from his treatment of English names and titles, England should seem to have engaged less of our author's attention than most other countries. To give two or three instances taken at random, he calls Beale, the clerk of the council, Lord Beale; Lady Arabella Stuart, the next heir to the crown after James I. and his children, Miss Arabella Stuart; and Sir Thomas Overbury, Sir Overbury. Such mistakes are certainly of no great consequence, but it is the business of him who undertakes to write of a country to be exact in his knowledge of it; and we take this opportunity of pointing out these trifling errors, convinced that should our pages meet the historian's eye, he will be obliged to us for the hint. We now return to the challenge.

"At the residence of the Duke of Mayenne you spoke aloud, in a senseless and impudent fashion, of my queen, whose honour, amongst loyal and virtuous men, never was called in question, and which to defend, with word and blade, I am here. I say to you, you have shamelessly lied, and will lie, whensoever you attack the honour of that princess, who is the most excellent upon earth, and concerning whom least of all may he judge who is a traitor, false to his king and country, as you are. Therefore do I challenge you, with what weapons you will, on foot or on horseback. Also, you may not believe that I am not your equal, for I am of an English family as great and as noble as yours.* Appoint me time and place where I may repeat mine accusation and defiance. If you have only a little courage, you may not endure it; and if you should endure it, I will everywhere proclaim you the most das-

* When it is recollected that the Duke of Guise was of the family of the German sovereign princes of Lorrain, it will be evident that such a boast would have been nonsense from a Mr. Ompson, or a Mr. anything like Ompson, however becoming a Stafford, who could trace his descent from Saxon kings.

tardly slanderer and the greatest coward in France. I wait your answer."

This letter is followed by another, dated the 31st of May, 1588.

"My Lord of Guise!—You have already received two challenges, but as you play the deaf and dumb, I herewith send you the third, and if I receive no answer to this, I shall publish the whole."

We now turn to the miscellaneous matter in these volumes, consisting of extracts relative to the finances, military regulations, ceremonies, entertainments, &c. of those times, and of descriptions of Germany, Denmark and England, by Italians, at different epochs. From the more miscellaneous extracts we shall select what has, perhaps unreasonably, tickled our fancy, namely, an account of the eatables daily supplied for the use of Leonora, Queen of France, during a visit she paid to her brother Charles V. at Brussels, in the year 1544, and then conclude with some of the Italian portraitures of northern countries.

"Queen Leonora received daily for her mouth (omitting vegetables, soups, pastry, and the like), 128 lbs. of beef, 2¼ sheep, 1 calf, 2 swine, 2 fat capons, 18 fowls, 4 partridges, 2 woodcocks, 2 pheasants, 2 hares, 24 quails or turtle doves."

Perhaps the reader will conclude, as we did whilst reading the list, that this was an ample provision for her majesty's whole household? Not at all: it was her private bill of fare, for here follows the allowance for her train.

"For the kitchen of the *suite* were daily supplied 2 oxen, 18 sheep, 3 calves, 12 swine, 60 capons, 48 fowls and pigeons, and 40 head of game."

Surely the perquisites of some of the royal household must have been more than candle-ends and cheese-parings. But there were no Joseph Humes in those days!

We shall now give part of a description of Denmark during the thirty years' war, in 1627, by Torquato Pecchio, secretary to Torquato Conti, who then held possession of the kingdom for the emperor. We know not whether the simple credulity of the writer will, in the reader's estimation, much impair his credibility when he speaks of things only strange. For ourselves, we must confess, that so implicit a believer amongst the educated and sceptical Italians of the seventeenth century appears to us a phenomenon nearly as astonishing as any of the marvels related by the worthy secretary. But to his relation. He says—

"In Denmark are many villages, not indeed walled, but each having its own church and its own clergyman. When one of these dies, his widow marries another clergyman, who cannot, however, enter upon his predecessor's cure without the royal approbation. Such nomination or

confirmation is necessary for all ecclesiastics and bishops. Now, in the king's absence, General Conti should grant them, but having no taste for the business, he has made it over to a colonel of artillery. The whole country is very populous, and all seem to be well off; for besides being magnificently clad on holidays, not a peasant is found so poor that he has not silver spoons and a silver cup. They know how to make their wooden, straw-thatched houses so strong and well, and this too without using a single iron nail, that they last long, and are impenetrable to wind and rain.

"The uncommonly handsome churches have, for the most part, five naves, and excellent steeples and bells. Many of the towns lie on the sea coast, are well built, paved, furnished with squares and fountains, and strongly fortified. Some highways are reserved to the king and him who pays a certain sum of money.

"The nobility are of such a size that I believe St. Christopher must have been a Dane. The people are generally handsome, fair, of good capacity, and addicted to science. There is an ecclesiastic who understands how, of water, to make wine, of which I myself have drunk. He will come to Rome, turn Catholic, and pay his respects to your Eminence.

"There are in Denmark, superstitious enchanters, or conjurors, who dress themselves in the most unaccountable guise, as the annexed drawings will show. Most of these have, however, fled with the king.

* * * * *

"The inhabitants are Lutherans, and speak a language that is not quite German, but mixed. When they speak, it sounds as if they were weeping. In the islands lying in the ocean a language is spoken that nobody understands. (Probably a dialect retaining more of the original old Norse, such as is, we believe, still spoken on the Faroe islands.) For want of wood they burn dung, and a certain earth taken from the morasses, which they cut in the shape of bricks, and call *turta*. (This of course means turf, but we know not the word. The Danish name for turf is *toerv*.) Their food is cooked in a large kettle, into which they toss all different sorts of things, as flesh, fish, eggs, and the like. In the same way they prepare cheese, which, even when rotten, breeds no maggots.

"Men and women wear fur next the skin, and only over that put on shirts and clothes. The wooden shoes are most workmanly made; womens' clothes reach only to the knee.

"The horses are wilder than in other countries, and live almost always in the open air.

"In peace-time, people travel post in carriages, (query, carts,) which, for the sake of greater lightness, have no iron about them. On coming to a morass they are quickly taken to pieces, and afterwards put together again.

"In Zealand there is a river with a bridge over it, and on one side is seen a cavern. Everybody may pass freely, but so soon as any one sets foot upon the bridge, who is plotting against the king, or aspiring to sovereignty, a monstrous noise is heard in the cavern as though an

army were drawing near, and the bridge breaks down. This has been seen and heard; it has happened, and still happens. (The good secretary should have explained, whether the bridge has to be rebuilt at the public expense after every such exploit or explosion of loyalty, or reinstates itself, as we think a bridge of such discriminating powers ought to do.)

* * * * *

"All the inhabitants of this country commit one irremissible sin, namely, they eat calves, and other young animals. The soldiers, who have no consciences, were so pleased with this custom, that it was necessary to prohibit the slaughter of calves.

"When bride and bridegroom marry, both run to a goal, where a bundle of straw has been set up. Whichsoever arrives first obtains the command at home, the man becomes the wife, the woman the husband. The straw is made into a cushion, upon which the young couple kneel at church.

"When any body dies, they do not weep and lament, but laugh, eat, drink, and dance about the corpse, and lay valuables and other things in the grave, in proportion to their rank and fortune."

Enough, and perhaps more than enough, of the Italian military secretary's Danish wonders. We turn to the Florentine Ubaldini's soberer, though some eighty years earlier, description of England. It is dated A. D. 1551, and, after giving an account of the excessive state and ceremoniousness of Edward the Sixth's court, which he however observes was much relaxed since Henry the Eighth's time, Ubaldini thus proceeds:—

"The English generally spend their incomes. They eat often, and sit as many as two, three, four hours at table, not so much to eat all the time, as agreeably to entertain the ladies, without whom no banquet is given. They are disinclined to exertion, and sow so little, that the produce scarcely suffices to support life; wherefore they eat little bread, but so much the more flesh, which they have of every kind, and perfectly good. Cakes, made with milk, and cheese are everywhere prepared, for innumerable herds feed, day and night, in the most fruitful pastures. There are no wolves, but exceeding plenty of deer, swine, and other game. There is a great deal of hunting and hospitality.

"The women do not yield in beauty, agreeableness, dress, and good morals to the Siennese, or the most esteemed in Italy. The lords keep uncommonly numerous households.

* * * * * * *

"The people are, upon the whole, rather tall, but the nobility, in good part, small, which comes of their frequently marrying rich maidens under age. Men and women have a white skin; to preserve, or improve this natural colour, the latter are bled two or three times a year, instead of painting like Italian ladies.

"The men are naturally obstinate, so that if one is obliged to contradict them, he must not at once butt against them (*urtarli*), but gradually allege his reasons, which they then, through their good parts, readily comprehend. Many to whom this English nature was unknown have dealt very disadvantageously with so suspicious a nation.

"The meaner inhabitants of the towns, and part of the country people, are ill disposed towards strangers and believe that no realm upon earth is good for anything, except their own; but they are set right as to such foolish notions by those who have more understanding and experience. Meanwhile it is, on this account, not advisable for a foreigner to travel about the country; because it is usual to begin by inquiring whether Englishmen are well or ill received in his native land. (We might hence argue that foreigners did not meet with ill usage, save when it was in some sort justified as a measure of retaliation.) But if he have a royal passport, he is not only well received everywhere, but forwarded with the horses allotted to court business, or in case of need he may demand them from the owners.

"Very different in this respect is the nature of the great. For there is not a lord in the land who would not gladly have foreign servants and nobles about him, paying them good salaries. The king himself has many Italians and Spaniards, of divers professions, in his service. These are on good terms with the courtiers, who gladly learn Italian and French, (for this last purpose Frenchmen might have been more useful than Spaniards,) and eagerly pursue knowledge. He who is wealthy lets sons and daughters study, and learn Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; for since that storm of heresy burst upon the country, it is held useful to read the Holy Scriptures in the original tongues. Poorer persons, who cannot educate their children so learnedly, yet will not appear ignorant, or quite strange to the refinement of the world; therefore are they seen on Sundays and holidays, well, ay, better dressed than fits their condition. (An odd, but even to the present day not unusual mode of concealing ignorance.) Men and women mostly wear fine black cloth, with silken well-wrought ribbons and trimmings, and so, following the profuse turn of the nobility, do they honour city and court.

"Noble ladies are easily distinguished from inferior women, inasmuch as those wear a hat (*ciapperone*), after the French fashion, these a cap or head-dress (*acconciatura*), of fur or of white linen, according to their station and English custom.

"Their wedding customs differ not from those of other countries, but they marry young, and moreover a second or third time; nay, sometimes have married persons engaged themselves provisionally to another husband, or another wife, in case their actual partner should die."

We regret to end, leaving on the reader's mind such an unfavourable impression of his countrymen and women, as these prospective nuptial engagements—the remains, probably, if true, of Henry the Eighth's matrimonial operations—may make; but we find nothing worth adding about England, and have not room for more extracts on other subjects: we must, therefore, here take leave, we trust, not for long, of Friedrich von Raumer.

We must not, however, in these autograph-loving days, neglect to mention, that the volumes are enriched with seventy-five autographs of historical personages of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

ART. X.—*Le mie Prigioni. Memorie* di Silvio Pellico, da Saluzzo. Torino. 1832. 8vo.

WE will candidly confess that the deep interest we have felt in the perusal of these Memoirs nowise arises from any great sympathy with the actors in Italian revolutions in general. Admitting the oppressive character of the Austrian government of Italy, and the undisguised contempt for national feelings and prejudices with which it is administered; and therefore conceding to the Italians in the fullest manner their right to obtain redress, *par voie de fait*, when constitutional representations are disregarded, there has been in their late insurrections a union of fool-hardiness in the conception with faint-heartedness in the execution, sufficient to throw discredit on any cause, and to postpone, perhaps indefinitely, the chance of any general and vigorous effort in behalf of Italian freedom. In the fate of the actors in these ill-advised explosions it is difficult therefore in general to feel much interest. If they will set their lives on a cast, they must abide the hazard of the die. But exceptions do occasionally occur, and it is the very nature of these which must make every man of calm judgment regard with an unfavourable eye all such premature and hazardous movements; men, of whom their more scheming and worldly associates were not worthy, and who by their firmness and passive fortitude under adversity, captivity and exile, shed a redeeming lustre upon a cause which has little else to recommend it. It is the misfortune, we say, of these rash movements, that, once commenced, they involve in them, against their better judgment, many virtuous and amiable men, who, had they been left to themselves, would never have attempted, with means so inadequate, and minds so unprepared for a serious and lasting struggle, to precipitate their country into the certain miseries which must in the outset accompany every revolution, and with scarcely even a probable chance of ultimate success. The wise and rational attachment they feel for *liberty*, as being but another word for the *happiness* of the community, would have taught them how little the interests of *liberty*, in its true sense, could be promoted by such attempts,—the failure of which would only afford to their stern masters a justification of their iron system of coercion, and an opportunity for increasing its rigour. But when once the cry of liberty has been set up, the very generosity and chivalrous nature of such men prevents them from hanging back; they would not needlessly have challenged a gigantic enemy, but they cannot refuse their support when called on to aid their countrymen in a desperate struggle; and their reward too often is, that while the scheming agitator, who had set the

whole in motion, makes his escape, or his peace, on the first reverse of fortune, the disinterested and intrepid, who have adhered to a hopeless cause through good report and bad, are ultimately the victims on whom the vengeance of their successful antagonist descends.

For men such as these, whose natural disposition is averse from the troubled elements of revolution, who, if left to themselves, would have pursued the quiet path of philanthropy, of science, of literature, but who have been involved by the force of circumstances in the movement which rasher heads or more interested minds have set in motion: for the Gioias, Arrivabenes and Pellicos of suffering Italy, we feel that interest and sympathy which a generous though mistaken self-devotion must always awaken. When Pellico, therefore, lays before us the narrative of his imprisonments, in this simple and beautiful volume, with scarcely a loud complaint, without a single invective, with no political disquisition whatever—and where the mild, benevolent and pure-hearted character of the author shines out in every page, —men of all parties and political opinions must equally yield to the charm which it possesses; and, whether he look on the revolutionary movements of Italy with the eye of a liberal or an absolutist, the reader must equally regret that one, whose nature seems so opposed to conspiracies or political struggles, should have been their victim.

For our own part, we will candidly say, that this little work seems to us more calculated to enlist the sympathies of mankind against Austria, to expose the cold-blooded and relentless character of its Italian administration, and to prepare the way for its downfall, than any revolutionary movements to which it is likely to be exposed, or the political invectives by which it has been assailed. It is not from secret societies and Carbonari that Austria has much to fear. Judging from the issue of the Neapolitan and Piedmontese revolutions, we should say, there was more peril in one of Pellico's pages than twenty of their swords. Neither has she much to apprehend from the rancorous and exaggerated tone of those political works in which the character of her Italian government has usually been attacked; for these have in general been so questionable in their facts, or at least so distorted and over-coloured by the violence of political and national prejudice, that in the minds of calm observers they frequently produced an impression directly the reverse of what was intended. But here is a work which appeals, not to party feeling, but to the general sympathies of humanity,—which does not deal in vague generalities, or doubtful anecdotes, but sets forth with truth and soberness the workings of that system in an individual case: instead of

exaggeration there is rather a studied exclusion of everything approaching to violence of thought or expression; and yet no one can peruse it without feeling his heart revolt, and his indignation rise, at the system of mean, paltry and persevering cruelty which it developes. There might have been some excuse for violent and rigorous measures, carried through under the alarm and irritation excited in the minds of the rulers, by the supposed discovery of an extensively ramified conspiracy; but what can be said in defence of a system, which, when the danger and the excitation are past, labours with studied ingenuity to deepen the miseries of solitary imprisonment for life, by exposure to cold and damp in winter, and to the suffocating heat of leaden roofs in summer—by coarse and revolting food—by labour—by the load of chains—by the want of medical assistance, save on particular days—by the exclusion of all communication with relatives and friends—by every petty refinement, in short, which can render the sufferings of the prisoner more intolerable? To us it seems a matter of no moment in the consideration of such a system, whether the victim was guilty of the crime which was imputed to him or not. That in any civilised country in Europe, and for any crime whatever, above all for political offences, such a system should exist in the nineteenth century, is matter of astonishment; and if the Austrian government does not wish to place itself beyond the pale of humanity altogether, and to stand conspicuous as a monument of barbarism in the midst of surrounding civilization, it will assuredly avail iself of the disclosures which have now been given to the world in so affecting a shape, to abolish at once that disgraceful apparatus of moral and physical torture to which we have alluded.

The main charm of this book of Pellico lies in the singular calmness and placid beauty of its tone. It is one long tragic monologue, and the scene is but a succession of prisons. And yet it presents a picture so interesting of a refined and amiable mind labouring against the most trying of earthly calamities, long continued and solitary imprisonment; it exhibits him under so many touching aspects of weakness or strength—of patient mental exertion, or the weariness and sickness of hope delayed—of the influence of sceptical doubt creeping in upon despondency, or the revival of courage and religious faith; it is brightened or saddened by so many little interesting episodes—glimpses of existence, as it were, seen through prison bars; it is instinct throughout with so kindly a spirit towards mankind, so anxious a desire to discover good even in evil, and benevolence beneath the outward garb of harshness or selfishness, that it possesses the interest of a romance combined with the truth of reality. It is at once a his-

torical document and a psychological picture, drawn, as the author himself says, from no motive of personal vanity, but left as a legacy to those who may be placed under circumstances as trying, and with the hope "that the detail of his sufferings, and of the consolations which even amidst the deepest misfortunes he still found attainable, might impart comfort to their minds; with the view of bearing testimony to the fact, that even amidst all that he had endured, he had not found humanity so wicked, so destitute of exalted feeling, as it had been represented,—of encouraging all noble spirits to love many, to hate none,—to reserve their irreconcileable hatred for mean imposture, cowardice, perfidy, and every moral degradation,—and of inculcating the once well known, but now too often forgotten truth, that religion and philosophy can command both energy of mind and calmness of judgment, and that without their union there can exist no justice, no dignity, no certain principle of action."—A worthy and elevated object, and worthily accomplished!

It may no doubt be possible that something of the subdued tone which distinguishes this production may be owing to the fact, that it appears under the surveillance of a Piedmontese censorship; and if so, we are disposed for once to consider the influence they have exercised as advantageous to its character. Had the work been an ordinary invective against Austrian oppression, conceived and executed in the usual perfervid manner of Italian partizanship, it would have been forgotten in a fortnight; but this calm, classical and moving picture of suffering insinuates itself irresistibly into the heart, and will long maintain its hold on the memory.

The name of Silvio Pellico must be familiar to every reader of Italian poetry, as one of the most distinguished of the modern dramatists of Italy. The glowing and yet gentle spirit, the pure and elevated imagination of the author, is reflected in all his writings. With more of tenderness than Foscolo, and more of dramatic skill than Manzoni, he has in his *Francesca da Rimini*, founded on the tragic episode of Dante, given one of the best specimens of a native Italian drama, constructed on the freer and deeper principles of the English and German schools. His *Eufemio da Messina* is scarcely inferior. Beloved and respected by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances, and admired by the public as a rising ornament of Italian literature, his arrest, which took place at Milan in October, 1820, on the charge of being implicated in a conspiracy against the Austrian government, excited a deep and general sensation of sympathy and regret. After undergoing an examination, as to the particulars of which he is silent—"being," as he says, "like an ill-used

lover, determined to bear his injuries with dignity, to leave politics alone"—he was conducted to the prison of St. Marguerite, and consigned to a room on the ground floor, looking out on a court surrounded on all sides by prisons.

The first day of imprisonment passed wearily indeed. The gaoler, who had studied the philosophy of imprisonment after his way, advised Pellico to kill time by taking some wine with his meals, and when Pellico informed him that he drank none, "I pity you," said he; "you will suffer doubly from solitude." He was left to gaze out of the window into the court, to listen to the sound of the gaolers' feet as they walked the passages of the prison, and to the half-frenzied songs which at times rose from the different cells. He tried to amuse himself by contrasting the purposes to which the building, which had once been a monastery, had been originally devoted, with its present gloomy application. But the consideration of his own position could not be long excluded; the recollection of a father, mother, two brothers and two sisters, left at Turin, recurred to him; and Pellico felt the truth of the observation, how certainly, in moments of sorrow, the remembrance of any supposed unkindness to those who should have been dear to us, is sure to rise up in judgment against us, and to haunt the mind with unavailing regret. He had visited his family about three months before at Turin, but occupied by other business, he had had but little time to devote to his relations. "Ah," observed his mother, who probably perceived the difference on this occasion, "I see our Silvio does not now come to Turin to visit *us*." This observation of his mother now occurred to him; he reproached himself with not having shown more visibly, ere it was too late, the affection he felt for them all; and he wept like a child till evening darkened about him, and he laid himself down on his hard couch, not expecting to sleep. Weariness, however, overpowered him, and he slept soundly for a time.

His first feeling on awaking, which he did some hours after, he describes as one of despair. Frightful visions of his own fate, and that of his family, pursued him in the darkness. He wished they had been in their graves before the news of this stroke should reach them in Turin. "Who," he asked, "will enable them to bear it?" At this moment the idea of an overruling God, of the consolations of religion, first became seriously impressed on his mind; hitherto it had exercised but little practical influence on his thoughts, but now, in the gloom and solitude of his cell, he began to dwell upon it long and earnestly, and as he did so he felt his mind grow calm, and a ray of hope seemed to him to emerge where all had at first appeared to be despair. The very

turnkeys observed the difference in his appearance next morning, and congratulated him upon it. "Yesterday," said one of them, "you had the look of a basilisk, but to-day I am glad to see you don't look so rascally. Your rascal always looks worse the second day than the first." Pellico had been allowed the use of a copy of Dante and the Bible. Of the former he used to commit a canto to memory every day, till at last the exercise became so mechanical that it ceased to afford any interruption to the train of melancholy thought. It was otherwise with the study of the Bible; for though his attention at first wandered often, yet by degrees he became capable of meditating on it with fixed attention, and of absorbing himself in its perusal to the exclusion of every other intrusive thought. The precept, "Pray without ceasing," in particular made a deep impression on his mind, and he determined to realize it, by keeping the idea of the Deity constantly present to his thoughts, and conforming every purpose (for there was little room for action) to the Divine will. Thus a tranquil hope and confidence that he was not left alone in the world, seemed to grow upon him day by day.

Meantime he thought it his duty to preserve his spirits and his cheerfulness, by finding some objects which might afford interest or occupation to his mind. Even in the first few days of his imprisonment he had found a friend. This was a deaf and dumb child of five or six years old, whose father and mother had been robbers, and had fallen victims to justice. The poor orphan was brought up here by the police, with other children in the same situation. They lived all together in a room in front of Pellico's, and at times they came out to take the air in the court.

"The deaf and dumb boy," says he, "came under my window and smiled and gesticulated to me. I threw him a piece of bread; he took it, leaping for joy, ran to his companions, shared it with them all, and then returned to eat his own small portion opposite my window, expressing his gratitude to me by the smile that beamed in his beautiful eyes. The other children looked at me from a distance, but did not venture to approach. The deaf and dumb boy had a deep sympathy for me, and one not founded on mere motives of interest. Sometimes he did not know what to do with the food I threw him, and made signs to me that he and his companions had had enough, and could not eat more. If he saw a turnkey coming towards my room, he would give him the bread to return to me. Though expecting nothing from me, he would continue to gambol beneath my window with the most amiable grace, delighted that I should see him. One day a turnkey promised that he should be allowed to visit me in my cell: the moment he entered he ran to embrace my knees, with a cry of joy. I took him in my arms, and the transports with which he caressed me are indescribable. What attachment there was in that poor creature! How I longed to educate him, to save him from the abject condition in which I found him!

"I never learnt his name. He himself did not know that he had one. He was always gay; nor did I ever see him weep but once, when he was beaten, I know not for what, by the gaoler. Strange! To live in a prison seems the height of misfortune, and yet assuredly this child was then as happy as the son of a prince. I reflected on this: I learned that it is possible to render the mind independent of place. Let us keep imagination in subjection, and we should be well every where. A day is soon over, and when at night we lie down without hunger or pain, what matters it if our bed be placed between walls which are called a prison, or walls which bear the name of a cottage or a palace?"

Of the consolation and amusement which his intercourse with this poor child afforded, Pellico was soon deprived, by his removal to another room, his own being required for a newer arrival. It was darker, dirtier, and more comfortless than the former, commanding on one side a view of a court with the windows of his former room, and on the other, a prospect of part of the prison for the women. Pellico looked anxiously for some days towards his old lodging, to see if he could catch a glimpse of his successor at the window; at last he discovered him to be his friend Melchior Gioia. Gioia had, in his turn, been made aware what part of the prison was occupied by Pellico. The friends could not speak, but they waved their handkerchiefs, and endeavoured to express their feelings by silent yet speaking gestures. But such intercourse was contrary to the rules of the prison, and the turnkey entering, directed Pellico to discontinue it.

The apartment of Pellico, we have mentioned, adjoined the prison of the women; only a wall divided them. Through this thin partition, the sound, sometimes of their songs, sometimes of their quarrels, reached him; and at night, when all around was quiet, he could almost hear their conversation. Among their voices there was one that peculiarly attracted his attention. It was sweeter than the rest, it was heard more seldom, and gave utterance to no vulgar thoughts. Sometimes it sang two simple verses,

Chi rende alla meschina
La sua felicita?

at other times, accompanied by the rest, the Litany. Without seeing its possessor, Pellico formed to himself a most interesting picture of this unfortunate and repentant being, and an almost fraternal attachment for her. Often was he on the point of calling to her through the wall, but as often his courage failed him, and this little romance of a dungeon ended where it began.

In the commencement of the year 1821 Pellico was allowed the comfort of a visit from his friend Count Luigi Porro (in whose family he had lived as tutor), and from his father. They

could give him no hope of liberation; it was evident that his imprisonment was to be a long one. His chamber was again changed, and this time for the better. The day of his removal was a day of events for Pellico. As he crossed the court he again saw the deaf and dumb orphan, and again exchanged a parting greeting with Melchior Gioia. On entering his new apartment, he found some French stanzas written on the wall, and signed "The Duke of Normandy." He began to sing them, adapting them, as he best could, to the air sung by the unseen Magdalen of the women's prison,—when, to his surprise, a voice from an adjoining cell took up the strain and sang them to another air. "Bravo," exclaimed Pellico, as he finished. The singer saluted him politely, and asked him if he was a Frenchman. Pellico told him his name and birthplace, and in return asked the name of his companion. The answer was, "I am the unfortunate Duke of Normandy."

This was one of the numerous pretenders to the character of the son of Louis XVI., who had been imprisoned by the vigilance of the Austrian Government. He told his story with a surprising air of truth and conviction, and a most remarkable familiarity with the events of the Revolution, and the family history of the Bourbons. Though Pellico gave no credit to his tale, he could not help admiring the appearance of candour, goodness, and elevation of mind which he showed in the long and frequent conversations which they held together; and yet he reproached himself afterwards that he did not fairly tell him at once that he disbelieved his pretensions. There was a degree of pusillanimity, he observes, in thus appearing to give credit to an imposture, of which he afterwards felt ashamed; and still more did he regret that the light and sceptical tone in which his unseen neighbour talked of religious subjects had so far influenced his mind at the time, that he had been weak enough in their conversations to disguise the depth and sincerity of his own convictions. Often and often did the recollection of this piece of moral cowardice recur to his mind, and excite feelings of contrition and shame.

On the night of the 18th February, 1821, he was suddenly awakened by the noise of chains and the grating of locks. Count Bolza, the Commissary of Police, entered his prison, and desired him to dress himself as quickly as possible. In the first moments of his surprise the idea occurred to him that the Count might be sent to conduct him to the confines of Piedmont; that he was once more to rejoin his family and enjoy the sweets of liberty. "Where am I going?" said he to the Count as they got into the carriage. "I cannot tell you till we are a mile beyond Milan." But Pellico saw that their course was not towards the Porta

Vercellina, and this was a sufficient answer. It was a lovely moonlight night; the streets, the houses, the churches, the public gardens in which he had walked with Foscolo, Monti, Breme, Borsieri, and Porro, could all be recognised as they drove along; his heart swelled at the thought that he was looking at them for the last time, and when they passed the gate, he pulled his hat over his face to conceal his tears. "I suppose," he said, after a time, "we are going to Verona." "Farther," replied the Count, "we are going to Venice, where you are to be consigned to the charge of a special commission." They reached Venice on the 20th February.

Pellico's destination was the celebrated *Piombi*, forming the upper part of the old palace of the Doge, and so called from their leaden roofs. From his chamber window he looked out on the roof of the church of St. Mark, beyond which he could catch a glimpse of the extremity of the square with its numerous cupolas and steeples. Rising immediately over the roof of the church was the gigantic *Campanile*, which was so near that he could even in calm weather hear the voices of the persons who were talking on its top. Crowds of doves fluttered about his windows, or rested in the adjoining spires. At one corner of the church a small portion of the court of the palace, with a public well, were visible; but, from the height of his prison, the people in the street beneath looked like children, and their voices were lost as they ascended. He felt his solitude more complete than even in the prison of Milan. The faces of the men about him seemed more solemn and appalling. The gaoler, with his wife and family, which consisted of a daughter about fifteen and two sons of thirteen and ten years old, had already heard of his name and reputation as a tragic poet. They looked upon him at first as a sort of magician, and scarcely ventured to utter a syllable in his presence; but by degrees all of them, except the wife, whose temper seemed naturally harsh and unamiable, seemed to grow accustomed to him. The daughter and the two boys generally accompanied their mother when she took the prisoner his coffee or his meals, and would often turn round and regard him with a deep expression of pity, when the door was about to be locked.

Meantime the investigation before the special commission was proceeding; day after day Pellico had to undergo long examinations; and often he returned to his cell in such a state of excitement and despair, that he would have committed suicide, if the recollection of his family, and the voice of religion, had not restrained his hand. Yet this harassing scene of never-ending examinations began at last even to shake his religious faith. He neglected prayer—he vented curses on his fellow men and the

world;—he tried to still the agitation of his mind, by singing for hours with a forced gaiety; he gossipped with whoever entered his cell, and endeavoured to look on all things with a cynical indifference and contempt.

But happily, these evil days were few. His Bible, neglected in the meantime, had become covered with dust. "Since you have given up reading that large ugly book," said one of the gaoler's little boys to him one day, "you don't look so melancholy, I think." "Do you think so?" said Pellico, sorrowfully and with a feeling of shame taking the Bible in his hand, and brushing the dust from it. It opened by chance at these words: "It is impossible, but that offences must come, but woe unto him through whom they come! It were better for him, that a millstone were hung about his neck, and that he were thrown into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones." He blushed as he shut the book, and when the boy retired, he fell on his knees, re-opened the Bible, and amidst tears, sweeter than any other enjoyment could have been, he read for an hour, and rose with the feeling, that he had reconciled himself again to a friend whom he had forsaken, and that he could now look on imprisonment, nay, the scaffold itself, with resignation.

His solitude, however, became still more dreary and complete. The two little boys of the gaoler were sent to school; his visitors were now reduced to their mother and sister, and even they no longer lingered in his room, as they had been accustomed to do. The mother's absence Pellico scarcely regretted, but he felt the want of the compassionate looks and gentle speech of Angela, the daughter, who, though plain, had a certain sweetness of look and language which were not without their attractions to a solitary prisoner. "When she brought me my coffee," says he, "and told me she had made it, I thought it excellent. When she said her mother made it, it seemed but tepid water." Deprived of human society, Pellico had recourse to that of the insect creation. He feasted large colonies of ants which inhabited his window, and made a pet of a handsome spider on the wall, whom he fed with gnats and flies, and who became at last so domesticated, that he would crawl into his bed, or on his hand, to receive his allowance. It would have been well for Pellico, if these had been the only insects to whose visits he was exposed. But the extreme mildness of the winter, and the heat of the spring, had generated millions of gnats, which filled the sweltering oven in which he was confined. The reflection of the heat from the leaden roof was intolerable, while the bed, the floor, the walls, the air, were filled with these venomous insects, constantly going and coming through the window with their

tormenting hum. The suffering produced by the burning heat and the stings of these creatures almost drove the prisoner to distraction. He applied frequently for a change of prison, but no attention was paid to his request. Still, with the assistance of his own firmness of mind, and religious faith, he bore up against all these miseries. He determined if possible to divert his attention by committing to writing the thoughts which passed through his mind. He was allowed paper, pen and ink by the gaoler; but was obliged to account for every sheet he used, by exhibiting its contents. He did not venture, therefore, to make use of any part of his allowance of paper for this purpose, but contrived to procure a substitute by scratching the surface of a deal table smooth with a piece of glass, and using it as a tablet. And thus, with his hands in gloves, his legs and head wrapped up as much as possible from the attacks of the gnats, he sat, covering the surface of the table with reflections and recollections of the history of his life, and giving vent in this mute shape to all the anxious visions that crossed his mind. When he heard the gaoler approaching, he used to throw a cloth over the table, and place upon it his *legal* allowance of ink and paper.

At times again, he would devote himself to poetical composition, often for a day or a night at a time. Two tragedies, "Esther of Engaddi," and "Iginia of Asti," and four Cantiche, "Tancreda," "Rosilde," "Eligi e Valafrido," and "Adello,"* with many other sketches of poems and dramas,—among others, one on the League of Lombardy, and another on Columbus, attest the undiminished activity and power of his mind, amidst every thing calculated to paralyze the intellect, and deaden the heart. As there was occasionally some difficulty in getting the *legal* supply of paper renewed when exhausted, the first draft of all these was made either on the table, as above mentioned, or on the scraps of paper in which figs and dry fruits had been brought to him. Sometimes, by disposing of his allowance of food to one of the turnkeys, he could procure a sheet or two of paper in return, and endure the pains of hunger till the evening, when he would request that the Siora Zanze (Angela) would make him some coffee stronger than usual. The effect of the liquid, acting on an empty stomach, was to produce a state of mild and pleasing intoxication, which Pellico, having once experienced its soothing influence, could not resist the temptation of repeating, even when he was not under the necessity of famishing himself during the

* All these are included in the two volumes of his "Opere Inedite," lately published at Turin. To them, and to a still more recent volume, "Tre Nuove Tragedie," we propose to devote an article very shortly.

day. Frequently he would abstain from food, merely to enjoy the state of pleasurable sensation produced by this refreshment. And grievously was he sometimes disappointed, when, instead of the strong cordial beverage which Angela used to send him, he received only some weak and watery potion, manufactured by her mother. How important are trifles to a prisoner! These occasional disappointments seemed to poor Pellico almost more grievous than imprisonment itself, and poor Angela on her next visit was sure to encounter a torrent of reproaches for having broken her word.

A scene of this kind one day extracted from the poor girl the confession that she was in love,—not with Pellico himself, (though he pleads guilty to a momentary imagination of that sort having flashed across his mind,) but with a young man of her own age. "The course of true love" had, however, at the moment been interrupted by a quarrel, and she came to seek a comforter, or at least a patient listener, in Pellico. The whole of this little idyl is beautifully given. Gradually, Pellico begins to find that Angela was less plain than he had at first thought, nay, that at times she had even some pretensions to beauty; her visits began to be anxiously longed for, the touch of her hand confused him; and at last, one day, when the innocent girl, in return for some words of consolation and hope which he had spoken to her, threw her arms in a transport of gratitude about his neck, and embraced him as if he had been her father, the agitation he experienced was such, that he was obliged to request that she would not again honour him with such marks of filial confidence.

Angela, however, was taken ill, and here her story, much to the disappointment of the reader, breaks off as abruptly as Cambuscan's. Some hints dropped by the turnkeys as to the cause of her disappearance, were of an unfavourable tendency, but Pellico gave no heed to them. So it was, however, she returned no more; and now the solitude of his dungeon pressed upon him more desolate than ever. It felt, he says, like a tomb.

A somewhat singular incident, however, occurred to divert his thoughts. One of the turnkeys, one morning, with a mysterious air, presented him with a letter. It bore to be written by a person whose name Pellico conceals, who described himself as an admirer of his genius, and requested him, by means of the friendly turnkey, to correspond with him. Pellico at first naturally suspected this to be a mere scheme to entrap him into a correspondence which might be turned against him, but the fact turned out to be otherwise. The most singular part of the business, however, was the strain which the unknown letter-writer chose to adopt. His letters, instead of touching on his own situation or that of Pellico,

consisted of a series of the most audacious and abusive attacks on the Christian religion; and when Pellico, determined not to be guilty a second time of the moral pusillanimity he had shown in the case of the *soi-disant* Duke of Normandy, frankly avowed in his answers the strength of his own convictions, and the disgust which the ribaldry of this modern Julian (for so he chose to term himself) had caused him, he only became more impious and indecent in his replies, till at last Pellico allowed the correspondence to drop. Had it been worth any one's while to divert himself with the misfortunes of a poor captive, we should almost have been disposed to regard the whole of this letter-writing episode as a mystification. At a subsequent period of his captivity, however, he obtained some information which seems to have considerably modified his unfavourable opinion of this singular correspondent.

Another change of apartment now took place. It was not without feelings of regret that Pellico quitted even his former dreary residence—for here were his ants, his spider; here the kindness of the gentle Angela had helped to wile away many a tedious hour; here, in the exercise of composition, in the consolations of devotion, he had often forgotten his misfortunes. The new room, which was also under the *Piombi*, had two windows, the one looking out on the palace of the patriarch, the other, small and high up in the wall, could only be reached by placing a chair upon the table, but, when attained, commanded a view of great part of the city and the Lagune. Here, too, Pellico soon found some human objects of interest. In some small apartments opposite the larger window lived a poor family, who soon evinced, by their kind gestures, the sympathy they felt for the prisoner.

"A little boy of nine or ten," says Pellico, "raised his hand towards me, and I heard him say, 'Mother, mother, they have just put somebody into the *Piombi*—O, poor prisoner! who are you?'—'I am Silvio Pellico.' Another boy came running to the window, and cried, 'You are Silvio Pellico?'—'Yes, and you, my dear children?'—'I am called Antonio S., and this is my brother Joseph.' Then, turning round, I heard him say, 'What more shall I ask?' and a woman, whom I supposed to be their mother, and who stood half concealed behind them, suggested kind expressions to the children, who repeated them, and I thanked them with the warmest tenderness."

These consolations were renewed every morning and evening; when the lamps were lighted, and the windows about to be closed, the children used to call from their window, "good night, Silvio!" and the mother, emboldened by the darkness, would repeat, in a voice of emotion, "good night!"

Suffering and anxiety, which he had now endured for nearly a

year, began to produce their natural effects upon his health. His nerves had become so shattered, his frame so weak, and his sleep so broken, that his mind also to a certain extent gave way. He fell into a state nearly resembling that of Tasso in his prison at Ferrara.

> Yet do I feel, at times, my mind decline,
> But with a sense of its decay: I see
> Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
> And a strange demon who is vexing me
> With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
> The feeling of the healthful and the free;
> But much to one who long has suffered so,
> Sickness of heart and narrowness of place.

"My nights," says Pellico, "became more and more sleepless and feverish. In vain I gave up taking coffee in the evening; my restlessness continued the same. I thought at times, that I consisted of two men, one anxious to write letters, the other to do something else. 'Well,' said I, 'let us compromise matters; let us write the letter, but let us do it in German, and thus we shall learn the language.' So for a time I continued to write only in bad German, and even in this way I made some progress in that study. Towards morning, after a night of wakefulness, sleep would fall upon my wearied brain. Then I dreamt, or rather raved, of seeing my father, my mother, or some other dear relative, despairing of my fate; I heard their sobs in my sleep, and would awaken sobbing, and terrified.

"Sometimes, in these short dreams, I thought I heard my mother comforting the rest, entering my prison along with them, and addressing to me the most consoling words on the duty of resignation; then, when I was rejoicing at the prospect of my own resolution and their courage, she would suddenly burst into tears, and all would weep along with her. I cannot describe the agonies which these visions caused me.

"Sometimes, to escape these miseries, I tried not to go to bed at all. I kept my light burning all night, and sat reading or writing at my table. But the time always came when I found myself reading, perfectly awake, but understanding nothing, and my head incapable of directing my thoughts for composition. Then I would try to copy something, but I copied, thinking of any thing except what I was writing, thinking only of my misfortunes.

"And yet when I went to bed it was worse. Every position in which I lay was intolerable to me. I moved about convulsively; I was obliged to rise; or, if I dropped asleep, those fearful dreams shook me more than want of sleep. My prayers came with difficulty, yet I repeated them often, not in many words, but in invocations to God—to that God who had united himself with man, and was acquainted with his woes.

"In these terrible nights, my imagination was so excited, that, even when awake, I seemed to hear groans, or the sound of stifled laughter, in my prison. From infancy I had never been a believer in witches or spirits—but now these groans and sounds of laughter terrified me, I

knew not why, till I began to doubt whether I were not the sport of some unseen and malignant being. Several times I took the light, and looked if any one had concealed himself under the bed to torment me. Sometimes I thought they had removed me from the former room to this, because it contained some trap door or secret aperture in the walls, through which my gaolers might inspect my movements, and find a cruel amusement in my terrors. Even when standing at the table, I thought I felt some one pull me by the coat, or a push given to a book on the table, or that some one behind me blew upon the light to extinguish it. Then I sprang upon my feet, looked around me, walked about timidly, and asked myself whether I were in my senses or not. Of all I saw I no longer knew what was reality and what illusion, and used to exclaim with agony, 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!'"

This morbid state which, had it been prolonged, must soon have terminated in madness, was brought to a crisis by a violent convulsive attack, from which Pellico recovered, exhausted, indeed, but freed from the harassing visions which had been the offspring of his disease. A fire, which about this time took place in a building adjacent to the prison, and which for a time threatened the safety of the prison itself, is described with a force and animation that makes us feel as if in our own case, the awful situation of a prisoner awaiting, without the power of escape, the approach of that devouring element. But another change of situation was now awaiting Pellico.

On the 11th January, 1822, he was informed that he was to be transported to the prison of St. Michele at Murano, to receive the sentence of the commission. He entered the gondola that was to bear him across the Lagune with mixed sentiments; the pleasure of breathing once more the refreshing air upon the sunny Adriatic, of seeing the lovely picture of the city and the sky without the gloomy framework of prison bars around it, was mingled with a feeling of regret at quitting even the dreary Piombi, where some affectionate recollections were blended with many sufferings; and with the idea which he could not exclude, that evil as had been the past, it was yet possible that worse was to come. At St. Michele, while awaiting his own sentence, he contrived secretly to obtain some intelligence of the fate of his companions, who had been arrested along with him. Count Camillo Laderchi, he learned, had been liberated, as well as Professor Gian Domenico Romagnosi and Count Giovanni Arrivabene. Maroncelli now occupied the prison which had been inhabited by Laderchi; Rezia and Canova were confined together; Professor Ressi was dying in a neighbouring cell; some weeks afterwards he learned that he was dead.

On the 21st of February, Pellico was conducted to the hall of the commission to receive the announcement of his sentence.

The president, rising with an air of dignified commiseration, informed him that the sentence had been a terrible one, but that it had been mitigated by the kindness of the emperor. The sentence had been death; the mitigation was imprisonment for fifteen years in the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia. Pellico answered, "The will of God be done!" "To-morrow," said the inquisitor, "I am sorry the sentence must be read in public; but the formality is indispensable." "Be it so," said he. "From this moment you will be allowed the society of your friend;" and Pellico was conducted from the hall to embrace once more his friend Maroncelli.

Next morning they were put into a gondola, and re-conducted to the prison at Venice. The scaffold from which the sentence was to be proclaimed was in the centre of the Piazetta. Two files of soldiers were drawn up from the foot of the Giant's-staircase, down which they descended, to the foot of the scaffold, along which they walked. An immense multitude surrounded it, on whose countenances sat marks of terror and pity, though the consciousness that every part of the square was commanded by cannon, with lighted matches ready, of course controlled the expression of their feelings. A curious recollection at that moment flashed across the mind of Pellico. On that very spot, in September 1820, a month before his arrest, a beggar had said to him, "Ah! signor, I wonder how so many strangers admire this place. It is an unfortunate spot." The observation had indeed been verified, and Pellico glanced his eye over the multitude, to see whether the beggar was there to witness the fulfilment of his prediction. At that moment, however, the prisoners were directed to turn round and face the palace; an officer appeared on the balcony with a paper in his hand; it was the sentence; he read it aloud, and the deepest silence prevailed, till he came to the words, *condemned to death*, when a general murmur of compassion arose. It subsided when the crowd perceived there still remained something farther to be read, but revived more loudly at the conclusion: "Condemned to the *carcere duro*,* Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen." The prisoners were then reconducted to St. Michele, to await their removal to the Austrian fortress.

Before they set out, they received from the German Commissary, who had just arrived from Vienna, the consoling information that he had had an interview with the Emperor, and that his ma-

* "Carcere duro," imprisonment accompanied with labour, chains on the feet, sleeping on bare boards, and miserable food. In the *carcere durissimo* the prisoner is chained to the wall, so as to be unable to move beyond a certain distance, and the food is only bread and water.

jesty had graciously announced that the days of their imprisonment should be counted by twelve hours instead of twenty-four—a roundabout way of stating the simple fact, that their actual imprisonment would only be of half the duration of the nominal. This was not officially announced to them, but as the information was given publicly, there was no reason to doubt that the promise had been made. If so, it will be seen that in Pellico's case it was violated. Everywhere on their route the prisoners were received with kindness. Pellico had feared that this would cease when they had crossed the Alps; but it was not so: in Germany, as well as in their native Italy, they were everywhere received with the exclamation, "*Arme Herren*"—Poor gentlemen!

"Sometimes," says Pellico, "our carriages were forced to stop as we entered a village, before deciding where we were to be lodged. Then the people would gather round us, and we heard on all sides expressions of compassion that burst from the heart. The kindness of these poor people affected me more than even that of my own countrymen. How grateful I felt to all! how sweet is the sympathy of our fellow creatures! how delightful to love them!

"The consolation I derived from this mitigated the rancour I felt towards those whom I had called my enemies. Who knows, thought I, if I could see them more narrowly—if they could but see me—if I could read in their souls and they in mine, who knows but I should be forced to confess there was no villainy in them, and they to admit that there was as little in me! who knows but we might feel ourselves compelled mutually to pity, to love each other! Too often men *hate*, only because they do not *know* each other; and could they but exchange words, they would extend the arm of confidence towards one another."

They reached their destination on the 10th of April. Unwell when he left Venice, the journey had exhausted Pellico's strength; his body was racked with pain and fever; a continual cough preyed upon his constitution. Maroncelli and he were placed in two separate cells; and the imperial Commissary, on parting, impressed upon them the necessity of the most implicit submission to all the rules of the prison.

About half an hour after Pellico had taken possession of his new dungeon, the door opened, and the head gaoler entered. The character of this man, who bore the renowned name of Schiller, unfolds itself with singular beauty, and is one of the most delightful parts of the book. On his first entrance, Pellico, suffering from pain and irritation of mind, received him rather rudely. He came to bring him a pitcher of water to drink.

"'To-morrow,' said he, 'I will bring the bread.' 'Thanks, good man.' 'I am not good.' 'The worse for you,' I added. 'Is this chain (pointing to one on the floor) for me?' 'Yes, signor, if you

should be unmanageable or insolent: but if you are reasonable, we shall only put a chain on your feet. The smith is preparing it.'

"He walked slowly up and down, shaking a vile mass of large keys, while with angry looks I watched his old, gigantic and meagre figure, and, in spite of some lineaments of no vulgar kind, I thought I read in his countenance nothing but the odious expression of the most brutal harshness.

"How unjust are men, when they judge by appearances and according to their own hasty prepossessions. The man who I thought was rattling his keys joyfully for the mere purpose of making me feel his power—whom I had conceived hardened by a long course of cruelty—was accessible to sentiments of compassion, and made use of this harsh tone only to hide the feelings of which he was conscious. He wished to hide them, from the fear of being thought weak, or the idea that I might prove undeserving of them; and yet, believing at the same time that I was more unfortunate than guilty, he longed to disclose them.

"Annoyed by his presence, and still more by the air of a master which he wore, I determined to humble him, and said to him imperiously, as I would have done to a servant, 'Give me some drink.'

"He looked at me as if to say, 'Arrogant man, here you must get quit of the habit of commanding.' He said nothing however, but bending his long back, he took up the pitcher and gave it to me. As I took it, I observed he trembled; and attributing this to his age, a feeling of compassion and respect mingled with and mastered my pride.

"'How old are you?' said I, with a voice of more gentleness. 'Seventy-four, signor; and many misfortunes of my own and other people have I seen.' This allusion to his own misfortunes and those of others was accompanied by a new fit of shaking, as he replaced the pitcher: and I could not help now attributing it not so much to age as to the influence of a generous feeling of sympathy. This idea at once removed from my mind all those hostile feelings with which I had at first regarded him. . . . . I looked at him more attentively than before, and his look was no longer displeasing to me; and notwithstanding a certain air of rudeness in his language, there were in it traces of an amiable mind. 'The office of head gaoler,' said he, 'has been conferred upon me as a place of repose, but God knows if it does not cost me more pain than risking my life in battle.' I repented having asked for drink with such haughtiness. 'My dear Schiller,' said I, taking him by the hand, 'it is in vain for you to deny it; I know that you are a kind man; and since I have fallen into this misfortune, I thank heaven that it has given me such a guardian.' He listened to my words, shook his head, then answered—rubbing his forehead as if at the recollection of some unpleasant thought, 'I am a *harsh* man, signor. I have taken an oath which I cannot violate. I am obliged to treat all the prisoners without regard to their condition, without indulgence, without allowing the least abuse, and particularly the prisoners of state. It is the Emperor's concern, and I must obey.'—'You are an honest man, and I shall respect what you think a conscientious duty.'—'Poor gentleman, have patience, and make allowance for me. I shall be inexorable in my

duties; but my heart—my heart—is filled with anguish at my inability to succour the unhappy. This is what I wished to tell you.' . . . Both of us were moved. He entreated me to be calm, and to give way to no violence, as the prisoners too often did, that he might not be compelled to treat me with rigour; then resuming his harsher tone, as if to conceal from me the depth of his sympathy, he said, 'I must go.' He turned however, asked me how long I had been so miserably tormented with cough, and muttered a curse against the physician because he was not to come that evening to visit me. 'You have a fever enough to kill a horse,' he added: 'you will require a mattrass at all events, but we cannot give it you till the physician comes to order it.' "

Nothing could be conceived more miserable than the situation in which Pellico was now placed. Exhausted by cough and fever, he had to wait till the usual visiting day of the physician arrived, which was not to be till the second day following. No change from the coarsest food, no mattrass could until then be allowed him. Covered with perspiration, he in vain applied to be allowed the use of some of the sheets he had brought with him. It was contrary to the rules of the prison, which allowed only a sheet per week. At last the physician arrived, who sanctioned the indulgence of the mattrass, and directed him to be removed from his subterranean cell to the floor above; and this, after a special application to Count Mitrowsky, the governor of the provinces of Moravia and Slesia, was with some difficulty effected. In a day or two Pellico's prison dress arrived, consisting of a sort of harlequin suit of two colours, and a shirt as rough as hair cloth, with chains for the feet. As the smith fastened them on, thinking that Pellico did not understand German, he observed to Schiller, 'I might have been saved this trouble; he has not two months to live." "*Mochte es seyn!*" (would it were so!) exclaimed Pellico, to the confusion of the poor workman, who begged his pardon, and prayed that his prophecy might not be fulfilled.

On the detail of all the minor miseries of the prison, we will not pause; suffice it to say, that if a system could be devised for rendering existence intolerable, it seemed to have been discovered and carried into execution in the prison of Spielberg. The only consolation the prisoners experienced was the obvious though ineffectual desire which the officials felt to mitigate their sufferings, even with no inconsiderable risk to themselves. Often Pellico was obliged to refuse the finer bread, which the servant who cleaned out his room would secretly put into his hands from perceiving his inability to swallow the black bread allowed to the condemned; and often, when Schiller would in the same way bring him a bit of boiled meat, though he confesses he could

have sometimes almost snatched and devoured it, he felt himself obliged to reject his kind offering, from the feeling that if the practice was persisted in, it would, in all probability, be discovered, and that the kind-hearted gaoler might be the sufferer.

We prefer turning to some of those incidents by which the gloom and suffering of the prison were occasionally mitigated. Pellico had more than once heard in the neighbourhood of his cell the sound of some Italian song, but it was generally soon suppressed by the sentinels. One evening, however, when the sentinels had been less attentive, Pellico distinctly heard the song sung in the cell adjoining his own. His heart beat rapidly, he sprang from his pallet, and called through the wall, "Who are you, unfortunate man?—I am Silvio Pellico." "O Silvio," answered his neighbour, "I know you not by sight, but I have loved you long. Come, let us to the window, and talk in spite of our gaolers." It was Count Antonio Oroboni, a young man of twenty, imprisoned on a charge similar to his own. Their conversation was soon interrupted by the threats of the sentinels, who had positive orders to prevent all communication between the prisoners; but at last, by watching the moments when the sentinels were farthest off in making their rounds, and talking in a whispering tone, they found themselves able to converse every day, though without seeing each other's faces. A warm friendship sprang up between them. They related to each other the events of their lives—they tried to impart to each other comfort and hope. Oroboni shared the strong religious feelings of Pellico; and even Pellico himself derived lessons of resignation and christian charity from the tone in which the youth of twenty spoke of his sufferings and his oppressors.

The prisoners at Spielberg were allowed a walk of an hour twice a week, between two guards, upon a platform of the castle, commanding a view of the city of Brünn and a large tract of surrounding country. The path to it led along the range of the prisons in which all the Italian prisoners were confined, with the exception of the unfortunate Maroncelli, who still languished in his subterranean cell below. Each used to whisper to Pellico as he past "Buon passeggio!" (a pleasant walk,) but he was not allowed to return their greeting. The people from the town, who were occasionally on business at the castle, used to gather into groups as he passed, and cry, "There is one of the Italians!" and sometimes, thinking that he did not understand them, they would shake their heads and say, "That poor gentleman will soon grow old, he has death in his face:" It was with difficulty, in fact, that Pellico was able to drag himself and his chain so far as the platform, and once arrived there he used to throw himself on the

grass, and remain there till the expiration of the hour allowed him. The guards stood or sat beside him, and gossipped together. Both were good natured and kind, and one of them, Kral, a Bohemian, was well acquainted with Klopstock, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, and the best German writers. Of these he used to recite long passages with intelligence and feeling, while Pellico lay and listened beside him on the grass. A touching little episode follows, which we shall give in the author's own words.

"At one extremity of the platform were the apartments of the superintendant; at the other lived a head gaoler, with his wife and infant son. Whenever I saw any one come out of these buildings, I used to rise and approach them, never failing to be received with marks of courtesy and pity.

"The wife of the superintendant had long been ill, and was declining slowly. She sometimes made herself be carried out on a sofa into the open air. I cannot describe with what emotion she expressed the compassion she felt for us all. Her look was very gentle and timid, and yet, timid as it was, it used sometimes to rest as if with intense and inquiring confidence on those who spoke to her.

"I said to her one day, smiling: 'Do you know, lady, that you have some resemblance to a person who was dear to me?' She blushed, and replied, with a serious and amiable simplicity, 'Do not forget me then, when I am gone. Pray for my poor soul, and for the poor little infants I leave behind me.'

"From that day she could not leave her bed. I never saw her more. She languished a few months longer and then died.

"She had three sons, beautiful as cupids, and one of them still at the breast. The poor creature often embraced him in my presence, and said, 'Who knows who will become their mother after me. Ah! whoever it may be, may God give her the bowels of a mother, even for those who are not her own!' And then she wept. A thousand times I have remembered that prayer and those tears.

"When she was no more, I often embraced the children, and with tears in my eyes repeated their mother's prayer. I thought of my own mother, and of the ardent prayers which her loving heart doubtless offered up for me. And I exclaimed with sobs, 'O happier that mother who dies and leaves behind her her children in infancy, than she who lives to have educated them with every care, and to see them taken from her!

"Two kind old women used to accompany the children, one of them the mother, the other the aunt of the superintendant. They wished to know all my history, and I related it to them shortly.

"'How unfortunate we are,' they would say, 'that we can do nothing to assist you. But be assured we shall pray for you, and if your pardon some day arrive, it will be a day of joy for all the family.'

"The former of them, whom I was in the habit of seeing most frequently, possessed a wonderful eloquence in imparting consolation. I

listened to her with filial gratitude, and treasured her words in my heart.

"She told me things I knew already, which yet struck me as new;—that misfortune does not degrade a man, unless he be a worthless one, but rather elevates him;—that if we could understand God's counsels we should frequently see cause to think the conqueror more to be pitied than the vanquished, the exulting than the afflicted, the rich than the destitute; that the special grace shown to the unfortunate by our Saviour should reconcile us to our situation, and that we ought to glory in the cross which was borne by him.

"But these two good old women, whose company gave me such consolation, were soon, for family reasons, obliged to leave Spielberg, and the children no longer came upon the platform. How deeply did these losses afflict me!"

The health of Pellico, which had at first improved a little by the change of lodging, now began rapidly again to decline. Severe head-aches, with violent fever, and dreadful spasms of the chest, tortured him day and night. In their conversations he mentioned his situation to Oroboni. He too, who had long been declining, was one evening worse than usual. "My friend," said he, "I perceive the day is not far off when one of us two will no longer be able to come to the window. Every time we salute each other may be the last. Let us hold ourselves prepared, therefore, the one to die, the other to survive his friend." Poor Oroboni's presentiment was correct. Various discharges of blood from the lungs in rapid succession, and followed by dropsy, showed that he was destined to precede his friend. He soon became aware of his situation, and often looking towards the burying ground of the castle, of which his window commanded a view, he would express to Pellico the deep pain it gave him, notwithstanding all his efforts at resignation, to think that his remains were destined to moulder beneath a German instead of an Italian sky. After lingering till June, 1823, he expired, his last words being, "I pardon from my heart all my enemies." His patience had won the hearts of all his attendants. Kubitzky, the sentinel, who had attended the bier to the grave, and who knew his wish, said to Pellico, with a degree of delicate feeling which surprised him, 'I have marked his burial place exactly, that if any of his friends should obtain permission to carry his bones to his own country, they may know where they lie.'"

His death was followed by that of Antonio Villa, another of Pellico's companions in misfortune. Even poor Schiller, worn out with age and infirmities, was removed from the active duties of gaoler, and could no longer by his kindness soften the rigour of imprisonment.

"From the time he left us he was often unwell, and we inquired for

him with the anxiety of children. When he got a little better, he used to come and walk under our windows; we hailed him, and he would look up with a melancholy smile, and say to the sentinel, in a voice that we could overhear, 'Da sind meine Sohne,' (there are my sons!)

"Poor old man, what grief it gave me to see him tottering feebly along, without being able to offer him the support of my arm!

"Sometimes he would sit down on the grass and read the books he had lent to me. That I might recognise them, he would read the titles to the sentinel, or repeat some extract from them. For the most part the books were stories from the almanacks or other romances of little value, but of good moral tendency. After several relapses of apoplexy, he was conveyed to the military hospital, where he shortly died. He had amassed some hundred florins, the fruit of his long savings; these he had lent to some of his fellow soldiers, and when his end approached, he called them about him and said, 'I have no relations, let each of you keep what he has in his hands. I only ask that you will pray for me.'

"One of these friends had a daughter of about eighteen, who was Schiller's god-daughter. Some hours before his death the good old man sent for her. He was no longer able to speak distinctly, but he took a silver ring, the last of his possessions, from his finger, and put it upon her's. Then he kissed her, and shed tears over her. The girl sobbed, and bathed him with her tears. He dried her eyes with his handkerchief; then took her hands and placed them on his eyes;—those eyes were closed for ever!"

While friend after friend had thus been taken from him by death, one comfort was at last vouchsafed to Pellico. Maroncelli was allowed to share his cell. A new stimulus was given to both for a time by this indulgence. The liberation also of two of the prisoners, which took place about this time, (Solera and Fortini,) one of whom had been condemned to fifteen, and the other to twenty years' imprisonment, revived their hopes that at last the hour of deliverance would approach even for them. The end of 1827 they thought would be the term of their imprisonment; but December past and it came not. Then they thought that the summer of 1828 would be the time, at which period the seven and a half years' of Pellico's imprisonment terminated, which, from the report of the emperor's observation to the commissary, they had reason to think were to be held equivalent to the fifteen, which formed the nominal amount of the sentence. But this too past away without a hint of deliverance. Meantime the effects of his long subterranean confinement began to show themselves in Maroncelli by a swelling of the knee-joint. At first the pain was trifling, merely obliging him to halt a little as he walked, and indisposing him from taking his usual exercise. But an unfortunate fall, in consequence of the snow, which was already beginning to cover the ground, increased the pain so much, that after a few days the physician recommended the re-

moval of the fetters from his legs. Notwithstanding this, however, he grew daily worse: leeches, caustics, fomentations were tried in vain, they merely aggravated his pangs.

"Maroncelli," says Pellico, "was a thousand times more unfortunate than myself; but O, how much did I suffer for him. The duty of attendance would have been delightful to me, bestowed as it was on so dear a friend. But to see him wasting amidst such protracted and cruel tortures, and not to be able to bring him health—to feel the presentiment that that knee would never be healed—to perceive that the patient himself thought death more probable than recovery—and with all this to be obliged at every instant to admire his courage and serenity—Ah! the sight of this agonized me beyond expression!

"Even in this deplorable condition, he composed verses, he sang, he discoursed, he did everything to deceive me into hope, to conceal from me a portion of his sufferings. He could now no longer digest nor sleep; he grew frightfully wasted; he often fainted; and yet the moment he recovered his vital power again, he would endeavour to encourage me.

"His sufferings for nine months were indescribable. At last a consultation on his case was allowed. The chief physician came, approved of all the physician had ordered, and disappeared, without pronouncing any further opinion of his own.

"A moment afterwards, however, the sub-intendant entered, and said to Maroncelli—'The chief physician did not like to explain himself in your presence; he was apprehensive you might not have sufficient strength of mind to endure the announcement of so dreadful a necessity. I have assured him, however, that you do not want for courage.'

"'I hope,' replied Maroncelli, 'I have given some proof of it by suffering these pangs without complaint. What would he recommend?'

"'Amputation, Signor!—except that seeing your frame so exhausted, he has some hesitation in advising it. Weak as you are, do you think yourself able to bear the operation? Will you run the risk?'

"'Of death?—And should I not die at all events in a short time, if this evil be left to take its course?'

"'Then we shall send word immediately to Vienna, and the moment the permission is obtained'—

"'What! is a permission necessary?'

"'Yes, Signor.'

"In eight days (!) the expected warrant arrived. The patient was carried into a larger room. He asked me to follow him. 'I may die,' said he, 'under the operation; let me, at least, do so in the arms of a friend.' I was allowed to accompany him. The Abate Wrba, our confessor, (who had succeeded our former confessor, Paulowich,) came to administer the sacrament to the sufferer. This act of religion being over, we waited for the surgeons, who had not yet made their appearance. Maroncelli employed the interval in singing a hymn.

"The surgeons came at last: there were two of them; one the ordinary household surgeon, that is to say, our barber-surgeon, who had the privilege, as matter of right, of operating on such occasions; the

other a young surgeon, an *élève* of the school of Vienna, and already celebrated for his talents. The latter, who had been despatched by the governor to superintend the operation, would willingly have performed it himself, but was obliged, in deference to the privileges of the barber, merely to watch over its execution.

"The patient was seated on his bedside, with his legs hanging down, while I supported him in my arms. A ligature was attached round the sane part, above the knee, to mark where the incision was to be made. The old surgeon cut away all round to the depth of an inch, then drew up the skin which had been cut, and continued to cut through the muscles. The blood flowed in torrents from the arteries, but these were soon taken up. At last came the sawing of the bone.

"Maroncelli never uttered a cry. When he saw them carry away the leg which had been cut off, he gave it one melancholy look, then turning to the surgeon who had operated, he said, 'You have rid me of an enemy, and I have no means of recompensing you.' There was a rose standing in a glass near the window. 'May I request you to bring me that rose?' said he. I took it to him, and he presented it to the surgeon, saying, 'I have nothing else to present to you in token of my gratitude.' The surgeon took the rose, and as he did it, dropt a tear."

Amidst so much that is calculated to inspire the profoundest disgust at the whole system of the Austrian prison discipline, it may be right to mention that the emperor himself, who had probably heard of the courage and resignation with which Maroncelli had borne his hard fate, specially directed that his diet during his recovery should be of the most restorative kind, and should be sent him from the kitchen of the superintendant. One would have thought that after nine years of captivity, followed up by such a scene as that we have just quoted, an instant order for his liberation would have been rather "more German to the matter." But this suited not the unbending rules of state. The cure was completed in about forty days, after which Pellico and the mutilated Maroncelli, with his wooden stump and crutches, were again consigned to their old prison, improved, however, so far, by the removal of the partition which had formerly divided it from the cell once occupied by the hapless Oroboni.

Are not our readers tired of this long detail of misery, unadorned as it is in our pages by the exquisite language and deep pathos of the original? We fear they must; and therefore passing over many events to which he has contrived to impart variety and interest—the visits of successive imperial commissaries from Vienna, the changes of gaolers, the fluctuations of hope and fear as to his ultimate liberation—let us turn at once to the catastrophe of this dungeon drama.

The 1st of August, 1830, was a Sunday. *Ten* years had now nearly elapsed since Pellico had first been imprisoned; eight and a half since he had been consigned to the *carcere duro* of Spiel-

berg. Pellico had returned as usual from mass; he had been looking from the terrace upon the cemetery where the dust of Oroboni and Villa reposed, and thinking that his own would shortly be laid beside them. The prisoners were preparing their table for their meal, when Wegrath, the superintendant, entered. "I am sorry," said he, "to disturb your dinner, but have the goodness to follow me—the director of police is waiting for you." As this gentleman's visits generally indicated nothing very pleasant, the prisoners, it may be supposed, followed their guide somewhat reluctantly to the audience-room. They found there the director and the superintendant, the former of whom bowed to them more courteously than usual, then taking a paper from his pocket he began—"Gentlemen, I have the pleasure, the honour, of announcing to you that his majesty the emperor has had the kindness—." Here he stopped without mentioning what the kindness was.

"We thought," says Pellico, "it might be some diminution of punishment, such as freedom from labour, the use of books, or a less disgusting diet. 'You do not understand me then,' said he. 'No, Signor. Have the goodness to explain what this favour is.' 'Liberty for both of you, and for a third, whom you will soon embrace.' One would suppose this announcement would have thrown us into transports of joy. Yet it was not so: our hearts instantly reverted to our relations, of whom we had heard nothing for so long a period, and the doubt that we might never meet them again in this world so affected our hearts, as entirely to neutralise the joy which might have been produced by the announcement of liberty.

"'Are you silent,' said the director of police; 'I expected to see you transported with joy.' 'I beg of you,' I answered, 'to express to the emperor our gratitude; but, uncertain as we are as to the fate of our families, it is impossible for us not to give way to the thought that some of those who are dear to us may be gone. It is this uncertainty that oppresses our minds, even at the moment when they should be open to nothing but joy.'

"The director then gave Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which allayed his anxiety. He told me, however, he could give me no tidings of my family, and this increased my fears that some accident had befallen them.

"'Retire,' said he, 'to your room, and in a short time I shall send to you the third individual to whom the emperor's clemency has been extended.' We went and waited with anxiety. Perhaps, we thought, it is the poor old man Murani. We thought of many; there was none, in fact, who had not our good wishes. At last the door opened, and we saw that our companion was to be Andrea Tonelli, of Brescia. We conversed till evening, deeply pitying those whom we were to leave behind. At sunset the director of police returned to rescue us from this ill-omened abode. Our hearts groaned as we passed before the prisons of our friends, at the thought that we could not take them along with us. Who knew how long they were destined to languish there!—how many

of them to be the slow victims of death! A soldier's cloak and cap were placed on each of us, and in our old galley-slave attire, but divested of our chains, we descended the fatal hill, and were conducted through the city to the prisons of the police. It was a lovely moonlight night. The streets, the houses, the people whom we met, all appeared to me so delightful, so strange, after so many years, during which I had looked on no such spectacle. . . . After four days the commissary arrived, and the director of police transferred us to him, putting into his hands at the same time the money we had brought to Spielberg, and that produced by the sale of our books and effects, which was delivered to us at the frontier. The expense of our journey was liberally defrayed by the emperor."

The weakness of Pellico's health when he set out from Brünn rendered it necessary for him to remain for some time in Vienna, for the sake of medical attendance. His anxiety to depart, it may easily be imagined, was not lessened by the news of the *three days* of Paris, which reached him on his arrival. It is a singular coincidence that the day on which the French revolution broke out was that on which the emperor had signed the warrant for their liberation. Pellico knew not however what baleful influence the state of matters in France might have upon the views of the emperor, and began to fear that though they might not again be recommitted to their Moravian prison, they might be transported to some imperial town, far distant from their native country. While visiting the palace at Schönbrunn as he began to be convalescent, in company with the commissary, whose presence was still required, and Maroncelli, the emperor passed, and the prisoners were directed to stand a little aside, that the sight of their miserable figures might not annoy him. At last, however, the warrant arrived for their departure from Vienna. Another attack of illness seized Pellico at Bruck; but, tormented by the home-sickness of the mind, he considered the sickness of the body as comparatively unimportant, and after being bled and taking a liberal supply of the medicine which had formerly relieved him (digitalis), he insisted on their route being resumed. They crossed through Austria and Styria, and entered Carinthia: at Feldkirchen they had to halt again, till new orders for their route should arrive. At last they came—*Italy—was* to be their destination!

"I exulted," says Pellico, "along with my companions at the news, but still the thought occurred that some terrible disclosure for me might be at hand, that father, mother, or some one most dear to me might be no more. My depression of spirits increased as we approached Italy. The entrance to it on that side has few charms for the eye; or rather, the traveller descends from the beautiful mountains of Germany into the plains of Italy, by a long, sterile, and unlovely track, which gives to foreigners but an unprepossessing idea of our country. The dull

aspect of the country contributed to render me more melancholy. To see once more our native sky, to meet with human faces whose features bore not the aspect of the north, to hear on all sides our own idiom,—all these melted my heart, but with an emotion more akin to sorrow than joy. How often in the carriage did I cover my face with my hands, pretend to be asleep, and weep. Long years of burial had not indeed extinguished all the energies of my mind, but alas! they were now so active for sorrow, so dull, so insensible to joy! . . . . . Pordenone, Conegliano, Ospedaletto, Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, reminded me of so many things! A young man who had been my friend, and had perished in the Russian campaign, had been a native of the first; Conegliano was the place where the Venetian turnkeys told me poor Zanze (Angela) had been conducted during her illness: in Ospedaletto an angelic and unfortunate being had been married, now no more, but whom I had loved and honoured once, whose memory I love and honour still. In all these places, in short, recollections more or less dear crowded upon me, in Mantua particularly. It appeared to me but yesterday since I had come thither with Ludovico in 1815, with Porro in 1820. The same streets, squares, palaces,—but how many social differences! How many of my acquaintances carried off by death, how many in exile! A generation of adults whom I had seen but in infancy! And to be still prevented from flying from house to house, to inquire after one, to impart consolation to another! To complete my distress, Mantua was the point of separation between Maroncelli and myself. We passed a melancholy night. I was agitated like a criminal on the evening before he receives his sentence of condemnation. In the morning I washed my face carefully, and looked in the glass, to see whether it bore traces of weeping. I put on as far as possible a tranquil and smiling air; I repeated a short prayer to God, but in truth my thoughts wandered, and hearing Maroncelli already moving about on his crutches, and talking to the servant, I ran to embrace him. Both seemed to have collected their courage for the separation. We spoke with some emotion, but in a strong voice. The officer of the gendarmerie who was to conduct him to the frontiers of Romagna was come; he must depart immediately—one embrace—another—he entered the carriage—he disappeared, and I remained as if annihilated.

"I returned to my room and prayed for the poor mutilated being, separated from his friend. I have known many excellent men, but none more affectionately social than Maroncelli, none more alive to all the refinements of gentleness, none more inaccessible to attacks of bad humour, or more constantly mindful that virtue consists in a continual exercise and interchange of toleration, generosity, and good sense. O thou! my companion through so many years of sorrow, may heaven bless thee wherever thou mayst be destined to breathe, and grant thee friends who may equal me in attachment, and surpass me in worth!*

* Maroncelli shortly afterwards went to Florence, where he was not allowed to remain long, the government having ordered him away, in consequence of the expressed wishes of that of Austria. He is now in Paris; and we observe that a French translation of Pellico's Memoirs, with notes by him, is announced for immediate publication.

"We set out the same morning for Brescia, where our other fellow-captive took leave of me. Here he learned, for the first time, that he had lost his mother, and the sight of his tears wrung my heart at parting. Grieved, however, as I was for so many causes, the following occurrence almost extorted a smile from me. On the inn table there lay a play bill, which I took up and read; 'Francesca da Rimini, Opera per Musica.—Whose is this opera?' said I to the waiter.—'Who may have composed the music,' said he, 'I know not, but, in short, it is that Francesca da Rimini, which every body knows.' 'Every body,' said I,—'you are mistaken. I who am but just arrived from Germany, what can I know about your Francescas?' The waiter, a young fellow with a rather haughty and truly Brescian expression of countenance, looked at me with disdainful pity. 'Signor, we are not talking about Francescas. We speak of *one* Francesca da Rimini, I mean the tragedy of Signor Silvio Pellico. Here they have turned it into an opera, spoiling it a little, but all's one for that.' 'Ah! Silvio Pellico,' said I, 'I think I have heard of him. Is not that the political agitator who was condemned to death, and afterwards to the *carcere duro* some nine or ten years ago?'—I ought never to have uttered that jest. He looked round,—then at me,—grinned so as to show two and thirty handsome teeth, and if he had not heard a noise at the time, I verily believe he would have knocked me down.

"He went on murmuring to himself, 'agitator! agitator!' But before I left, he had got hold of my name. He could then neither ask questions nor answer them, nor even walk about, such was his distraction and surprise. He kept gazing at me, rubbing his hands, and exclaiming, 'yes sir,' 'coming sir,' without knowing the least what he was about. . . . . Another delay took place at Novara. On the morning of the 16th Sept. the final permission arrived. And from that moment I was liberated from all surveillance. How many years had elapsed since I had enjoyed the privilege of going where I would, unaccompanied by guards. I set out about three in the afternoon. My travelling companions were a lady, a merchant, an engraver, and two young painters, one of them deaf and dumb. They came from Rome, and I was gratified to learn that they were acquainted with the family of Maroncelli. We spent the night at Vercelli. The happy morning of the 17th September dawned. Our journey proceeded: How slow the conveyance seemed! It was evening ere we reached Turin.

"Who can attempt to describe the transport, the consolation my heart received when I again saw and embraced father, mother, and brothers. My dear sister Josephine was not there, for her duties detained her at Chieri, but she hastened as soon as possible to join our happy groupe. Restored to these five objects of my tenderest affection, I was—I am the most enviable of mortals. Then, for all these past sorrows and present happiness, for all the good or ill which fate may have in store for me, blessed be that Providence in whose hands men and events, with or without their will, are but wonderful instruments for the promotion of its all-wise and beneficent ends!"

So ends this pure strain of gentle and devotional feeling, leav-

ing at its close an impression on the mind like that produced by soft and melancholy music. We were unwilling to interrupt the course of the narrative by any reflections of our own, and now we have lingered on it so long, that we have left ourselves no room for any, had they been called for. One observation, however, we must make, in the justice of which we think every one will concur, that a book like this could not have appeared at a more acceptable time than the present; that the spirit of religion, humanity, resignation, and Christian charity, which it breathes, and the simple, subdued, and natural tone in which these sentiments are embodied, contrast most favourably with those hideous pictures of crime, those alternately voluptuous or loathsome exhibitions of vice, those physical horrors, that affected contempt for all generous sentiments, that fierce and relentless spirit of pride, hatred, and selfishness, which have of late contaminated our own literature, and still more conspicuously that of France. These "Prison Thoughts" of Pellico may teach us, that it is not necessary to heap together impossible miseries, in order to touch the feelings; nor "on horror's head horrors accumulate," in order to excite the dormant sympathies; nor to make the hero of the tale a ruffian, an atheist, or a misanthrope, in order to invest his character with dignity and originality; nor to hurry the reader through a series of violent and startling contrasts, in order to stimulate the edge of curiosity. They should teach us that it is on the simple, the natural, the gentler elements of feeling, not on the uncommon or the overstrained, that our sympathies must permanently repose; and that though novelty may for a time give a fleeting popularity to compositions inculcating the affectation of indifference, selfishness, and contempt for the ties which bind man to his Maker and his fellow men, those better feelings are too deeply engraved on the heart to be ever eradicated, or even long held in abeyance. The fate of this book, we are convinced, will prove, that when a writer has the manliness to avow the sincerity of his belief, the depth and stability of his attachment to his fellows, his confidence that, even in this world, full as it is of deceit and suffering, "virtue is no name, and happiness no dream,"—and does this too amidst every thing calculated to shake his faith, and deaden his feelings, he will find "fit audience," and that not few. And Signor Pellico may be assured that his cheering, elevated, and tranquil pictures of the human heart will survive for the instruction and consolation of others, when the hollow, glaring, and disturbed phantasmagoria of life to which we have alluded is deservedly forgotten.

ART. XI.—*Annuaire pour l'An* 1833, *présenté au Roi par le Bureau des Longitudes.* (*Notices Scientifiques* par M. Arago.) 18mo. Paris.

AMONG the opinions or prejudices relative to the phenomena of the natural world, which mankind seem to have adopted by common consent, there is none which has prevailed more universally, or from an earlier period of time, than that of the moon's influence on the terrestrial atmosphere and the state of the weather. It is in vain that philosophers affirm they can trace no physical connexion between the moon and the effects ascribed to her; to the sailor, the agricultural labourer, and indeed the great mass of mankind, the influence of the moon on the weather is a *fact* established by every-day experience, the truth of which it would be absurd to call in question. Whether the notions so universally diffused on this subject are to be referred to the class of vulgar prejudices, or have any foundation in fact, is a question which M. Arago has discussed at considerable length in the excellent little annual whose title we have now copied. In the present state of science such a discussion may to some appear superfluous; but the labour of the philosopher is not thrown away when it tends to eradicate even a single prejudice. For this reason, and because the subject is in itself really very curious, we are induced to present our readers with a brief abstract of M. Arago's very interesting paper.

The first question which M. Arago undertakes to examine is, *whether the moon exercises any influence on the rain.* The data on which he founds his remarks are derived from a series of observations published by M. Schübler, a professor at Tubingen. They comprehend a period of twenty-eight years, and were made at the following places, namely, at Munich, from 1781 to 1788; at Stuttgard, from 1809 to 1812; and at Augsburg, from 1813 to 1828. From the comparison of these observations it appears that the maximum number of rainy days takes place between the first quarter and the full moon, and the minimum between the last quarter and the new moon. The number of rainy days in the last of these intervals is to that in the first as 696 to 845, or in round numbers, as 5 to 6. And this proportion is not only true of the twenty years taken together, but also of the separate groups of four years, which give analogous numbers. We are therefore to conclude, if we put faith in the observations, that it rains more frequently during the increase than during the wane of the moon.

The above results are confirmed by a series of observations made at Vienna, and discussed by Pilgram in the year 1788. On 100 repetitions of the same phase, Pilgram found the falls of rain to be as follows: new moon 26, mean of the two quarters 25, full moon 29; consequently, at Vienna, as well as at Augsburg and Stuttgard, it rains more frequently on the day of the full than on that of the new moon.

Another element remains to be taken into consideration, namely, the moon's distance from the earth, which, admitting the lunar action on the atmosphere, it is natural to suppose will have a marked influence on

the phenomena. In fact, Schübler found that during the 371 anomalistic revolutions of the moon which take place in twenty-eight years, the number of rainy days included within the seven days nearest the perigee were 1169, and within the seven days nearest the apogee 1096. From the observations at Vienna, Pilgram found that during 100 lunations, the number of rainy days at the perigee were 36; and at the apogee, 20 only. Thus, other circumstances being alike, the nearer the moon is to the earth, the greater are the chances of rain.

"Confining ourselves," says Arago, "to the principal results, it seems difficult to resist the conclusion that the moon exercises an influence on our atmosphere; that in virtue of this influence rain falls more frequently towards the second octant than at any other epoch of the lunar month; and lastly, that the chances of rain are fewest between the last quarter and the fourth octant."

The influence of the moon on the terrestrial atmosphere seems also to be rendered evident by observations of a different kind, namely, the mean heights of the barometer at the different lunar phases. On calculating a series of observations made at Padua by the Marquis Poleni, and extending over a period of 45 years, Toaldo found that the mean height of the barometer at the quarters is *greater* than its mean height at the syzygies, and that the difference amounts to 0.46 millimetres.

From the observations of M. Flaugergues, made at Viviers in the department of Ardèche, and comprising a period of 20 years, there results: mean height at the quarters 755.81 millimetres; mean height at the syzygies 755.39; difference 0.42.

From a series of observations made in the Royal Observatory at Paris, and discussed by Bouvard, the following results were found: mean height at the quarters 756.59 millimetres; mean height at the syzygies, 755.90; difference, 0.69.

Thus we have three distinct series of observations, made at places considerably distant from each other, and all pointing to the same conclusions. The chances are small that such an agreement is merely accidental; and it seems a fair inference that "the moon, in our climates, *does* exercise an action on the atmosphere, very small indeed, but clearly indicated by the comparison of a large number of barometric observations." Few, we should think, will be disposed to attach much value to the minute differences above noted.

Admitting, however, the lunar action on the atmosphere to be established, the next question is to determine its nature. Now the moon can be supposed to act on the atmosphere only in one of three ways: either by its attraction; by the light which it reflects; or by obscure emanations of an electric, magnetic, or unknown nature. As the lunar action, of whatever nature it is, causes an inequality of pressure, indicated by the barometrical observations, it would appear, *a priori*, most probable that it is exercised in the way of attraction. On this subject M. Arago enters into a pretty long argument, through which our limits will not permit us to follow him. The result however is, that if the effects of the lunar attraction on the atmosphere are at all sensible, they must follow a law entirely different from that which is indicated by the above observations. In fact, it is easy to see, that if the varia-

tion of atmospheric pressure arises from the *attraction* of the moon, it ought to be precisely the same at the new and full moon, and also at the first and last quarters. But according to the observations of Flaugergues, the difference of pressure attains nearly its maximum at the quarters, when, according to the theory, it ought entirely to disappear. We may remark, that this subject was examined many years ago by M. Bouvard, who satisfactorily demonstrated that the atmospheric *tide*, so far as it depends on the same cause which produces the tides of the ocean, and is governed by the same laws, is altogether inappreciable. The conclusion therefore is, that "the inequalities of pressure indicated by observation must be referred to some cause different from attraction; to some cause certainly depending on the moon, but of which the nature and mode of action still remain to be discovered."

M. Arago next proceeds to the examination of the popular opinion regarding the influence of the phases of the moon on the changes of the weather. From the observations computed by Toaldo, the ratio of the number of *changes* of weather to the number of *no changes* at the different phases of the moon, was found to be as follows: New moon, 6 to 1; Full moon, 5 to 1; First quarter, 2 to 1; Second quarter, 2 to 1; Perigee, 5 to 1; Apogee, 4 to 1; that is to say, of seven new moons, six were accompanied with a change of weather, and at one of them there was no change; of six full moons, five were attended with a change; and at the quarters, the changes were twice as frequent as the continuance of the previous weather.

These results would be decisive of the question, if their accuracy were beyond suspicion; but, independently of the arbitrary sense that may be attached to the term *change of weather*, it appears that Toaldo "does not content himself with attributing to the phases of the moon the changes which take place on *the very day of the phase*; he classes also, in the same category, the changes of the day that precedes and follows. In certain instances, he even extends the lunar action to the second day before and after the phase. In adopting such bases, is it to be wondered at, that the moon has appeared to be endowed with so powerful an influence?"

The result of Pilgram's observations at Vienna is entirely different. During a hundred lunations, the number of changes of weather on the days of the respective phases, were as follows:

New moon . . . 58	Perigee 72	New moon in apogee 64
Full moon . . . 63	Apogee 64	Full moon in perigee 81
Quarters 63	New moon in perigee 80	Full moon in apogee 68

It results from the simple inspection of this table that, with regard to the changes of weather, the *new moon* is the least active of all the phases. The contrary is proclaimed by popular opinion. The observations, nevertheless, from which the table is deduced, extend over 52 years; and as Pilgram was himself a believer in the lunar influence, it may be inferred, that if he committed errors, they would not have a tendency to militate against his own preconceived notions.

Among the ancients the opinion was universally entertained that the

different aspects of the moon furnish sure *prognostics* of the future state of the weather.

"If," says Aratus, "on the third day of the moon the horns of the crescent are sharp and well defined, the sky will continue serene during the whole of the month."

This is a notion which we believe to be very prevalent at the present day among the peasantry of our own country. The following is the commentary of Arago:

"In reality, when the moon in the evening begins to disengage herself from the sun's rays, she has always the form of a crescent, terminated by two very sharp horns; but if the atmosphere happens to be troubled, the horns appear enlarged. This enlargement, however, is a mere optical illusion, and is occasioned by strongly illuminated clouds, in apparent contact with the moon, and seeming to form a constituent part of her body. The fine extremities of the crescent are then lost as it were in the parasitical light which surrounds the moon, and become invisible to the naked eye. All this is rendered evident by employing a telescope, which destroys the illusion."

Many other aphorisms of the same nature might be quoted from Aratus, Theon, Theophrastus, Pliny, and other ancient writers on rural affairs. But they may be dismissed with the general remark that they had their origin in that ignorance which confounds *signs* with *causes*, and are now disregarded, excepting by the most illiterate and credulous. They are besides at total variance with the theory of the influence of the phases.

The agency of the moon has not been confined, in popular opinion, to the changes of weather; she has been allowed in all ages and countries to exercise a direct and important influence on organic life. Many of the opinions vulgarly entertained on this head are curious, and are founded on well established facts; the error lying, not in the observations, but in the theory which makes the moon the *cause* of phenomena of which she is only the silent and unconcerned spectator. We may mention one or two of the most remarkable.

"It is generally believed, especially in the neighbourhood of Paris, that the moon, in certain months, has a great influence on the phenomena of vegetation. The gardeners give the name of *red moon* (lune rousse) to the moon which, beginning in April, becomes full either about the end of that month, or more usually in the course of May. In the months of April and May the moon, according to them, exercises a pernicious influence on the young shoots of plants. They maintain that they have observed during the night, when the sky is clear, the leaves and buds exposed to this light to become red, that is to say, to be frozen, although the thermometer, in the free atmosphere, stood several degrees above the freezing point. They also assert, that if the rays of the moon are intercepted by clouds, and thereby prevented from reaching the plants, the same effects do not take place, under circumstances perfectly similar in other respects with regard to temperature. These phenomena seem to indicate that the light of our satellite is endowed with a certain frigorific influence; yet, on directing the most powerful burning-glasses or the largest reflectors towards the moon, and placing the most delicate thermometers in their foci, no effect has ever been observed which could justify so singular a conclusion. Hence with philosophers the effects of the April moon are now referred to the class of vulgar prejudices, while the gardeners remain convinced

of the accuracy of their observations. A beautiful discovery, made some years ago by Dr. Wells, will enable us, I think, to reconcile two opinions in appearance so contradictory.

"No one had supposed, before Dr. Wells, that terrestrial substances, excepting in the case of a very rapid evaporation, may acquire, during the night, a different temperature from that of the surrounding air. This important fact is now well ascertained. On placing little masses of cotton, down, &c. in the open air, it is frequently observed that they acquire a temperature of six, seven, or even eight centigrade degrees below that of the surrounding atmosphere. The same is the case with vegetables. We cannot therefore judge of the degree of cold with which a plant is affected during the night by the indications of a thermometer suspended in the free atmosphere: *the plant may be strongly frozen, although the air remains constantly several degrees above the freezing point.* These differences of temperature between solid bodies and the atmosphere only rise to six, seven, or eight degrees of the centesimal thermometer, when the sky is perfectly clear. If the sky is clouded, they become insensible.

"Is it now necessary to point out the connexion between these phenomena and the opinions of the country people regarding the April moon?

"In the nights of April and May the temperature of the atmosphere is frequently only four, five, or six centigrade degrees above zero. When this happens, plants exposed to the light of the moon—*that is to say, to a clear sky*—may be frozen, notwithstanding the indications of the thermometer. If the moon, on the contrary, does not shine—in short, if the sky is cloudy, the temperature of the plants does not fall below that of the atmosphere; and they will consequently not be frozen, unless the thermometer indicates zero. It is therefore quite true, as the gardeners pretend, that under thermometrical circumstances precisely alike, a plant may be frozen or not, according as the moon may be visible or concealed behind clouds. If they are deceived, it is only in their conclusion, in attributing the effect to the light of the moon. The moon's light is, in this case, only the index of a clear atmosphere; it is only in consequence of the clearness of the sky that the nocturnal congelation of plants takes place; the moon contributes to the effect in no way whatever; although she were hid under the horizon, the effect would not be different."

The explanation here given is perfectly satisfactory, and may be extended to some other notions that have prevailed respecting the lunar influence. For example, it is said by Pliny and Plutarch, and is at the present day generally believed in the West Indies, that "the moon sheds a copious humidity on bodies exposed to her rays, and that her light hastens the putrefaction of animal substances." This opinion is, to a certain extent, countenanced by facts:

"A body exposed to the light of the moon—*that is to say, to a clear sky,* becomes, in consequence of its radiation, colder than the surrounding air. Under these circumstances the air deposits a portion of its humidity on the cold surface of the body, which is neither more or less than the phenomenon of dew, as analyzed by Dr. Wells. Now, animal substances become much sooner putrid when moist than when dry. The observation of Pliny and Plutarch is therefore correct in all its details. It was only necessary to reform the theory, and acquit the moon of the mischief ascribed to her."

Again, it is a commonly received opinion that the light of the moon darkens the complexion. If such an effect is produced by exposure to the moon's rays, its explanation must be sought for elsewhere than in the action of the lunar light, as is demonstrated by the following fact.

"Of all known substances, the chloride of silver is that of which the colour

suffers the greatest and most rapid change on exposure to light. But a plate of this chemical compound, exposed for a long time to the light of the moon condensed in the focus of a powerful burning glass, is observed to lose nothing of its primitive whiteness."

Nevertheless, the popular opinion is perhaps not altogether destitute of foundation. The skin exposed to the light of the moon—that is, to a clear sky—probably acquires, like dead substances placed in the same circumstances, a temperature several degrees below that of the surrounding air. It is true that the animal heat is incessantly repairing the deficit occasioned by radiation; yet, "who would affirm that the physical conditions under which an intense local cold places the epidermis may not alter its texture and modify its shade?"

We shall conclude our extracts, with the following striking passage, from which it might almost be inferred that M. Arago himself is inclined to allow the moon to retain a portion at least of that influence she has been so long supposed to possess in the affairs of the terrestrial world.

"Hippocrates had so lively a faith in the influence of the stars on animated beings, and on their maladies, that he very expressly recommends not to trust physicians who are ignorant of astronomy. The moon, however, according to him, only acted a secondary part; the preponderating stars were the Pleiades, Arcturus and Procyon.

"Galen shewed himself, in this respect, a zealous disciple of Hippocrates; but it was the moon to which he assigned the chief influence. Thus the famous *critical days* in diseases—that is to say, the 7th, the 14th, and the 21st, were connected with the duration of the principal phases of our satellite, and the lunar influx became the principal pivot of the system of *crises*."

"With regard to the theory of lunar influence on disease, it still counts a goodly number of partisans. In truth, I know not if the circumstance ought to astonish us. Is it not something to have on one's side the authority of the two greatest physicians of antiquity; and among the moderns, that of Mead, Hoffman, and Sauvage? Authorities, I admit, are of little weight in matters of science, in the face of positive facts; but it is necessary that these facts exist, that they have been subjected to severe examination, that they have been skilfully grouped, with a view to extract from them the truths they conceal. Now, has this procedure been adopted with regard to the lunar influences? Where do we find them refuted by such arguments as science would acknowledge? He who ventures to treat, *à priori*, a fact as absurd, wants prudence. He has not reflected on the numerous errors he would have committed with regard to modern discoveries. I ask, for example, if there can be any thing in the world more bizarre, more incredible, more inadmissible, than the discovery of Jenner? Well! the bizarre, the incredible, the inadmissible, is found to be true; and the preservative against the small-pox is, by unanimous consent, to be sought for in the little pustule that appears in the udder of the cow. I address these short reflections to those who may think that in this article I have taken an unnecessary trouble."

ART. XII.—*Quadro della Storia Letteraria di Armenia,* estesa da Mons Placido Lukias Somal, Arcivescovo di Liunia, ed Abate-Générale della Congregazione dei Monaci Armeni Mechitaristi di San Lazzaro.—(A Sketch of the History of Armenian Literature, by Placido Lukias Somal, Archbishop of Liunia, and Abbot-General of the Congregation of Armenian Mechitarist Monks of St. Lazarus.) Venice. 1829.

WE have no intention of betraying the incautious reader into the investigation of a study which he may judge so unprofitable as the language and literature of Armenia; nor in fact did we cherish the wish insidiously to perpetrate such a literary *guet-a-pens,* would the volume now before us offer a decent pretext for accomplishing the meditated purpose, although unexceptionably adapted to that which we actually have in view. This *Quadro* supplies not a fragment of Armenian composition, in prose or rhyme, to translate. It is simply an historical sketch, written in Italian, of Armenian literature, recording the epochs of its glory, its decay, and its revival, and enumerating its principal authors, together with their works. Could we ask a happier occasion of doing three things we avow our desire to do?—namely, satisfying the interest which we conceive Lord Byron's fancy for these Armenian Monks must have awakened in the minds of his admirers, touching that apparent anomaly, an Armenian monastery in Italy; directing the attention of the studious to a line of research hitherto, we apprehend, little more than a dead letter, save to an exceedingly limited number; and informing the great mass of general readers, who probably have no other idea of Armenians than as vagabond pedlars in outlandish garb, of some few curious facts respecting the language and literature of a little known and much despised race.

We shall speak, first, of the Mechitarist Monastery of San Lazzaro, over which the learned prelate, the author of the book before us, now presides, and its origin.

Most of our readers are, we presume, aware that the larger portion of Armenia forms part of Turkey in Asia, as also, probably, that the industrious natives, who, in pursuit of gain, traverse every province of the Turkish dominions, abound at Constantinople, where they are indulged with several religious establishments. But not so many may be equally aware that the Armenian Church is divided by a great schism; somewhere about one half, both of clergy and laity, having attached themselves to the Roman Catholic creed, who are condemned as heretics by the adherents to the old Oriental Church, and in their turn reprobate as heterodox those of their brethren who persevere in the faith of their forefathers. At Constantinople, these last predominate, or did so at least in the year 1700, when Mechitar Pedrosian, a Catholic Armenian, founded a new monastery in the Moslem capital, of which he was himself appointed abbot. Being persecuted by the adverse sect, he fled with his monks to the Morea, then subject to Venice, and established his monastery, to which he attached an academy, at Modon. Here both flourished, but not permanently. The Morea reverted to the Ottoman sceptre, and in 1717 the worthy abbot transferred his monastery and academy to Venice, where upon the island of San Lazzaro, one of the more detached of the

60, 70, or 130 (geographers are not agreed as to the number) islets which constitute the substratum of the inhabited portion of Venice, it has ever since remained and prospered. In honour of its founder it is called Mechitarist.

Abbot Mechitar, during the remainder of his life, diligently and successfully exerted himself, taking advantage of a situation that enabled him to combine the knowledge of Europe with that of his native land, to render his monastic college the principal seat of Armenian erudition and education. Thither all such of his countrymen as desire a superior degree of cultivation for their offspring habitually send their sons for instruction. The best Armenian printing press extant is the Mechitarist, from which press issues a newspaper, permitted by the Turks, under certain restrictions, to circulate among their Armenian subjects; and neither the monks nor their superiors neglect any of the opportunities for improvement that they possess. Their chief literary occupations are indeed more useful to their less enlightened countrymen than interesting to strangers, namely, translating into Armenian the classic works of France, Italy, England, and Germany. But that in this endeavour to enrich Armenia with the treasures of Europe, they do not undervalue their native lore, we have practical demonstration in the interesting work of which we are now about to offer a very brief abstract.

But before we speak of Armenian authors and their works, we must mention one fact concerning the language, which is important, namely, that the language of literature is not that of ordinary life and business. The former is called Haican, from Haico, the reported progenitor of the nation; the latter Armenian. This appears, however, to be a modern distinction, the relative condition of the two languages being now what that of all the languages derived from the Latin was during the middle ages, when French, Italian, Spanish, or Portuguese, were but so many corrupt jargons, each in its own country called emphatically the vulgar tongue, in which scholars no more thought of writing than we should of inditing this article in broad Yorkshire, had the chance of birth made that dialect our especial vernacular. Thus the Armenian language and literature of the nineteenth century offer us an interesting living illustration of one of the characteristics of the middle ages.

We now turn to the *Quadro*. In it our learned prelate has recorded the names and merits of upwards of 220 authors, besides those whom he qualifies as unknown, meaning thereby that their names only are known, from being mentioned or quoted by compatriot writers. Amongst these 220 we find historians, theologians, poets (chiefly sacred), philologists, geographers * and mathematicians; but the first two classes constitute a large majority. Of course we shall not follow our author through the list, but content ourselves with extracting from his details a short account of the origin, fall, and revival of Armenian literatute, and mentioning one or two of the names which are still esteemed the glory of their country and language.

* Among these we may notice the "Travels of Macarius," published by the Oriental Translation Fund Committee, which throw much light on what may be called the "transition geography" of history.

The most learned Armenian antiquaries do not, we believe, pretend to trace their literature further back than about 150 years before the Christian era, when two Parthian brother princes, Arsaces and Valarsaces, reigned over Persia and Armenia. The latter monarch, being a lover of letters, was inquisitive touching the cicumstances of his kingdom in time past, and employed Marabas Catina, whom our reverend author calls "a very learned man, and indeed one of the most sublime geniuses of those times," (something of a compliment when we recollect what those times were,) to write a history of Armenia. Marabas obeyed, collecting his materials from old Persian documents preserved at Nineveh, and laid open to his examination by Arsaces, king of Persia, as well as from other sources. He completed his task down to the very period at which he wrote, and the work is said to have earned him the title of the Armenian Herodotus. He was followed by some half-dozen historians and Heathen theologians, if we may so designate believing writers upon mythology, and, our Mechitarist abbot doubts not, by a multitude of others altogether forgotten. But even of the commemorated few, and of the Armenian Herodotus himself, the names and the nature of their works is all we know or can hope to know. Their productions have long been lost, but have not thus become quite valueless, inasmuch as they were the sources whence later Armenian writers, who have survived, compiled their works.

The authors who lived in the fourth century of the Christian era are the first whose writings have been preserved. Christianity then prevailed in Armenia, her writers were princes and prelates; and this is esteemed what the abbot of San Lazzaro calls the first, and we should rather term the beginning of the golden age of literature,—a period, be it remembered, when classical literature was fast decaying.

But the fifth century was the real golden age of Haican literature, which thus, for a while at least, seems to have thriven in proportion as classical splendour faded away. This century was fruitful in authors, and was further distinguished by two events important to the progress of learning. The Armenians had till then had no alphabet of their own, indifferently using Greek, Syriac, and Persian characters. Early in the fifth century Mesrop Masdoty invented an appropriate Haican alphabet of thirty-eight letters, still called, in honour of the inventor, Mesropian, and employed as capitals, since others, of more convenient form, have supplanted them in common use. About the same time schools were, by the favour of the Armenian sovereign, instituted throughout Armenia, and the scholars there trained exerted themselves in producing Haican versions of the Bible, and of the master-pieces of Greece and Rome.* To these circumstances we may probably ascribe the great developement of native talent that ensued.

One of the most distinguished authors who now appeared was Archbishop Moses Chorenensis, or Chorenabyi, according to the Armenian formation of a surname for the birthplace. Besides innumerable invaluable translations, he wrote a history of Armenia, (relying for the early

* Our learned prelate some years since published a *Quadro* of translations into Armenian.

part upon our friend Marabas, and many others, of whom the names only have descended to modern times,) a treatise upon rhetoric, and a treatise upon geography, all of which, together with some homilies, have been preserved, as well as some hymns still habitually sung in the Armenian church service. A number of smaller works, which his reverend panegyrist denominates *operette*, have entirely or partially perished; and of Moses Chorenabyi's Commentaries upon Haican Grammar only a few fragments remain, inserted as quotations in the productions of later and more fortunate writers. Moses' History of Armenia was printed in England, in the first half of the last century, by the sons of the celebrated W. Whiston, and most judiciously with a Latin version, as at that time no Englishman, and only two continental scholars,* understood Haican.

As we desire only to attract some portion of attention to Armenian literature and its Mechitarist cultivators, what we have said of the multifarious labours of Archbishop Moses Chorenabyi may suffice as a sample of the kind of authors who adorned or constituted this golden age. With the fifth century the era closed, and the remainder of our history may be briefly despatched. In the sixth century Haican literature first remained stationary, and then began to decline. With every succeeding century, to the sixteenth inclusive, the decline became more decided, more rapid, and the very genius of the language was corrupted by attempts to assimilate its grammar to the Latin. Nevertheless we do not mean to say there were no authors during this contemned period: on the contrary, they abounded, but, in a literary sense, they were worthless, and some are even accused of writing in Armenian, not Haican. A few histories, however, national, Tartar, Arab, &c., some of them in verse, and deserving esteem for the information they contain, are carefully preserved even of the worst times.

In the seventeenth century Armenian schools and colleges arose in the east and in the west; Armenian printing presses were set up in various towns, and Armenian literature began to revive. Again: historians, theologians, and poets wrote in choice Haican, and amongst the rest the only *improvisatore* mentioned by our author flourished, Nerses Moghensis, or Moghabyi. In the eighteenth century the revival was complete, very much owing to the zealous and judicious exertions of the already commemorated Mechitar Pedrosian. His academy still yields excellent scholars in their own and other languages, and Armenian literature promises fair to participate in the vigorous stimulus which throughout Europe literature seems in these latter times to have received. The only reason we see for apprehending that it may not fully keep this promise, is the disadvantage of writing in a dead language, not in that of impulse and passion, that in which we think, feel, converse, and transact all the business of life.

* These two singularly erudite philologists were La Croze, librarian to the king of Prussia, and Schroeder, Professor of Oriental Languages at Marburg.

ART. XIII.—*Les Consultations du Docteur Noir. Stello, ou les Diables Bleus* (Blue Devils).* Par le Comte Alfred de Vigny. *Première Consultation.* Paris, 1832. 8vo.

OF Count Alfred de Vigny we have already had more than once occasion to speak, and that with more or less of praise according as he devoted himself to the narrative or the dramatic style.† In the former we really think him one of the very few imitators of Sir Walter Scott, who have actually caught a spark of the genial fire that has so long delighted the whole reading world, and turned away the stigma formerly attaching to the perusal of works of prose fiction. De Vigny's *Cinq Mars* possessed a degree of graphic truth and vigour in the historical portraits, which, although far from rivalling, yet reminded us of those wondrous resuscitated and embodied realities, Ivanhoe, Kenilworth, and Quentin Durward. With *Cinq Mars* full in our recollection, we eagerly opened the *polyonymous* volume before us. But this is no historic novel. It is a production altogether *sui generis*, and we must endeavour by a brief sketch of it to enable the reader to devise an appropriate designation for this clever but whimsical literary *nondescript*.

Stello, a youthful poet, the representative, we shrewdly suspect, of the talented author, is troubled with the blue devils, whom he describes as so many flesh and blood demons, of the magnitude of gnats, hammering, sawing, and drilling away at various phrenological protuberances of his skull. And one result of their labours seems to be, a passion for representative monarchy, and a consequent inclination to abandon the worship of the muses, and plunge into the labyrinths of politics. The invalid's real malady being, as the perspicacious reader will perhaps have conjectured, the contempt generally expressed for poets, and his real object to establish a state of the world in which poets and poesy shall enjoy meet and suitable honours.

The physician called in to cure the ostensible disease, who is called indifferently Dr. Black and the black doctor, (*le Docteur Noir*, and *le noir docteur*,) and whom the patient says he consults as equally a healer of the mind as of the body, administers, by way of remedy, these stories, intermixed with an infinity of philosophical discussion, and all intended to establish as a fact, that under every form of government, poets are, and ever have been, treated with contempt and aversion by those in power. The first story recounts the fate of the poet Gilbert, under the despotic Louis XV.; the second that of Chatterton, under the Constitutional British Monarchy; the third that of André Chenier, under the democratic reign of Terror; and in all, the narrator represents himself as an actor, or at least a spectator. Of these stories we infinitely prefer the last, and that for many reasons. In the first two, besides that the catastrophe of each deviates entirely from historical fact, the author endeavours to depict manners as he has gathered them from books; and were we to estimate the delineation of French court-

* The translation is Count A. de Vigny's; we copy the title page with our best accuracy.

† See vol. iii. p. 314, and vol. ix. p. 78, of F. Q. R.

manners under Louis XV. by that of ordinary English manners under George III., we should pronounce both fancy pieces. We believe however that the first is the least unlike of the two, as, indeed, might have been anticipated. The men and manners of the third tale he may paint from memory; or, as Count Alfred is too young to have himself seen the times of terror, they must yet live so vividly in the recollection of many of his intimates, as far better to supply the place of personal knowledge. This tale in fact exhibits so much of that graphic truth we have already eulogized, as well as of dramatic effect, that we only hesitate which scene to extract.

The subject-matter of the story is the anxiety of the family and friends of André Chenier to save that illegally-incarcerated and poetically-given individual from the guillotine. It opens on the 5th of Thermidor, when the plot for the overthrow of Robespierre was fast ripening. Early on this day, Chenier the father visits our doctor, to whom he is a stranger, in the disguise of a livery servant, to solicit his aid in liberating his son; and in the demeanour of the old gentleman we have a happy exemplification of the timidity of a persecuted class, and of the obstinacy of age. M. Chenier mulishly persists in his own plan of moving heaven and earth, and especially Robespierre, with petitions in behalf of his son, and representations of the informality of his arrest, rejecting as a cowardly excuse the doctor's advice to be quiet, and pray that his son may be altogether forgotten during the brief period that Robespierre's tyranny can still endure. Then come two prison scenes, the first a tête à tête with Mad. la Duchesse de St. Aignan, in which some of the secret feelings of a virtuous female heart, her anxious care for her unborn babe, and her unconscious love for her fellow prisoner, the young and imperilled poet, are naturally pourtrayed. The other presents us with the assembling of the high-born prisoners for their common breakfast, the levity, tempered by perfect good breeding, of the greater number, and the interruption of the meal by the entrance of a drunken and ignorant messenger, accompanied by a rabble-rout, with his list, by which he summons the *fournée*, or batch of the day, as it was called, for the guillotine. Chenier and the duchess are saved by the address with which the gaoler's daughter steals a leaf of the drunkard's list. We are next transported to the cabinet of Robespierre, to whom the doctor is professionally called; and from this part we shall take our extracts, beginning with the narrator's view of the character of this extraordinary man and his principal colleagues.

"These men, gorged with power and glutted with blood in their inconceivable political orgy, were ordinary and narrow in their conceptions, ordinary and false in their works, ordinary and mean in their actions. They had some moments of brilliancy only by a sort of feverish energy, a nervous delirium springing from fears like the rope-dancer's on his cord, and above all, from the feeling that seemed in them to have taken the place of the soul, I mean the continuous emotion of assassination.

"This emotion, Sir, has something of anger, fear, and spleen combined. The assassin thinks to free himself from an avenger of his first murder by a second, from an avenger of the second by a third, and so on through life, if

he have the power. He then operates upon a nation as he would upon a gangrened body. He cuts, and carves, and slices.—He pursues the black spot, and that black spot is his own shadow; it is the contempt and hatred entertained for him; he finds it every where. Impelled by his melancholic chagrin and frenzy, he exhausts himself in efforts to fill a bottomless vessel, and that is moreover his Hell."

Upon entering Robespierre's apartment on occasion of the present visit, the physician thus describes the dictator's appearance.

"He was then in his 36th year; his face was crushed between the forehead and the chin, as though two hands had tried forcibly to unite them over the nose. The skin was of a papery paleness, dead, and as if plastered, moreover deeply indented with the hail of the small-pox. Neither blood nor bile circulated. His little eyes, dull and heavy, never looked one in the face, and a perpetual disagreeable winking lessened them yet more, whenever they chanced not to be quite hidden by his green spectacles. His pinched and wrinkled mouth was convulsively contracted by a sort of laughing grimace, whence Mirabeau likened him to a *cat that had just drank vinegar.* His hair was spruce, pompous and full of pretension. His fingers, shoulders, and neck were incessantly and involuntarily twitched, twisted and shaken, by little spasms of nervous irritation. He was dressed from early morning, and never did I catch him in *dishabille.*"

Robespierre receives the black doctor most politely, and professes a feverish anger against the English newspapers for speaking of the French armies as "Robespierre's troops," and treating him as actual dictator of France. The doctor clearly perceives this indignation to be assumed, and incautiously betrays his penetration; whereupon Robespierre, continuing to chat amicably with him, adds the doctor's name to a list for the guillotine lying beside him. He then gives his visitor a paper of his co-dictator, St. Just, to read, and upon some pretext leaves him.

The paper consists of a set of childishly sentimental laws for a modern Utopia, where, as in the good old Lord Gonzalo's island, there is to be unexampled virtue and morality, freed from the inconvenient restraints of marriage. The doctor's study of plans so happily suited to those wholesale executioners and their philanthropic projector, is interrupted by the entrance of Joseph Chenier, who desires to be announced to Robespierre as a member of the Convention, and the author of "Caius Gracchus" and "Timoleon." The dramatist questions the physician in a way that awakens in the latter a fear of eaves-droppers, if not of key-hole observers; and we extract the dialogue that ensues, which would we think have a good effect on the stage.

"I rose and walked about, that the conversation might seem less continuous. He understood me, and walked in the contrary direction. We moved at a steady pace, like two sentinels who cross each other. Each assumed an air of internal meditation: one spoke a word as he passed, the other answered as he repassed.

"As I went from the door to the fire-place, I said, as low as possible, but with an appearance of perfect indifference, 'It is possible we may be purposely brought together:' and then, very loud, 'a pretty apartment this.'

"He returned from the fire-place to the door, and meeting me in the middle, said, 'I believe it;' then raising his head, 'it looks upon the court.'

"I passed. 'I saw your father this morning,' said I; and shouted, 'What fine weather!"

"He repassed; 'I knew it; my father and I no longer see each other. I hope André will not be long there;—a magnificent sky.'

"I crossed him again, saying, 'Tallien, Courtois, Barras, Clausel, are good citizens;' and then, enthusiastically, 'how fine a tragic subject is Timoleon!'

"He crossed me returning;—"And Collot d'Herbois, Loiseau, Bourdon, Barrère, Boissy-d'Anglas;—yet I prefer my Fenelon.'

"I quickened my walk. 'This may still last some days;—the versification is said to be beautiful.'

"He rapidly strode forward, and elbowed me. 'The triumvirate will not outlast four days.—I read it at the Citizeness Vestris' house.'

"This time I pressed his hand as we passed. 'Beware of naming your brother; he is not thought of;—the catastrophe is much admired.'

"At our next meeting he warmly caught my hand. 'He's on no list; I shall not mention him; the 9th I release him with my own hand;—I am only afraid it may be too clearly foreseen.'

"This was the last passage. The door opened, and we were at opposite ends of the room."

Robespierre and St. Just now enter, and a conversation ensues, in which Robespierre avows having brought the doctor and Joseph Chenier together, in order to introduce the deputy to a man who takes such an interest in his family. The doctor tries to turn the matter off by saying,

"Faith, I love literature for my part, and his Fenelon"—

when Robespierre interrupts him, to display the contempt entertained by himself and St. Just for persons who waste their time on poetry! The perplexity of the situation is next heightened by the entrance of Chenier, the father, whom Robespierre thus announces:

"'Here is another acquaintance of your's. I have prepared you a pleasant, sociable meeting.'"

The scene now again becomes strikingly dramatic. The son and the friend repeatedly and vainly endeavour to check the old man's determined purpose. He treats them as inimical, or dastardly and selfish; and duped by the affected good nature of Robespierre, who relishes the scene, like a cat sporting with a mouse, pleads André's cause in triumphant confidence of success. The dictator then sits down, saying,

"'So that was their grand affair! What think'st thou, St. Just? Did they fancy me ignorant of the little brother's imprisonment? The good folks must really suppose me an idiot. Only, it is true enough I should not have troubled myself about him for some days.'"

And so André Chenier, by his father's imprudence, is at once consigned to the revolutionary tribunal and the guillotine, being executed two days prior to the overthrow of Robespierre. The execution scene is well given, as witnessed by the doctor from his own window.

And now, what think you, gentle reader, has been the worthy physician's object in telling these three stories, beyond the expulsion of the blue devils, who fled at the first dose? Perhaps to induce his gifted patient to abandon a career so profitless, so despised, as poetry? The very reverse. To prove that one form of government is no better than

another, that politics are therefore the most unprofitable of studies, and thence to convince the disheartened poet that he ought to devote himself wholly and solely to his art. Lest our readers should be unduly biassed by the narrative half of the argument, we shall end by extracting a passage or two of this conclusion, which is written *con amore*. Stello asks the cause of this universal contempt.

"'The sentiment is envy,' said the inflexible doctor; 'the idea (indestructible pretence!) is the uselessness of the arts to the social state. The pantomime of all towards the poet is a protecting and supercilious smile; but all feel in the depth of their hearts something like the presence of a superior divinity.'"

He afterwards supposes Homer thus to argue against Plato.

"Imagination with his elect, is as superior to mere Judgment with his orators, as are the gods of Olympus to the demigods. The most precious gift of heaven is the rarest. Now, see you not that a century hardly produces one of these poets, for a crowd of clever, sensible logicians and sophists. Imagination contains within itself Judgment and Memory, without which it were not. What resistlessly commands men if not emotion? What generates emotion if not art? Who teaches art if not God himself? For the poet has no master, and all sciences are taught, save his alone. You ask me what institutions, what laws, what doctrines I have given to cities? To nations none; to the world a deathless one. Your doctrines, your laws, your institutions, have been good for one age, one people, and with them have died; whilst the works of the divine art live for ever in proportion* as they are elevated, and all bear wretched mortals to the imperishable law of LOVE and PITY."

Thus far the supposititious Homer. Now for the doctor himself on the destiny and duties of the poet, whom he exhorts not to wish for popularity, at least whilst alive.

"His mission is to produce works, but only when he hears the secret voice (of inspiration.) He must await it. Let no foreign influence dictate his words; such were perishable. Let him not fear the inutility of his work; if beautiful, by that alone it will be useful, since it will have united men in one common sentiment of adoration and contemplation of itself, and the thought which it embodies."

* * * * *

"Immortal works are formed to delude death, by making our ideas outlive our bodies. Write such if you can, and rest assured that should there be found in them one thought, a single word, useful to the civilizing progress, which you may have dropped, like a feather from your wing, men enough will be always ready to gather it up, and work it to satiety. The application of ideas to things is waste of time in the creators of ideas."

With this passage, of which we recommend the study to the Utilitarians, we take leave, we trust not for long, of Count Alfred de Vigny.

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* An ill-natured critic might ask how any thing can live for ever proportionably? But we are not ill-natured, else we might also have observed in the beginning of the scene between the Doctor and Chenier, that the latter walks in the wrong direction.

ART. XIV.—*Μαρκου Αντονινου Των εις Εαυτον.* (Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, in Twelve Books, (Greek,) translated into Persian by M. Von Hammer, and intitled in that Language, "Rays from the Light-house of Marcus Antoninus.") 8vo. Vienna, 1831.

THE efforts that have been made, and are still making, for the moral regeneration of Asia, and repaying the old debt of knowledge and civilization incurred ages ago by Europe, are among the most gratifying characteristics of the present age. It is to be lamented that these exertions are seldom so wisely directed as they are generously conceived, and that "zeal without knowledge" has too frequently baffled its own objects. Controversial tracts, written by persons wholly ignorant of the oriental character, and not always very deeply versed in Eastern languages, do infinitely more harm than good; and even if both these defects were removed, some previous mental discipline is necessary to prepare the minds of persons debased by ignorance and prejudice, for a calm and serious investigation of the truth. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we announce the publication of a Persian translation of the Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, by that distinguished orientalist M. Von Hammer. It would be scarcely possible to discover any production of a western writer, more peculiarly suited to oriental taste than the profound and philanthropic maxims of the imperial author; they unite the intrinsic worth of truth with luxuriance of thought and conciseness of expression, qualities which must recommend them to the grave and almost stern character of eastern readers. There is ample food for meditation in each pithy sentence; the volume is just that which would be most desired by those who love to indulge "the indolent activity of thought."

Since the glorious days of the Khalifát, when the scientific works of the Greeks and Romans were translated into Arabic and Syriac, and thus in many instances rescued from total or partial destruction, we remember but one example of a Greek classic being rendered into an oriental language. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, John Elichman, of Silesia translated into Persian "The Table* of Cebes" and "The Golden Verses of Pythagoras;" as excellent a selection as could well have been made. He died, however, before his work passed through the press, and the publication was superintended by his friend, the celebrated Salmasius. A new edition of this would be a valuable addition to our stock of elementary Persian works.

The principle by which M. Von Hammer has been guided in making this translation, is not to render his original literally, but to dress it in such colours as the imperial author would have used, had he written in Persian instead of Greek. The typographical execution of the work is very creditable to the Vienna press, and the clearness given to

* In accordance with ancient usage, we prefer the word "Table" to "Picture," because the latter word does not fully express the meaning, and we are more easily misled by a common than an obsolete phrase.

the type by lengthening the ligatures of the letters, is certainly a decided improvement, especially to persons, like ourselves, whose sight is none of the best, and whose knowledge of oriental languages is but limited.

We think it right to add, that this typographic curiosity has been published at the sole expense of its learned and deserving editor; though, unlike Schlegel, he has not trumpeted the fact, and made it the theme of endless and idle boasting. We have noticed a very few typographical errors, but none of such importance as to produce any serious inconvenience to the student.

We trust that the work will receive the patronage of all those in this country, who are anxious to encourage oriental literature. The work itself well merits their support, and its editor has amply earned the gratitude both of Europe and Asia.

Art. XV.—1. *Trente Mois de ma Vie, Quinze Mois avant et Quinze Mois après mon Voyage au Congo, ou Ma Justification des infamies débitées contre moi; suivie de Détails nouveaux et curieux sur les Mœurs et les Usages des habitans du Brésil et de Buenos Ayres, et d'une Description de la Colonie Patagonia.* Par J. B. Douville, Auteur du *Voyage au Congo*, Secrétaire de la Société de Géographie, et Membre de plusieurs Sociétés Savantes, Françaises et Etrangères. Paris, chez l'auteur, rue de Saints-Pères, No. 63. 1833. 8vo.

2. *Bulletin de la Société de Geographie.* Fevrier, 1833. 8vo. Paris.

We thought we had done with M. Douville and his African Travels for ever; but he will still thrust himself and his fabricated claims to be a great discoverer (on a par with Columbus and Galileo, and like them not less unjustly persecuted,) on the public attention. The "Justification" which he has now published, forming a volume of 400 pages, is intended as a reply to the statement respecting him by M. Lacordaire, which appeared in the Literary Intelligence of our last Number, copied from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. That statement was of a nature not only to throw doubts on the authenticity of a portion of M. Douville's narrative, but even to make it problematical whether he had ever been in Africa at all. The opinion emitted in the two articles of this Journal (in Nos. XIX. and XX.) was, that the book itself was completely worthless; but that it offered sufficient evidence that the author had performed *one* journey into the interior, most probably in the honourable capacity of superintendant of a slaving expedition. After a careful examination of the *new* statements made by M. Douville himself, and comparing them with those given in his Travels, we are more and more confirmed in the belief that our surmises were correct. We will briefly notice these points of confirmation; and having recently received some authentic additional information respecting the hero, which we think is of a kind that will entirely remove those doubts which the Central Commission of the Paris Geographical Society profess (as appears by the last number of their Bulletin) still to entertain respecting M. Douville's astronomical observations, we think it our duty to publish it. Before

we proceed, we may as well mention that there is not one word in the present volume in reply to the remarks we made on his former *Defence*, nor the slightest additional information in corroboration of the statements to which we took exception in our review of his book. On that score, therefore, we have nothing to correct or retract.

M. Douville, instead of confining himself to the press for the reparation of his wounded reputation, (as M. Lacordaire had recommended,) thought proper in the first instance to resort to the more doubtful course of an appeal to arms; "he resolved," he says, "to take the lives of the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and of M. Lacordaire, or to die by their hands." He sent each of them a challenge, which was refused by both; by the first on the score of illness, and by the second, because the challenger's character was such as to deprive him of all claim to the satisfaction of a gentleman. This refusal being repeated a second and a third time, and M. Douville having threatened M. Lacordaire with personal chastisement of the most insulting kind, the latter turned him over to the police, who exacted from him a promise of abstaining from all farther provocation. With this result he appears in the end very well satisfied; he had heard that his antagonist was "beaucoup plus grand et surtout plus robuste" than himself, and the reflection with which he concludes his account of the affair is so ingenuously stated, as to deserve transcription for the benefit of future challengers. "Au reste," says he, "je suis bien aisé qu'il ait refusé le defi que je lui ai envoyé. *La chance d'un cartel est toujours douteuse, et combien j'aurais eu à gémir d'être atteint par la balle d'un être aussi vil.*"

The real points at issue between the parties are only two; the *first*, whether M. Douville was at Rio Janeiro from the beginning of 1827 up to the 15th of October of that year, as he told us in his *Voyage au Congo*,—or whether he was at Buenos Ayres during the greater part of that time, as M. Lacordaire has informed us; and the *second*, whether in 1828 he was in the interior of Africa, performing that first journey of which the first and second volumes of the *Voyage au Congo* give the details,—or was at Rio Janeira, as asserted by M. Lacordaire, who declares that he then and there saw both him and his wife. We are fortunately enabled to set both those questions at rest, in favour of M. Lacordaire, on the most indubitable authority, namely, that of M. Douville himself.

In the *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages* for June, 1831, (tom. l. p. 392,) there is a notice of M. Douville's recent arrival at Havre, and of his African travels, which it appears, by a subsequent number of the same work, (tom. li. p. 194,) was transmitted from Havre by M. Douville himself. In this notice we find the following words:—

"Revenu alors (1826) en Europe, il repartit de France avec l'intention d'aller en Chine; *les évènemens le forcèrent de rester à Buenos-Ayres. Il parcourut jusqu'en* 1828 *une partie de l'Amérique Meridionale. En* 1828 *il se dirigea sur le Congo*, debarqua à St. Philippe de Benguela," &c. &c.

The first point is also admitted in the volume before us, one half of it, indeed, being devoted to a narrative of what happened to him during his

residence at Buenos Ayres. All the circumstances stated by M. Lacordaire respecting his arrival there, his occupations, and his imprisonment on a charge of forging bank notes, are admitted by M. Douville himself, with the addition, however, that he was acquitted of the charge by the tribunals, of whose sentences he gives copies.

On the second point, M. Douville here falsifies his own first statement in the *Annales des Voyages*, and stoutly adheres to the one given in his travels. In confirmation of that he now produces the following documents: 1. a declaration or certificate of two persons now at Paris, who say that they knew him (Douville) at Loanda about *the beginning of* 1828; that he shortly after departed for the interior of Africa to explore the country as a naturalist, and that his wife died there of the fever of the country; 2. copies of two letters addressed to him by the Portuguese governor of those settlements, while he was in the interior, the first dated March 1st, the second April 20, 1828. Here also M. Douville saves us the trouble of weighing the credibility of his witnesses, or the probable authenticity of the letters he has printed; at p. 386, in a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, he states, (in proof that he really had been in Africa, a fact which M. Lacordaire had disputed,) that he has in his possession, among other documents, a passport which he thus describes:

"A passport which was delivered to me at Loanda on the 16th of February, 1829, on my departure from that city for my *second* journey into the interior of Africa, which passport, as is therein stated, was delivered to me upon the deposit of a Brazilian passport, dated 9th October, 1827, and with which I had arrived on the 15th December of the same year."

As it appears by this that M. Douville preserves his documents, we were at first a little puzzled to account for his producing only the passport for his *second* journey, and not that for the first. But on turning to the "Voyage au Congo," our puzzle was increased, for we there found it stated in plain terms, (and the statement has been transferred to our own pages, No. xix. pp. 173, 174,) that *the governor was determined not to allow him to travel a second time into the interior*, and that, in order to get over this difficulty, he embarked on board a vessel nominally bound to the Brazils, but secretly destined to touch at Ambriz, from which he proceeded into the interior, to make those wonderful discoveries which are destined to immortalize his name. What possible credit can be given to an author whose statements are in such complete opposition to one another? After a few minutes' reflection, the truth of the matter flashed upon us at once. By the simple conversion of an 8 into a 7 in the Brazilian passport, M. Douville has contrived to antedate his arrival in Africa by a year, and as a part of the same bungling and barefaced system of fraud, he has altered the dates of the governor's two letters from 1829 to 1828. Our belief therefore is, that M. Douville and his spouse left Rio in October and arrived at Loanda in December, 1828, and that his *first* and *only journey into the interior* was performed between the 16th of February, 1829, and May, 1830, the dates which he assigns in his book for the *second*. After this, what becomes of the

splendid discoveries for which the Geographical Society of Paris awarded him its honours and pecuniary rewards?

We will now, in as few words as possible, put our readers in possession of our own *theory* as to the occasion of M. Douville's African travels, formed upon a careful comparison of the statements in the volume before us with those of his Voyage to Congo.

M. Jean Baptiste Douville appears, by his own account, to have occupied, before these travels, rather a doubtful position in society. Not having succeeded in Europe, or in whatever quarter of the Old World he had exercised his talents (see hereafter) in raising himself to that eminence to which he evidently thinks his merits entitle him, he turned his back upon it in August, 1826, and proceeded to the New in quest of better fortune. His first experiment, at Buenos Ayres, it has been seen, was not a very successful one, and our conjecture is that the second, at Rio Janeiro, was not more so. M. Douville, by his own account, had the misfortune to come twice into contact with the officers of justice there, and his description of the miseries and horrors of a Brazilian prison has all the vividness and force of personal experience. Disappointed in his hopes, he was, probably as a last and desperate resource, induced to embark in a speculation to bring slaves from Angola. It will be recollected that by the convention between Great Britain and Brazil of November, 1826, the slave trade was to cease on the part of the latter at the end of three years, after which it was to be considered piracy; the consequence of which was, that as the termination of this horrible traffic approached, the Brazilian slave-traders redoubled their activity in all directions, in order to procure an additional supply for the market. Of this fact we have abundant evidence in the little work of Mr. Leonard, surgeon on board of one of the British cruizers, recently published; he states that in the year 1829, the number of slaves liberated by our cruizers was 5350, a number more than double that of the preceding, or what it was in the following year, when the Brazilian flag had disappeared. Keeping this circumstance in view, there is one passage in the second letter of the governor, addressed to M. Douville, which clearly enough explains the views and position of the person to whom it was addressed. We give it in the original Portugueze, along with M. Douville's French translation, which however leaves out the words in italics.

" Sintindo muito, que as circumstancias me nâo permittâo *poder condescender com os seus dezejos*, de lever carregadores até âo pais dos Moluâs, para o que me obsta a consideracâo de que actualmente se torna absolutamente indispensavel o emprego de grande numero delles para o servizo do commercio, per isso que se acha em seu ultimo prazo o commercio da escravatura. E alem disso, sendo o pais dos Muluâs de una tâo longa distancia, que apenas ali tem chegado alguns habitantes deste pais, vira por isso a ser muito terrivel esta viagem para os carregadores delle, e a muitos respeitos perigoso e prejudicial."

[" Je regrette beaucoup que les circonstances ne me permettent pas de vous laisser conduire ces porteurs jusque chez les Molaus, par la consideration que dans ce moment la fin de l'esclavage approche, et qu' alors le commerce en requiert un tres grand nombre. D'ailleurs, les pais des Moluas est si eloigné, qu'à peine si l'on peut dire que quelqu'un de ce royaume y ait jamais penétré:

par conséquent ce voyage sera terrible pour les porteurs, et sans tous les rapports, dangereux et prejudiciable pour eux."]

This passage also is important, as exhibiting the utter impossibility of M. Douville's ever having gone near the country of the Molooas, as the governor puts a distinct negative on his proposal of going thither. The tone of the letters, we may also remark, is that of a superior to an inferior, whose movements are regulated by his directions; he sends him orders on the regents of the different districts through which he has to pass, to furnish the necessary porters to forward him on his journey; there is no question of paying them at the rate of so much per day. The whole fabric of M. Douville's enormous expenditure in the interior crumbles to atoms; on his own account we dare say he did not expend a franc, and it need not be matter of doubt that the governor had a share in the profits of this unholy traffic. We have not had time to trace (nor if we had, would it be worth while to waste it on the inquiry) how far the substitution of the year 1828 for 1829 has led to the strange confusion of dates which was so remarkable and suspicious a feature in the Voyage; that it has been one of the main causes of it, we have no doubt.

The readers of the "Trente Mois de ma Vie," will find that, in what precedes, we have not troubled ourselves with the amusing and monstrous figments with which M. Douville has embroidered the fragment of his real history that M. Lacordaire had supplied us with, but have at once gone to the marrow of the controversy. We shall, however, briefly notice the account of the previous portion of his life, as given by himself, and conclude by filling up a vacuum in it, on authority for the accuracy of which we can pledge ourselves.

He is a native of Hambye, in the arrondissement of Coutances and department of La Manche; born in February, 1794, the son of J. M. Douville, a thread merchant and bleacher; educated at Rennes in Britanny; having from his earliest age a decided passion for locomotion, which, at the termination of his studies, a fortunate chance enabled him very early to indulge. A very wealthy relation left him his whole property, and he immediately began travelling. In his "Voyage au Congo" he had informed us that he had visited both North and South America, South Africa, Egypt, Italy, and some portion of Asia; in his new version the field of peregrination is even more extensive, but differing in important parts from the first. He traversed Europe; next South America; then went *by sea* (*!*) into Asia; traversed part of India and Cashmir, and returned through Khorasan and Persia to Trebizond, where he took shipping for Genoa. *He passed the end of* 1824 *and* 1825 *in Italy and in Germany; returned to Paris in the spring of* 1826, and after a rest of three months, again started (as we have seen) for Buenos Ayres, with the ultimate view of proceeding from thence to the Isle of Bourbon, and from that to Java, from which, he says, there are frequent opportunities of getting to China. To a man of his immense fortune these long voyages occasion no disbursements productive of the least inconvenience. On this occasion he provided himself with the following ample stock of money and merchandize.

	francs.
1. Hardware, glassware, and other articles, to exchange with the Patagonians (!)	45,000
2. China, cut glass, clocks, physical instruments and other costly articles, for the Chinese	
3. English Bank notes of the Bank of England (!) (£3000) . . .	75,000
4. Spanish dollars, concealed in a double bottom of one of the cases of glassware	10,000
5. A note of the Bank of France	1,000
(£5240 sterling)	131,000

He lost his 76,000 francs in paper money in the *trajet* from Havre to Rouen; the vessel, in which he was a passenger, was seized by the Brazilian squadron and condemned for attempting to break the blockade of Buenos Ayres, whereby he lost all his cases of hardware, china, &c. and his remaining stock of dollars. We must refer to the book itself for the wonderful details respecting these misfortunes, and the manner in which our hero contrived to bear up against them: the gravity with which they are told is really more amusing and a better preservative against the spleen than any thing we have met with for a long time. Of the Buenos Ayres, Brazilian, and African portions of his adventures, it is needless to say another word. But there is a little episode of his previous life, in which for five years at least he was *stationary*, over which he has thrown a veil, of which "*nous tacherons de lever un coin.*"

In the year 1819, a Frenchman named J. B. Le Comte became first known to our informant, as the keeper of a small French school, in the first floor of a house in Titchborne Street, Piccadilly, the ground floor of which was occupied as a shop by Mrs. Ward, a straw-bonnet maker. M. Le Comte, after some time, gave it to be understood, that he had not always been in the humble situation he then was; that in fact he was the son of no less a personage than the *Marquis de Douville*, and, in order not to disgrace the family during his probation of adversity, had assumed the name of Le Comte. After a time, M. Le Comte and Mrs. Ward became husband and wife, and about the year 1821 M. Le Comte removed to No. 9, Gerrard Street, Soho, (the large house which was for a number of years occupied by the Linnean Society) and converted it into an academy, which for a time appeared to prosper. M. Le Comte, however, got into pecuniary difficulties, and was obliged to require time from his creditors to meet their demands; this was given to him, and it is but right to say that he discharged these engagements honourably. Mrs. Le Comte subsequently died, and it was not long before the widower was understood to be paying his addresses to a lady of fortune; the match, however, was suddenly broken off, and handbills were circulated immediately after about the neighbourhood, offering a reward of 100 guineas from M. Le Comte to any one who would discover the writer of some anonymous letters which had been written to his prejudice. About the end of 1823, he had, on the strength of his previous payments, got into debt with our informant to a more considerable amount than the latter was altogether satisfied with, and he therefore pressed him rather urgently to liquidate it. M. Le Comte,

however, was unable to do so, and three months afterwards his creditor was constrained, for the want of any better security, to take his bills for the amount, the first of which did not become due till the following August. In June or July, however, passing accidentally along Gerrard Street, and observing the house shut up, our informant became alarmed, and on inquiry found the house entirely stripped, and his debtor vanished. He applied to M. Le Comte's solicitor, but could obtain no redress or satisfaction, and from that time till the beginning of last month, (nearly nine years) neither he nor any of M. Le Comte's other creditors have ever been able to get any intelligence of him; and it is curious enough that the only dates given by M. Douville to his previous voyages are precisely subsequent to that of M. Le Comte's departure from England.* Happening to read the statement of M. Lacordaire in our last number, the idea all at once occurred to our informant that the African traveller Douville could be no other than his old debtor. The impression at that time being that M. Douville had left Paris, he waited till he obtained positive information that he was still there, and immediately proceeded thither. M. Douville, however, had by some means or other got scent of his arrival, ordered himself to be denied, and the answer to be given that he had left Paris and was gone to Portugal. Chance, however, the very same day, brought them into contact; our informant instantly recognized his debtor, and the identity of M. Le Comte with M. Douville; the latter at first attempted to run away, but finally plucked up courage, and had the hardihood, at two successive interviews, to deny his identity, and to maintain that, at the time alluded to, he was in another part of the world; but he would exhibit no document whatever to prove this. His creditor offered to pay his expenses to, and during his stay in England, to bring the matter to the test; but this, as might be expected, he refused. Independent of the *personal* identity, to which our informant would swear before any court in Christendom, we have ourselves seen and compared letters of the *soi-disant* Le Comte, and the *soi-disant* Douville, the handwriting of which affords not less strong evidence of the same fact. Mr. Leftley, the managing partner of the house of Dulau and Co. of Soho Square, is the gentleman here referred to. It is needless to add a word of comment on the insight which this transaction gives into the character of M. Douville.

We should have here concluded, but for some documents which the Geographical Society of Paris has published in the No. of its Bulletin for February last; one of them is a "Reclamation" from M. Jomard, a Vice-President of that Society, disclaiming having had any part whatever direct or indirect, in the preparation, correction, or publication of M. Douville's Voyage, or in the act of awarding him the Society's prize. The members of the Central Commission who made that award, were Messrs. Eyriès, d'Avezac, Bruë, Warden, and Corabeuf. We have not

* It is only incidentally that we learn from M. Douville, that he had ever been in England before his visit to it in December 1831. He says that he found London greatly embellished *since he last saw it*, and that one of the objects of his visit was to embrace a brother, whom he had not seen for *fifteen* years.

seen the article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which has led M. Jomard to make this disclaimer; we fancied that it was patent to the world that M. Eyriès was the *redacteur*, the *correcteur*, and every thing else of the work in question; that he was also the writer of the Prospectus, and the *rapporteur* of the commission; and that the late M. Brué had the charge of preparing and engraving the map. It is for M. Eyriès then to explain how so veteran and experienced a *litterateur* and geographer as himself could, as well as M. Brué, become the dupes of this clumsy and bungling forgery. M. Jomard thinks that the Commission might, in case of need, *donner des explications, des motifs tres plausibles*. We do not hesitate to say that they owe it to themselves and to the Society, whose dignity they have compromised, to give these explanations without further delay.*

There is one sentence, however, in M. Jomard's "Reclamation" which we cannot pass over without remark, and we give it in his own words: "D'ailleurs, la Societé Géographique d'Angleterre, tout considéré, ne semblerait pas moins compromise que celle de Paris, puisque, non contente d'avoir accueilli le voyageur avec une haute distinction, elle a ordonné *qu'il serait acheté* 200 *exemplaires* de son ouvrage." The circumstance here assumed as a fact is without a shadow of foundation; the London Geographical Society has not only not bought 200 copies—it has not purchased *one* copy—the only one which it possesses being that which was presented to it by the author. It is surprising to find a person like M. Jomard hazarding a statement which he could have so easily ascertained to be groundless. As little is the London Society compromised by having elected M. Douville as an honorary member; he was indebted for that "*haute distinction*" to the letters of introduction which he brought with him from Paris, and to the *official* sanction given to the importance and authenticity of his discoveries in the Discourse read to the Society by M. Jouannin at their anniversary meeting, on the 25th of November, 1831, immediately previous to M. Douville's arrival in London.

To conclude—M. Douville (who, we observe, although no longer secretary, still figures among the office-bearers of the Paris Society, in the *section de Comptabilité*) informs us at the end of his last book, that the sum of 14,000 francs is all that is wanting to complete the subscription which is to enable him to proceed on his new journey into the interior of Africa. It appears from the same number of the Bulletin in which M. Jomard's paper appears, that the Minister of Marine had applied to the Central Commission of the Society for its opinion of M. Douville's proposals relative to this journey, and that the Commission

"expressed in its reply, that it had crowned as a discovery M. Douville's *Voyage to Congo;* that since the publication of the work, upon which the press had entered into a controversy, the Central Commission had invited the author to communicate to it the elements or astronomical data which had produced the

* It is more incumbent on M. Eyriès than others to give these explanations, because, as the *redacteur* of the *Annales des Voyages*, he must have been aware of the remarkable discrepancies between the statements given in that periodical relative to M. Douville's discoveries, and those in the Voyage itself. See the *Annales des Voyages*, in the articles referred to above, p. 520.

results stated in that work; that M. Douville not having yet transmitted any such communications, *the Commission must remain in doubt as to the certainty of the astronomical results stated in the Voyage to Congo.*"

Sufficient, we think, has appeared to enable the Commission to pronounce a much stronger opinion than it has here done; it is not the *astronomical results* merely, but the truth of the whole second journey, *which it crowned as a discovery*, that is at issue. It had been well if the Geographical Society, or its leading organ, had imitated the wise reserve of the Academy of Sciences, to which M. Douville first submitted his MSS. for their opinion. After several months' delay, no report was made upon them, and when the author, tired out, demanded their return, they were instantly delivered up to him. Had M. Douville's volumes been published by himself, divested of the sanction that has been given to them, he never would have sold fifty copies, and the public would only have laughed at him as a second Munchausen. Already we have one pregnant instance of the permanent mischief which has been the result of the Paris Society's rash and precipitate meed of approbation. In an *Abridgment of Geography*, of formidable size, for the use of schools, recently published by a respectable author, who we believe would have been ashamed to publish anything he did not conceive to be true, we find the whole of these wonderful discoveries incorporated in the description of that portion of Africa to which the "Voyage au Congo" relates; every page is studded with the names of M. Douville and of M. Eyriès, singly and in conjunction—like Castor and Pollux—the first is lauded for his "decouvertes importantes sous tous les rapports," and the second, for the "lumière" which has been thrown by his labours on the geography of Africa.

The French *historical* literature of the present day is getting more and more degraded by the quantity of fabricated Memoirs, published as the *authentic* productions of authors of the very highest rank, and in which every quality which can recommend them to attention, *except truth*, has been acknowledged; matters are now come to that pass, that no one knows which to believe, and which to doubt. If in the kindred science of geography, in which truth is of so much higher importance, such societies as those of Paris and London do not protect us from impositions like M. Douville's, their existence, instead of being a benefit, would be a positive injury to its progress. If this exposure has the effect, as we are inclined to hope it will, of giving a lesson of greater caution in future, we shall be perfectly satisfied with the part we have taken in it.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXII.

DENMARK.

Oehlenschläger has commenced the publication of a new monthly literary journal at Copenhagen, under the title of *Prometheus.*

The Museum for Scandinavian antiquities, established at Copenhagen by the celebrated antiquaries Münter, Thorlacius, and Nyerup, who are all now dead,—and which has been since upheld with the greatest efforts and indefatigable zeal by Councillor Thomsen, received, in the course of last year, an accession of four hundred articles, some of which are of great interest. Instead of the confined space in which the Museum was formerly contained in the Round Church, the king has allotted to it several rooms in the palace of Christianburg, in which the Gallery of Paintings is contained.

The royal frigate Galathee will sail this summer for Leghorn, to receive the Twelve Apostles executed by Thorwaldsen.

FRANCE.

M. Thiébaut de Bernéaud, one of the librarians of the Mazarine Library, has just concluded a work on the manners, customs, laws, political systems, religion, and literature of the ancient inhabitants of the North.

Charles Nodier has a new work in the press intitled *Les Girondins.*

The French Chamber of Deputies has sanctioned the purchase of the library of the late Baron Cuvier for 72,500 francs, and the Egyptian MSS. of M. Champollion for 50,000. A pension of 6,000 francs has also been granted to the widow of Cuvier, and one of 3,000 francs each to the widows of the learned Orientalists Abel-Remusat, De Chezy, and St. Martin, who fell victims to the cholera of last year.

A Collection of Novels and Tales, the exclusive production of the most talented women in France, is announced to appear in four vols. 8vo. under the title of *Heures du Soir, Livre des Femmes.*

Champollion's Works on Egypt.—M. Champollion's MSS. are now in the hands of his brother, M. Champollion-Figeac, and consist of more than 2,000 pages, accompanied with drawings. A commission, composed of Messieurs De Sacy, Letronne, Laborde, Daunou, &c., was intrusted with the examination of these materials, and to make a report on them to government. This has now been done, and as soon as the matter is brought before the Chambers and authority given by them, the work will be put to press. In consequence, however, of M. Champollion's death, the work will not be so extensive, and the price will be only one half what was originally announced. The *Egyptian Grammar* of M. Champollion is also in the press, and will be published in 4 livraisons. Considerable umbrage appears to have been given at Paris by the announcement of Professor Rosellini's work on the same sub-

ject at Florence; it has been said, we know not with what justice, to evince a want of good faith and delicate feeling not very creditable in certain quarters. Its scientific merits rest on other grounds, and must be pronounced upon hereafter. Rosellini, it will be recollected, was one of Champollion's Italian coadjutors.

A new monthly botanical journal has been commenced at Paris, with this year, which will no doubt prove a valuable substitute for that section of Perussac's Bulletin, now discontinued, which was devoted to the natural sciences. The editor is M. Guillemin.

A complete edition of the works of Flaxman is announced for publication at Paris, by Reveil, uniform with the "Museum of Painting and Sculpture" and "the English School of Painting." It will be completed in 30 livraisons small 8vo., and will include the eleven designs which Flaxman published in 1805 as a supplement to his Iliad, as well as all the inedited works, such as the statues and bas-reliefs of Covent Garden, and the monuments of Chichester and Westminster.

A collection of inedited and authentic documents, intended to throw light on contemporary history, will shortly be published in monthly volumes, of which ten will probably be the extent.

A view of the metropolitan and provincial press of France has been recently published by Messrs. Bresson and Bourgoin, directors of the Office of Correspondence for the French and foreign journals. It appears from this that on January 1, 1833, there were 243 newspapers published in the departments, and 217 at Paris. The newspapers of the departments are published in 128 towns. Nearly one hundred were published for the first time in 1832; some new ones have already appeared this year, and others are in preparation.

Necrology.—M. Kieffer, late professor of Turkish at the College of France, and Vice-President of the Asiatic Society, was born at Strasburgh in 1767, where he studied under Oberlin, Schweighäuser, and Dahler. He was at first intended for the Church, but the study of the Oriental languages, a knowledge of which was required to qualify him for the sacred functions, so captivated him, that he resolved to devote himself wholly to them. A residence of some years at Paris confirmed him in his resolution, and enabled him to carry it into effect. Admitted, in 1794, into the Bureau of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, he was sent, two years after, to Constantinople, as secretary and interpreter to the embassy, of which General Aubert du Bayet was the head. In 1798, when a rupture took place between France and the Porte, M. Kieffer, along with the Chargé des Affaires, was sent to the Castle of the Seven Towers, where his time was devoted to study, and the enjoyment of the society of M. Ruffin, whose instructions, combined with the unwearied perseverance of M. Kieffer himself, enabled the latter to acquire that profound knowledge of the Turkish language, which has since been so honourably displayed in the translation of the New Testament, published at the expense of the London Bible Society. As a proper reward for his services, he was appointed Professor of Turkish in the College of France, and in 1815 he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour. But it was not merely as a literary man that M. Kieffer distinguished himself, and we should have a very imperfect idea of his vast and useful activity to view him merely as an Orientalist. M. Kieffer found time to engage in many useful associations for the promotion of public morals and education, and to advance the interests of re-

ligion, in its tolerant sense. Having been appointed chief agent for the London Bible Society in France, and a member of many other religious and philanthropic societies, he, as it were, multiplied himself, to fulfil so many duties, and yet acquitted himself so well as to cause an impression that all his energies were devoted to one alone. To diffuse the Holy Scriptures throughout France, and to recommend their perusal, was his chief study. In one year he distributed in this way 160,000 copies of the Bible, which in almost every instance was accompanied with a letter in his own hand; he also corrected the proof sheets of every new edition. Modest and kind in his intercourse with the world, he has left behind him the regrets of all good men. His funeral presented an affecting spectacle, and the tears of his friends expressed their sincere grief at the loss of the Christian and the scholar.

The *Book of the Hundred and One*, published by M. Ladvocat, which was originally announced to form *eight* volumes, is now at its *eleventh* volume, and is announced to be completed in *fifteen*. But besides this, a *continuation* of it is already begun, under the title of "*Les Cent et Une nouvelles Nouvelles des Cent et Un*, ornées des 101 vignettes par 101 artistes," which is to form six or eight vols.

The number of 101 seems to be a very favourite one at present with French publishers. Another of them announces "*Les Cent et Un Mémoires, Recueil de Documens inédits*, pour servir à l'histoire contemporaine," in ten vols. 8vo., to be published monthly.

There is at present an absolute inundation of works of fiction at Paris, even greater than there was of the *fashionable novels* in London two or three years since. It is difficult to conceive where *readers* of them are to be found, much less *purchasers*. Judging of them merely by the titles, (which we rarely venture to go beyond,) the greater number seem intended to be stimulants to the *blasés* and worn-out mental stomachs of the Parisians. One ingenious caterer, who has administered to them with great success in another line, the Baron de Lamothe Langon, (who has the reputation of being the father of most of the popular Memoirs of the last few years—such as Madame du Barri, Louis XVIII., the Femme du Qualité, and many others,) has just commenced the *exploitation* of a new mine for the benefit of the lovers of the striking and the terrible—a French Newgate Calendar, the very title of which is enough freeze one's blood—"Chronique du Crime et de l'Innocence: recueil des Evénemens les plus tragiques, Empoisonnemens, Massacres, Assassinats, Parricides et autres Forfaits, commis en France depuis le commencement de la Monarchie jusqu'à nos jours."

Mr. Robert Brown, the distinguished botanist, has been elected one of the eight foreign members of the Royal Academy of Sciences, of the Institute, in room of the celebrated Scarpa, lately deceased.

The Academy of Sciences has elected M. Libri a member of the Academy, Section of Geometry, in place of M. Legendre; and M. Vicat, a corresponding member, in the room of General Marescot.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres has elected M. de Monmerqué an *academicien libre*, in the room of M. de Cousinery.

M. Victor Audouin has been appointed to the natural history professorship of the crustacea, spiders and insects at the Museum of Natural History, vacant by the death of M. Latreille.

M. Brunet's *Supplement* to his valuable *Manuel du Libraire* has just gone to press, and is expected to appear at the end of this year. It will form two volumes. Thirteen years have elapsed since the appearance of the last edition of the *Manuel*, which has been long out of print.

The 9th livraison (or half volume) of another excellent bibliographical work, worthy to stand on the same shelf with M. Brunet's *Manuel*,—we mean M. Quérard's *La France Litteraire*, is to be published this month. It will complete the letter L. The 10th livraison is expected to be ready before the end of this year.

Another voluminous Dictionary is announced to be immediately commenced by a Society of Savans and Manufacturers—"Dictionnaire de l'Industrie manufacturière, commerciale, et agricole," in ten large volumes, 8vo. As the interests of, and the information required by these three great classes are so entirely distinct, we should have thought it a much more advisable plan to publish the portions peculiar to each in separate dictionaries (as has been done with so much success in this country), than to compel each to purchase a work, two-thirds of which can be of little or no use to them.

GERMANY.

NECROLOGY—BARON COTTA, THE BOOKSELLER.—The extensive knowledge and scientific acquirements of Baron Cotta would alone have been sufficient to distinguish him, and to lead us to inquire into the particulars of his long career. But what constitutes the chief value of his biography is his connection with the most celebrated authors of Germany, for he was the friend as well as the publisher of Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland, and other illustrious writers of the most splendid period of German literature. Since his appearance, half a century ago, on the field of literature, it may with truth be affirmed that it is chiefly owing to his exertions that the sale of German books has extended in so extraordinary a manner; and here we cannot help recalling the merits of his contemporary, Constable of Edinburgh, who, in a similar degree, gave life and activity in Scotland to a branch of commerce which, before his time, was comparatively inert, and which he raised to honour and respectability by his well-conceived and successful enterprises. Such men constitute an era in the literary history of nations, and deserve honours only less splendid than those of the great men whose works they circulate. Frederick Cotta was born at Stuttgart on April 27, 1764, of an ancient Italian family, whose titles of nobility ascend to the middle ages. Some members of this family established themselves in Saxony about the commencement of the seventeenth century. John George Cotta, the father of the subject of our present memoir, settled in Tubingen about 1740, and there founded the bookselling establishment which still subsists under the same name, and which, even at the commencement of the eighteenth century, gave constant employment to twenty printing-presses. Frederick early displayed a great aptitude for business, and much facility in the attainment of various knowledge. He received his early education at the gymnasium of Stuttgart; went to the University of Tubingen at eighteen, and after remaining there three years, during which he applied himself especially to mathematics, he was, through the recommendation of Professor Pfeiderer, appointed tutor to the young Prince Lubomirski, and for that purpose went to Warsaw. In this city he commenced the study of jurisprudence. After devoting several years to the education of his pupil, he went to Paris along with Johann Gottfried Muller, and there he became acquainted with most of the celebrated individuals who were assembled in that capital

from all parts of Europe, and with the native men of science and literary characters. His stay there also enabled him to perfect his knowledge of the French language, and the study of natural history, mathematics, and jurisprudence.

From Paris he was recalled by his father's orders, in order to assume the direction of his establishment at Tubingen, which had fallen very much to decay. At the time when young Cotta took its management, it hardly produced an annual revenue of 3000 florins. His efforts to raise it to importance were for a year or two, owing to his want of capital, not attended with much success, but a most acceptable present from the Princess Lubomirski of 300 ducats, to recompense the care he had bestowed on her son's education, came most seasonably to his assistance. With this, and a small addition from other sources, amounting in all to 500 florins, he was enabled to make his first speculation. He had previously taken a partner into business with him, but was soon obliged to dissolve the connection in consequence of the extreme timidity of his associate. Relieved from this clog, Cotta's activity was redoubled, and his business rapidly extended. After various speculations, in which he was uniformly successful, about the beginning of the French Revolution he formed the design of establishing a daily political journal. With the exception of the *Hamburgh Correspondenten*, there was then no paper in Germany of any importance. All the others were merely the official journals of the provinces, which wore the livery of the court, and were never heard of beyond their own district. During his residence at Paris the idea had occurred to Cotta, but he was then destitute of the necessary capital, and the want of such a paper was not so strongly felt as afterwards. In 1793 he first seriously attempted the execution of his project. He had first made an arrangement with Schiller (who had just about that period returned to Jena, his native place) to be the editor; but from the joint effects of ill health and timidity, Schiller drew back at the very moment of execution. Cotta then engaged Posselt, the author of a "History of Germany," the "Trial of Louis XVI." and many other historical productions, and at last, in 1798, the *Allgemeine Zeitung* made its first appearance at Tubingen. At a later period the publication was transferred to Stuttgart, and in 1803 was removed to Augsburgh. His proprietorship of this paper gave Cotta great influence in the courts of Germany; as he had little sympathy with the new ideas, his paper took the side opposed to the revolution. In 1799 he was entrusted with a mission from the states of Wurtemberg, which required him to make a second visit to Paris, and he availed himself of the opportunity to renew his acquaintance with the literary characters whom he had known during his first visit. He then became acquainted with Kosciuzko, with General Moreau, and with Madame de Stael; he saw also the most influential members of the government of that time, but his political mission was entirely unsuccessful. His newspaper, however, benefited by the journey, as it procured him a number of well-informed correspondents for it, as well as for other periodical works of his publication, and particularly for "*The Hours*," a literary paper, edited by Schiller. Cotta made a third visit to Paris in 1801, but it was of short duration. The politics of Napoleon at this period attracted his attention, and a series of articles on the subject appeared in his paper, written by him, which at the time excited considerable notice.

While Cotta was thus rendering his gazette one of the most widely-circulated papers in Europe, he devoted incessant attention to the details of his bookselling establishment; and during his long career there was scarcely a letter or note relative to it which did not pass through his hands. It was only during the latter years of his life that he permitted his wife to assist him. In the midst of this constant occupation his only relaxation was in the society

of men of letters and of his literary friends, the list of which included the greatest names in the German republic of letters:—of these we may mention Goethe, Schiller, Voss, Jean-Paul, Schelling, the two Humboldts, Herder, Fichte, Tieck, Hebel, Thaer, Huber, Matthisson, Joannes Muller, Pfeffel, Spittler, and a number of savans and writers unknown in other countries, but who enjoy an honourable reputation in Germany. Cotta had also frequent occasion to mingle in the political affairs of his country. In 1805 and 1810 he was brought into contact with Napoleon, and had frequent occasion to converse with him, but he was by no means an admirer of the French Emperor.

In 1815 Cotta was deputed to plead the cause of the German publishers at the Congress of Vienna, in order to procure a law for the general protection of copyright in Germany, but it appears he had not much success in this new mission; nor have matters much improved since, for the law in Germany on this point is even yet very unsettled. In the same year Cotta was elected a deputy to the diet at Wurtemberg, and was the first who, in concert with Waldeck, asserted the ancient rights of his countrymen. After this he was employed in various affairs between the different courts, and had honours and orders conferred on him in abundance. He also made some speculations unconnected with publishing, and in particular, in 1825, he made an attempt to establish steam navigation on the lake of Constance, and in 1826 succeeded in arranging this with the various governments on the banks of the Rhine. It would detain us too long to enumerate the many splendid literary undertakings in which Cotta was engaged during his long career. Every branch of the fine and useful arts in like manner experienced his judicious patronage, and he published many periodical works expressly devoted to these objects. The public mind in Germany under his direction, it may truly be said, has received an impulse which will long carry it forward in the career of improvements, and in him was realized the saying of Brougham, that the booksellers are the best Mecænases of literature. Cotta died on the 29th December, 1832.

A new edition of Gerle's "Description of Bohemia" will appear in the course of the present year, with considerable improvements, derived from the author's repeated journies through his native country.

A new and complete edition of the works of Körner, the poet, including many inedited poems, tales, dramatic pieces, and interesting fragments, is now in preparation at Berlin. This edition will also contain many letters written by the poet during the latter years of his life, and several letters of Goethe on Körner's character and works.

The University of Halle has lost one of its most distinguished members in the person of Professor Sprengel, the celebrated botanist and historian of Medicine, who died on the 15th of last month.

A *Lexicon Platonicum*, by Professor Ast, in 3 vols. 8vo., with the addition of whatever is valuable in the *Indices Platonici* of Mitchell, is announced for the Easter Fair.

An association of literary men is about to publish a series of Manuals of the Literature of the West, and particularly of Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Great Britain, Holland, Germany, and Sweden. The most remarkable passages will be translated. The first volume, which contains the History of Italian Literature, with extracts in prose, by Dr. Genthe, was published at

Magdeburgh last year. It contains 507 pages in 8vo. The second volume will be devoted to the Italian poets.

A journal devoted to the arts of painting and sculpture made its appearance at Berlin with the new year, under the title of "*Museum Blätter für bildende Kunst.*" The few numbers that we have seen are tastily got up, and embrace notices of foreign works, among which is the "Architectural Dictionary," of Mr. Britton, whose labours, in drawing public attention in England to the rich remains of past ages that adorn her soil, are highly praised and suitably appreciated. We are glad to see that the old German black letter is getting out of use in works like the present; we are certain that no trivial obstacle to the study their language among other nations would be removed by the general adoption of the Roman character by the Germans.

An important diplomatic collection has just appeared at Frankfort, entitled *Corpus Juris Confœderationis Germanicæ*, or a complete collection of the original acts of the German Confederation, from the peace of Luneville to the present times, in 3 vols. 8vo.

The inedited works of GOETHE are announced to appear in the following order:—

The first portion, which has recently been published, consist of—

Vol. I.—Den völlig abgeschlossenen zweiten Theil des Faust in fünf Akten.*

II.—Gottfried von Berlichingen, erstes, nie gedrucktes Manuscript, und Götz von Berlichingen, bearbeitet für die Bühne.

III.—Schweizerreise vom J. 1797 und Reise am Rhein und Main i. J. 1814.

IV.—Mannigfaltige, bisher unedirte, Aufsätze über Kunst.

V.—Theater und deutsche Literatur.

The second portion, which will he published this month—

VI.—Gedichte, ältere ungedruckte und neueste.

VII.—Aus meinem Leben, Wahrheit und Dichtung, 4ter Theil, die Jahre 1774 bis 75 umfassend.

VIII.—Alte griechische Literatur, neue französische, neue englische, ausländische Volkspoesie.

IX.—Maximen und Reflexionen über Welt, Staat und Literatur.

X.—Zur Naturwissenschaft im Allgemeinen, verschiedene Aufsätze. (Allgemeine Naturansichten.)

The third portion, to be published in September—

XI.—Die Pflanzen- und Knochenlehre, älteres und neuestes.

XII.—Mineralogie, Geologie, Meteorologie.

XIII.—Farbenlehre, theoretischer Theil,
XIV.—Farbenlehre, polemischer Theil,
XV.—Farbenlehre, historischer Theil,
} neu überarbeitet und vervollständigt.

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* We cannot lose the opportunity of here noticing, with the commendation it deserves, Mr. Hayward's English prose translation of the first part of Faust recently published. It has placed him at once in the first rank of German scholars. Of the extent to which Goethe's celebrated drama had been misinterpreted by all the preceding translators, both English and French, no one could have had any idea without reading the numerous instances which Mr. Hayward has adduced in his Preface and Notes. Mr. Hayward has now, however, an opportunity of crowning his fame by starting first in the field, and giving us a translation of the *new* Faust—not a mere literal prose translation like the other, (for which there is not the same necessity,) but a free version, exhibiting as close a picture of the original in its various forms as the idiom of our language will admit.

The delay that has taken place in the publication of the second volume of Dr. Scholz's New Testament has arisen, we are informed, from the reluctance of the Leipsig publisher to proceed with an undertaking so very unpromising in the present stagnant state of literature on the Continent. It having been intimated that, if a sale of 200 copies could be secured in England, the work would be proceeded with forthwith, we are happy to learn that the venerable and truly learned Bishop of Salisbury has undertaken to exert his extensive influence among the clergy of that church, of which he is so great an ornament, to effect that desideratum, and thereby prevent the possibility of a work of such long and arduous research being lost to sacred criticism. We have every confidence that the appeal made by the venerable prelate to his brethren of the Established Church, will not only be successful with them, but that it will be responded to by ministers and scholars of all denominations.

An historical work on the civilization of the Greeks, in respect of morals and religion, during the heroic ages, is announced for publication in French, by Professor Van Limburg Brouwer of Groningen.

ITALY.

The Typographical Society of Milan has this year published an Almanack, with the title of "The Adventures of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland," in which the most remarkable incidents in the life of that unfortunate princess are sketched in a lively style, and with considerable critical discernment.

A new play of Nota, "La Donna Irrequieta," was lately brought out at Naples, and the king came in person from Portici to honour the first representation with his presence, on which occasion the theatre was completely crowded. The performance passed off with the greatest applause, and the author was obliged to come forward to receive the plaudits of the spectators. Between the fourth and fifth acts the king sent one of his attendants to convey to him the expression of his majesty's extreme satisfaction with the piece, which continues to be repeated with the same success.

An important work, entitled *Analyse Grammaticale des différens textes des anciens Egyptiens*, is announced for publication in 3 vols. 4to. by M. Savolini.

M. Plana, the celebrated astronomical professor at Turin, has just published his great work on the Theory of the Moon, in 3 vols. 4to. This work is calculated, in the highest degree, to excite the attention of astronomers.

Died recently, at Rome, Filippo Invernizzi, the editor of Aristophanes. Among his papers were found materials for a new edition of Apollonius Rhodius, for the basis of which he had adopted the text of the edition of Stephen, collated with a hitherto inedited MS. of the Vatican. On this edition he had been engaged for many years, as appears from his correspondence with many foreign scholars. The whole materials are now in the possession of Petrucci, the bookseller, in Rome.

Professor Gerhard, Secretary to the Archæological Institute in Rome, is at present engaged in a professional tour through Upper Italy and Germany, and hopes, in the course of his journey, to conclude the publication of his Ancient Sculptures.

A work on the History of Lombardy in the Seventeenth Century has recently appeared by Cæsar Cantù, an author of some celebrity; it is said to be a necessary adjunct to Manzoni's classical novel, the *Promessi Sposi.*

A new tragedy by Niccolini will shortly appear under the title of "Louis the Moor," the subject of which is an episode from the history of that duke of Milan of the house of Sforza who cuts so distinguished a figure in Ranke's well-known historical work on that subject.

Turin.—A new tragedy of Pellico, entitled *Gismonda,* (one of the *Three* alluded to in the note at page 483, *ante,*) has been brought out at the theatre of this city, and was received with the most rapturous applause. After it had been performed three times, however, the Austrian minister applied to the Sardinian government to have it withdrawn; and the king in consequence, with his usual obsequiousness to that court, immediately gave orders to that effect. The story of the play is founded on the wars of the 12th century, between the Imperialists and the Milanese, at one of those periods when Milan was utterly destroyed by the former; and the moral of it is to exhibit to the Italians the folly of their civil dissensions, the necessity of their burying all animosities, and uniting against *the strangers.* Such a subject was quite likely to give umbrage to the stern and suspicious Austrian government. Pellico's *Memoirs of his Captivity* have also been strictly prohibited in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, as might be readily anticipated. The wonder is how the Piedmontese censorship allowed the book to appear at all, or the tragedy to be performed. By the way, we may mention that two reprints of the Italian original have been already made, one in Paris and one in London, with notes. Two French translations are announced, one with copious notes by Maroncelli. Mr. Thomas Roscoe is the author of the English translation which is about to appear in London.

A supplement of corrections and additions to Dr. Ferrario's great work, *Costume antico e moderno,* is being published in numbers at Milan. The author has availed himself of the works of travellers published since 1820—among others, Travels of Marmara and Mimaud in Sardinia, of the Journey to Mekka in 1826-27 by Descoudray, of Count Potocki's journey to the Steppes of Astrakan and Caucasus, published by Klaproth in 1829, of Timkovski's into Mongolia and China, and of Mr. Arago's *Promenade autour du Monde* on board Captain Freycinet's squadron. Dr. Ferrario has also added a full and interesting description of Palestine, in which he has availed himself especially of the learned work of Lanci: *la Sacra Scrittura illustrata con monumenti fenico-assirj ed egiziani,* published at Rome in 1827. The whole supplement to Dr. Ferrario will consist of two vols. 4to. or nineteen numbers, of which eleven have already appeared. The work is dedicated to the Emperor of Austria.

Dr. Morandini has published a statistical work called *Del Censimento Milanese,* in 3 vols. 8vo. being a history of the various operations for the admeasurement and evaluation of all the landed properties in the Milanese territory, which have been effected at various epochs for the assessment of the land tax. The *cadastre,* as the French call it, for the Duchy of Milan was completed in 1760; it has been since extended to the territory of Mantua and the other provinces of Austrian Lombardy.

An Italian version of Niebuhr's History of Rome is being published at Pavia, and has already begun to undergo the strictures of the learned of that country, which is most interested in the subject of the work. We rather think it will give rise to a voluminous controversy south of the Alps.

RUSSIA.

The Emperor of Russia, at the request of Prince Lieven, the Minister of Public Instruction, has increased the yearly allowance for the support of the Dorpat Observatory from 2000 to 8000 rubles. The salaries of the two astronomers attached to it are not included in this sum; the repairs also of the building, and its lighting, are executed at the expense of the university.

Last summer a geographical journey through the south-eastern parts of Siberia was undertaken by M. Feodorow, at the command of the emperor, who has appointed a sum of 22,000 rubles to defray the expenses. Still more important results are anticipated from the three years' journey about to be undertaken by the state-councillor Fass, Secretary to the Academy of Sciences. His route is from Peterburgh to Pekin, through eastern Siberia.

Gneditsch, a state-councillor, and well known as a poet, died lately at St. Petersburgh.

SPAIN.

An original historical novel recently appeared at Madrid, in 2 vols. under the title of *El Conde de Candespina*, and has been very favourably noticed in the Madrid Gazette. The author, Don Patricio de la Escosura, is an officer in the artillery of the royal guard.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

M. Desgrange, formerly first Dragoman, and Secretary of the French Embassy at Constantinople, has been elected Professor of Turkish in the place of M. Kieffer, deceased.

Dr. Siebold's long-promised work on Japan has been announced as likely to make its appearance very speedily.

M. Brosset, jun. who has devoted himself to the study of the history, geography, and literature of Georgia, has presented to the Paris Asiatic Society, for insertion in its Journal, a description of Turkish Georgia, translated from the work of an Armenian Doctor.

An Arabic Chrestomathia for beginners, with a glossary and notes, in 2 vols. 8vo., will shortly appear by Professor Humbert, of Geneva.

M. Stanislas Julien has been elected Professor of Chinese in the College of France, in the room of Dr. Abel-Remusat, who died of the Cholera last year.

M. Bianchi, interpreter to the king of the Oriental languages, is about to send to press a new Grammar of the Turkish language, intended for the use of interpreters, merchants, seamen, and travellers in the Levant. It will form a large volume in 8vo., and besides a full detail of the grammar and syntax, will contain numerous exercises extracted from the best authors, in prose and verse, in the Turkish language.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

From January, 1833, to March, 1833, inclusive.

THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE.

247 Evangelische Kirchen-Zeitung. Herausgegeben von Hengstenberg. 1833. 12 Nos. 4to. *Berlin.* 1*l.*

248 Conard, Predigten über die Bekehrung des Apostels Paulus. 8vo. *Berl.* 7s.

249 Illgens, Zeitschrift für die historische Theologie. 2ten Bdes 2tes Stück. 8vo. *Leipzig.* 7s. 6d.

250 Theologische Studien und Kritiken. 1833. 4 Nos. 8vo. *Hamburg.* 1*l.* 10s.

251 Stapf, Theologia Moralis, in Compendium redacta. Vol. III. 8vo. 10s.

252 Schrader, Der Apostel Paulus. 3ter Theil. 8vo. *Leipzig.* 8s.

253 Lücke, Commentar über die Schriften des Evang. Johannes. 4ter Thl. 1ster Bd. 8vo. *Bonn.* 12s. 6d.

254 Wonters, Epitome Sacrae Script. Hexametris memoriabilus concinnata. 12mo. 6d.

255 Zung, Die gottesdienstlichen Vorträge der Juden, historisch entwickelt. gr. 8vo. *Berlin.* 10s.

256 Absalon, von Estrup und Mohnike. 8vo. *Leipzig.* 6s. 6d.

257 Carové, Die letzten Dinge des römischen Katholicismus in Deutschland. 8vo. 10s.

258 Eisenschmid, Vergleichende Darstellung aller allgemein verbindlichen und provinciellen Kirchensatzungen der katholischen Kirche. 8vo. *Berlin.* 14s.

259 Tafel, Religionssystem der neuen Kirche, aus Quellen dargestellt. 1stes Heft. 8vo. 2s.

260 Gieseler, Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte. 2ten Bdes 2ter Thl. 8vo. *Bonn.* 12s. 6d.

261 Engelhardt, Kirchengeschichtliche Abhandlungen. 8vo. *Erlangen.* 9s.

262 Allgemeine Kirchen-Zeitung. Herausgegeben von Zimmermann. 1833. 12 Nos. 4to. *Darmstadt.* 2*l.* 10s.

263 Wegscheider, Institutiones Theologiae christianae dogmaticae. Editio septima, aucta et emendata. 8vo. *Halae.*

264 Röhr, Magazin für christliche Prediger. 5ten Bdes 2tes Stück. 8vo. *Hannov.* 4s. 6d.

265 Schröter, Lehrbuch der Moraltheologie. 2ter Thl. 1ste Abth. *Freib.* 7s. 6d.

266 Grandpierre, Discours sur quelques Sujets de Religion et de Morale. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.

267 Rheinisches Museum für Jurisprudenz. 1833. 4 Nos. 8vo. *Göttingen.* 1*l.*

268 Warnkoenig, Commentarii Juris Romani Privati. Tom. III. 8vo. *Leodii.* 14s.

269 Rudorff, Das Recht der Vormundschaft aus den gemeinen in Deutschland geltenden Rechten entwickelt. 1ster Bd. 8vo. *Berlin.* 10s.

270 Gaupp, Lex Frisionum. 8vo. *Vratislaviae.* 2s.

271 Ekendahl, Allgemeine Staatslehre. 8vo. *Neustadt.* 11s. 6d.

272 Veder, Historiae philosophiae Juris apud Veteres. 8vo. *Lugd. Bat.* 10s.

273 Corpus Juris civilis, ed. et cum notis Schrader. Vol. I. (Justiniam cont.) 4to. *Berol.* 1*l.* 14s.

274 Müller, Archiv für die neueste Gesetzgebung aller deutschen Staaten. 3ter Bd. 8vo. *Mainz.* 14s.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY, METAPHYSICS, EDUCATION, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

275 Hermann, Ueber Herrn Professor Ritter's Darstellung der sokratischen Systeme. 8vo. *Heidelberg.* 2s.
276 Hegel, Phänomenologie des Geistes. Herausgegeb. von Schulze. 8vo. *Berl.* 12s.
277 ——— Vorlesungen über die Philosophie der Religion. Herausgegeben von Marheineke. 2 Bde. 8vo. *Berl.* 1*l.*
278 ——— Philosophische Abhandlungen. Herausgegeben von Michelet. 8vo. *Berl.* 10s.
279 Michelet, Einleitung in Hegel's philosophische Abhandlungen. 8vo. 1s.
280 Fries, Handbuch der pract. Philosophie. 2ter Thl. 8vo. *Heidelb.* 7s.
281 Rau, Grundsätze der Finanzwissenschaft. 1ste Abth. 8vo. *Heidelb.* 7s.
282 —— Lehrbuch der politischen Oekonomie. 3ter Bd. 7s.
283 Schwarz, Die Schulen. 8vo. *Leipzig.* 11s.
284 Bohme, Aurora, oder Morgenröthe im Aufgang. 8vo. *Leipzig.* 7s. 6d.
285 Thieme, Ideen zu einer Reform des gesammten Schulwesens. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
286 Opinion de Napoleon sur divers Sujets de Politique et d'Administration, recueillies par un membre de son conseil d'état, &c. 8vo. 10s.
287 Lerminier, Lettres philosophiques adressées à un Berlinois. 8vo. 10s.
288 Rotalde, Lettre à S. M. la Reine Regente d'Espagne, et Observations patriotiques sur l'Amnestie accordée aux Espagnols. 8vo. 2s.

MATHEMATICS, PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY.

289 Poggendorf, Annalen der Physik und Chemie. 1833. 12 Nos. 8vo. *Leipz.* 2*l.* 8s.
290 Schweigger-Seidel, Neues Jahrbuch der Chemie und Physik. 1833. 24 Nos. 8vo. *Halle.* 2*l.* 8s.
291 Crelle, Journal für die reine und angewandte Mathematik. 10ter Bd. 4to. *Berl.* 1*l.*
292 Hahn, Hypsometrische Tafeln. 12mo. *Berl.* 2s. 6d.
293 Hensler, Ueber die Wirkungen des thierischen Magnetismus auf Menschen und Natur. 8vo. *Würzb.* 2s. 6d.
294 Brandes, Vorlesungen über die Naturlehre zur Belehrung derer, denen es an mathematischen Vorkenntnissen fehlt. 3 Bde. 8vo. *Leips.* 2*l.* 5s.
295 Annales de Chemie et de Physique. 1833. 12 Nos. 8vo. *Paris.* 1*l.* 10s.
296 Jean Plana, Théorie du Mouvement de la Lune. 3 Vols. 4to. *Turin.* 10*l.* 10s.
297 Mémoires presentés par divers Savans à l'Academie Royale des Sciences de l'Institut de France, et imprimés par son ordre, (Sciences Mathematiques et Physiques.) Tom. III. 4to. 1*l.* 7s.

NATURAL SCIENCES.

298 Hahn, Die Arachniden. 3tes Heft. 8vo. *Nürnb.* 4s. 6d.
299 ——— Wanzenartige Insekten. 3tes Heft. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
300 Dietrich, Flora Regni Borussica. Fasc. II. et III. 8vo. *Berl.* 10s.
301 Karsten, Archiv für Mineralogie, Geognosie, Bergbau und Hüttenkunde. 5ten Bdes 2tes Heft. 8vo. *Berl.* 15s.
302 Linnea, Ein Journal für die Botanik in ihrem ganzen Umfange, herausgegeben von Schlechtendal. 1833. 6 Nos. 8vo. *Berl.* 1*l.* 10s.
303 Brehm, Handbuch für den Liebhaber der Stuben-, Haus- und aller der Zähmung werthen Vögel. 8vo. Mit illuminirten Kupfern. *Ilmenau.* 12s.
304 Eschwege, Beiträge zur Gebirgskunde Brasiliens. 8vo. *Berl.* 18s.
305 Chavannes, Monographie des Antischinées. 4to. Planches. *Paris.* 18s.
306 Flora, oder allgemeine botanische Zeitung. 1833. *Regensb.* 1*l.* 4s.
307 Gaudin, Flora Helvetica. Vol. VII. 8vo. *Turici.* 14s.

308 Annales des Mines. 1833. 6 Nos. 8vo. *Paris.* 1*l.*
309 Trinius, De Graminibus paniceis. 8vo. *Petropoli.* 10s.
310 Gaudin, Liber manualis Helvetico-Botanicus, in usum viatoris Botanophili Helvetiam peregrantis. 8vo. *Turici.* 14s.
311 De la Beche, Handbuch der Geognosie, übersetzt von Dechen. 8vo. *Berl.* 15s.

MEDICAL SCIENCES.

312 Annalen der Pharmacie. 5ter Bd. 8vo. *Heidelb.* 1*l.* 15s.
313 Gurlt, Anatomische Abbildungen der Haus-Säuge-Thiere. 15te Lief. 8s.
314 Blasius, Akiurgische Abbildungen, nebst erläut. Texte. 6te Lief. Folio. 10s.
315 Rust's Magazin für die gesammte Heilkunde. 39ster Bd. 8vo. *Berl.* 15s.
316 Gurlt, Lehrbuch der pathologischen Anatomie der Haus-Säuge-Thiere. 2ter Thl. 8vo., mit 25 Kupfern. *Berl.* 1*l.* 7s.
317 ——— Anatomie des Pferdes. 2tes Heft. 8vo., mit 35 Kupfern. 1*l.* 10s.
318 Treviranus, Die Erscheinungen und Gesetze des organischen Lebens. 2ter Bd. 1ste Abth. gr. 8vo. *Brem.* 7s.
319 Gräfe und Walther, Journal für Chirurgie und Augenheilkunde. 19ter Bd. 8vo. *Berl.* 1*l.* 1s.
320 Blancardi, Lexicon Medicum. Editio novissima, multum emendata et aucta, a C. G. Kühn. 2 Vols. gr. 8vo. *Lips.* 1*l.* 18s.
321 Naumann, Handbuch der medicin. Klinik. 3ter Bd. 2te Abth. 8vo. 12s.
322 Heymann, Die Entbindung lebloser Schwangern, mit Beziehung auf die Lex Regia. 8vo. *Coblenz.* 4s. 6d.
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ERRATA IN VOL. XI.

Page 239, last line, for MS. *read* volume.
240, line 4, — a Sybarite *read* an Anchorite.
299, line 2, — *quelle* read *que*.

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